

★ PHOToplay

November

25
CENTS



CAROLE LOMBARD
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK

THE ROMANTIC LOVE STORY OF
JEANETTE MACDONALD AND GENE RAYMOND

He still wants to kiss her good night

MARRIED eight years . . . but for them none of that humdrum, take-it-for-granted attitude that creeps into so many marriages. He still wants to kiss her good night. Clever woman . . . she has always known the secret of keeping dainty and fresh in all things . . . the breath particularly. After all, there's nothing like halitosis (unpleasant breath) to raise a barrier between people.

* * *

You Never Know

Your breath may be agreeable today and offensive tomorrow. The food you eat, the things you drink, the hours you keep—all bring subtle changes that may result in halitosis (bad breath). Consequently, you must ever be on guard lest you offend.

Better Safe Than Sorry

Fortunately, halitosis often yields quickly to Listerine used as a mouth rinse or gargle. Almost at once, this remarkable deodorant cleanses, sweetens, and freshens the mouth. At the same time, it halts fermentation of tiny food particles—the major cause of mouth odors. Then overcomes the odors themselves.

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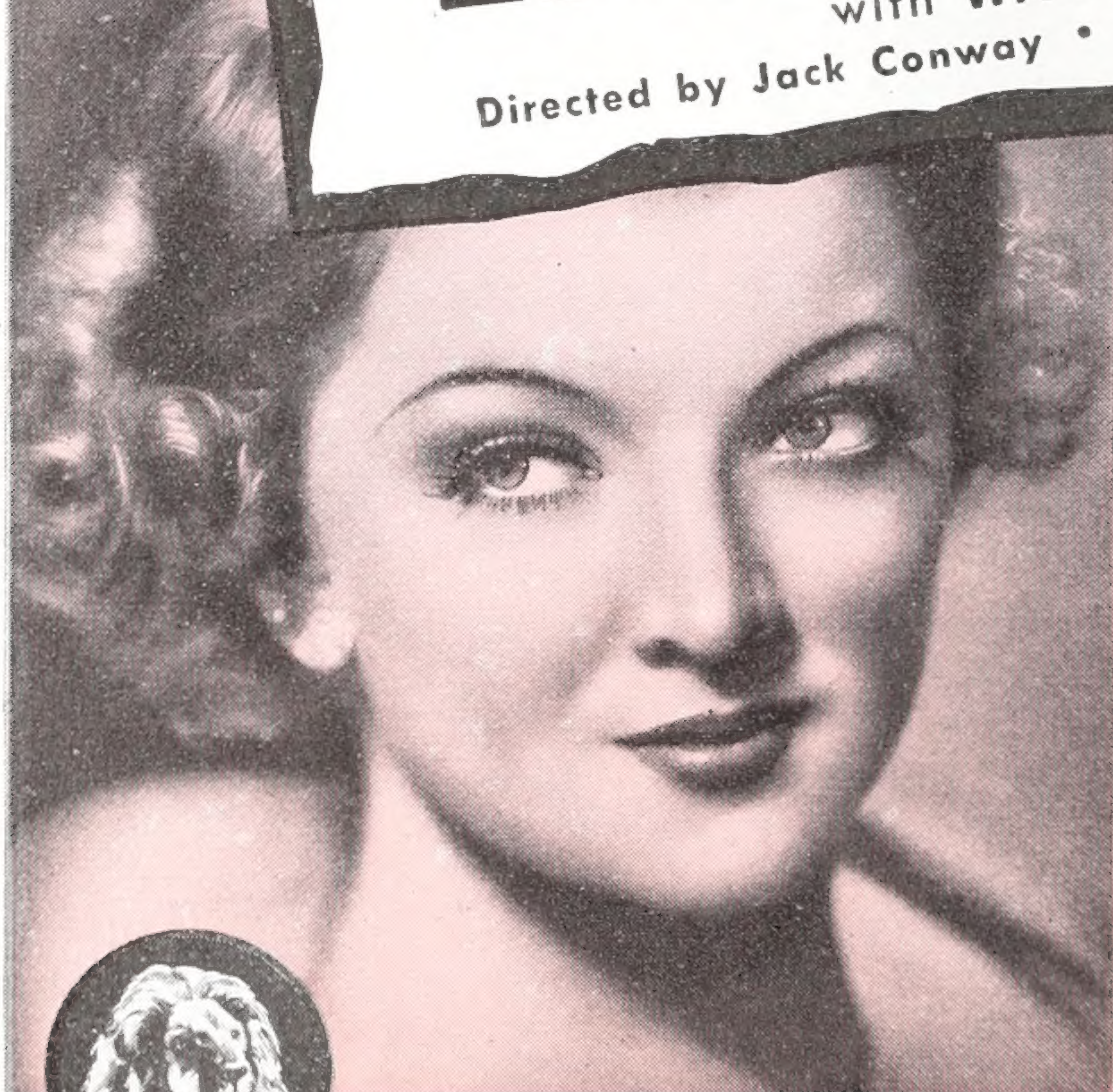
*Dyed Coney



Jean
HARLOW
William
POWELL
Myrna
LOY
Spencer
TRACY

LIBELED IN LADY

with **WALTER CONNOLLY**
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Production

This page looks like a "Who's Who" of Hollywood! Imagine seeing four of your favorite screen stars in one grand picture! The story was so good that M-G-M decided to make a real film holiday of it by giving it this ALL-STAR cast. The result is a gay, sparkling, romantic, de luxe production in the best M-G-M manner—and that means the tops in entertainment.



PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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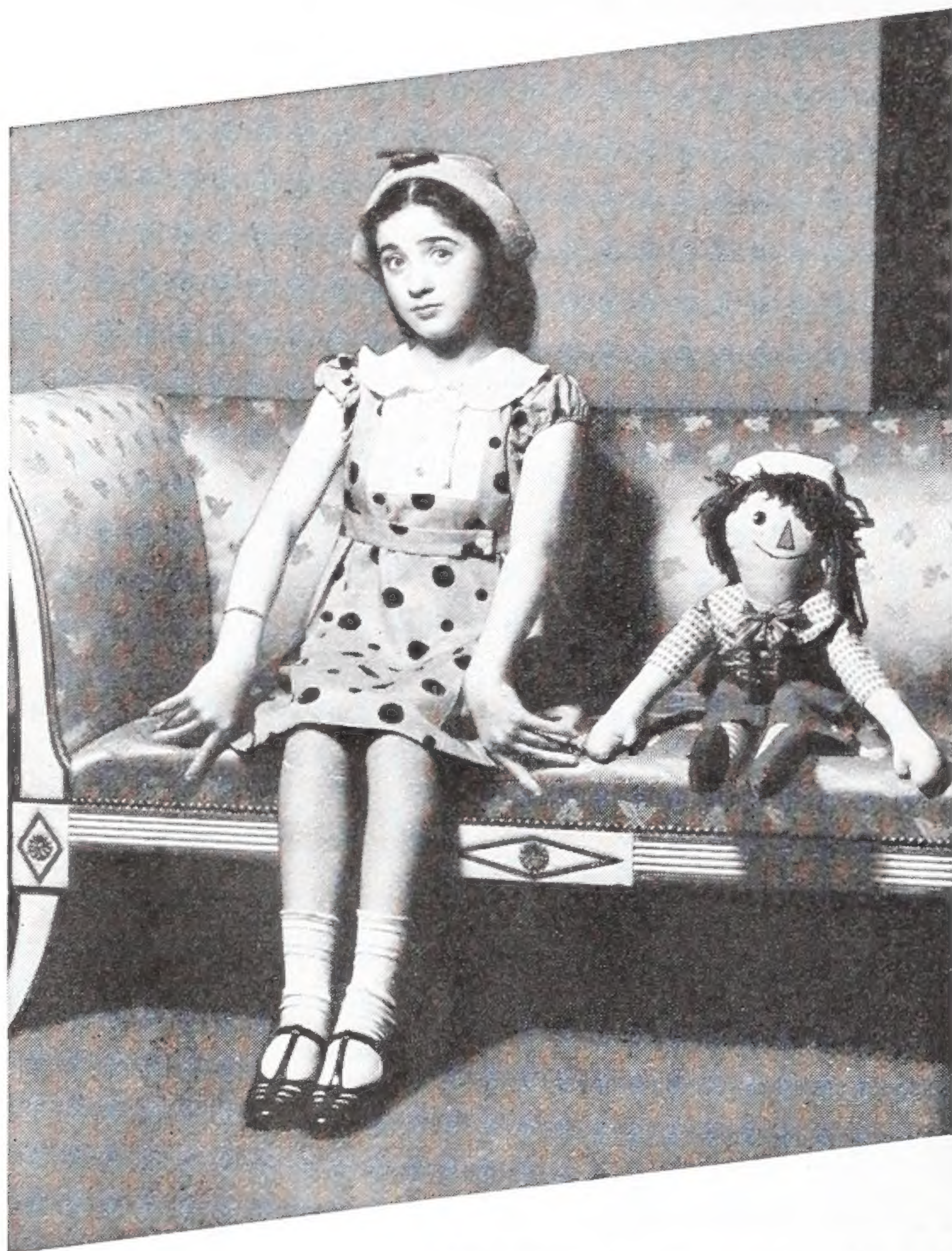
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On the Cover—Carole Lombard, by James Montgomery Flagg

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BOOS and Bouquets



"How'm I doin'?" asks Edith Fellows, playing in "Pennies from Heaven," as she poses with Raggedy Ann, her pet doll

FIRST PRIZE—\$15.00

THE WINNER!

MY head is bowed in humble apology to Hollywood. I had said—oh, ignorant, thoughtless I—that Hollywood should never, never produce "Romeo and Juliet." I loudly condemned them for having the courage to attempt it. I said that I, at least, would never go to see it—see my favorite Shakespearean play done in the Hollywood manner, and see *Juliet* portrayed by the Norma Shearer of "Private Lives" and "A Free Soul"—NEVER, said I.

Perhaps I wanted to be tortured. Perhaps it was just curiosity, but I went to the première of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Astor Theatre in New York. I wanted so much to dislike it. I sat there with a look of grim determination on my face—but only for the first thirty seconds! Then, the beauty of the scene before me, the Cathedral Square of Verona, swept away all thoughts of aversion, scepticism or ridicule. The characterization of *Juliet* by Norma Shearer was done with such refreshing and simple intensity—with such tenderness and beauty, it not only surpasses anything done in pictures before, it even excels the enchanting *Juliet* stage performance of my beloved Jane Cowl. This picture may have flaws, but if there are any, I didn't notice them. What settings, what costuming, what magnificent photography, and what acting!

A bouquet to Irving Thalberg for having produced it. A bouquet to George Cukor for his brilliant directing, and one to Leslie Howard for his inspiring and perfect performance as *Romeo*. And smaller but very nice ones to the entire supporting cast.

And again, my apologies and gratitude to Hollywood. Never again shall I say of the Cinema City, "they can't do it."

MRS. M. L. ELLIS, New York, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE—\$10.00

A PICTURE STEALER

If Warner Baxter had a choice of parts in "To Mary—With Love," it is surprising that he did not choose the rôle of *Bill Hallam* played by Ian Hunter, for the picture is decidedly Hunter's show. No one who heard the murmuring of the crowd in a big mid-western theater could doubt that.

Hunter played the rôle of self-sacrifice so deftly, so majestically, that Warner Baxter's *Jock Wallace* looked like a cad, despite his splendid acting. The story itself makes *Bill Hallam* the hero, almost a *Sidney Carton*. Some cynical fans will pooh-pooh the kind of love Ian Hunter represented as too platonic, too virginal, too idealistic—too anything but that of a he-man, but all the sighs and exclamations of "Oh, this isn't ending the right way," were for Hunter. When Baxter consented to play *Jock* he failed to reckon with a picture stealer. Here's to Ian Hunter in a first-class casting in his own right.

LILLIAN HANSON, Papillion, Nebraska

\$5.00 PRIZE

"SAN FRANCISCO" ELECTRIFYING

The lights were dimmed—the curtains swung apart and—suddenly my boredom a-dashing-went! A strange magnetism in the vivid introductory scenes compelled me to actually Live the whole gripping story of "San Francisco." I saw it three times and yet not a single reel lost its realistic thrill. It implanted an utterly new and indomitable foundation in my spirit. A foundation that included elements of holy meditation, courageous vitality, uplifting inspiration and purposeful ambitions. Modern movies rarely arouse these powerful emotions; perhaps that is the secret of "San Francisco's" electrifying force.

MARY E. SOUDERS, Nashville, Ind.

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PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: \$15 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and five \$1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that letters copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

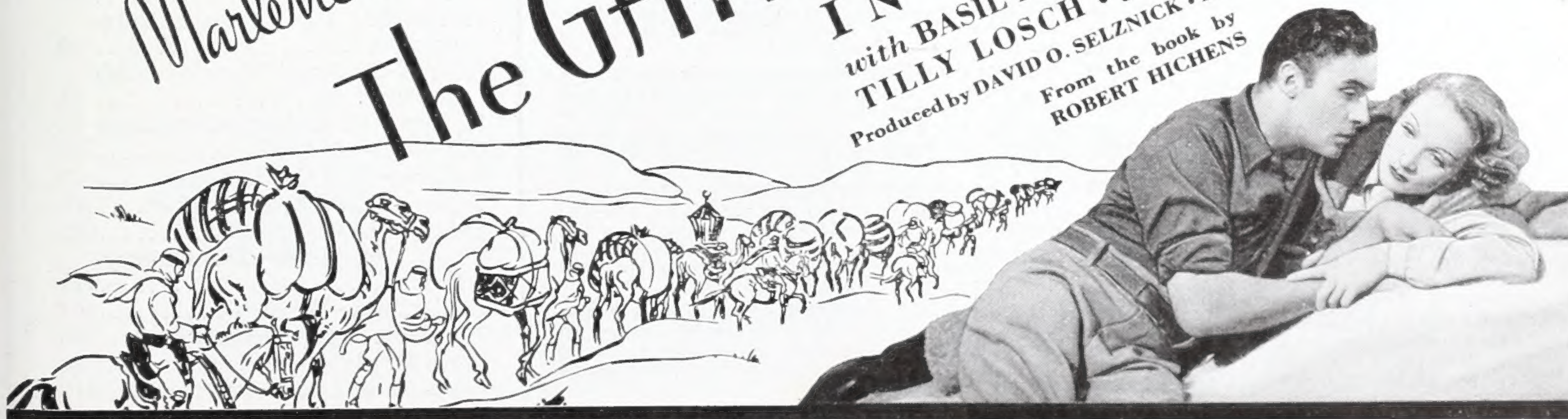
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None knew the overflowing, bursting gladness, the singing joy these two, who had never loved before, found deep in the heart of the desert. The lavish brush of Technicolor reveals the golden beauty of Marlene Dietrich, the burning emotions of Charles Boyer with an intensity never before seen on the screen.

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Marlene **DIETRICH** *Charles* **BOYER**
The GARDEN of ALLAH
IN TECHNICOLOR
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Produced by **DAVID O. SELZNICK** • Directed by **RICHARD BOESLAWSKI**
From the book by **ROBERT HICHENS**
Released thru **UNITED ARTISTS**



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES



The three graces famed in poetry could not have been any lovelier than Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, and Connie Bennett, co-starring in "Ladies in Love." Don't miss this picture

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ **A SON COMES HOME**—Paramount.—A charming, down-to-earth picture of justice triumphant over mother love. Mary Boland, switching from comedy, deserves superlatives for a sincere, convincing performance. Julie Haydon, Donald Woods and Wallace Ford are excellent too. A grand picture for everyone. (Oct.)

AND SUDDEN DEATH—Paramount.—A flimsy story built on the well-known article on safe driving. Randolph Scott is the handsome policeman who reforms Frances Drake. Will put you in a frenzy of safe driving for several days. (Aug.)

★ **ANTHONY ADVERSE**—Warners.—Powerful, compact and magnificent in its simplicity is this picturization of Hervey Allen's monumental novel of a man's adventures and struggles for spiritual happiness. Fredric March is *Anthony*; Olivia de Havilland is *Angela*, the love of his life. The whole cast is flawless. On your "must see" list. (July)

BACK TO NATURE—20th Century-Fox.—Another amusing episode in the Jones Family with laughs and chuckles as the family go on a vacation in a trailer, with hard luck dogging their trail all the way. The cast is the same as the two previous ones. (Oct.)

BENGAL TIGER—Warners.—Full of ripsnorting action and suspense. Barton MacLane is the cat trainer who marries June Travis before she discovers Warren Hull. If you enjoy circuses, see this one. (Sept.)

BUNKER BEAN—RKO-Radio.—Light fare with Owen Davis, Jr., as the timid clerk who goes in for confidence builders until he discovers that love is the best one of all. Louise Latimer is the love. (Aug.)

★ **CAIN AND MABEL**—Warners.—Clark Gable teamed with Marion Davies in a swell story, lavishly produced. All about an ex-hash slinger chorinne and a prize fighter who are press-agented into romance. Tuneful music and a grand cast. You'll like this. (Oct.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK—20th Century-Fox.—Swell script, good romantic development and hearty humor make this the best of this series to date. Warner Oland sleuths beautifully in a mystery of a murdered stable owner on his way to Honolulu. (Sept.)

★ **CHINA CLIPPER**—Warners.—Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and Humphrey Bogart turn in strong performances in a story of the thrills and drama behind the launching of the famed plane. Beverly Roberts scores as Pat's wife. Stirring photography. (Oct.)

COUNTERFEIT—Columbia.—Reputedly a first government authorized version of G-man activities this is better than usual. Chester Morris breaks up the gang, recovers the money, loves Marian Marsh. You'll like Lloyd Nolan as the killer. (Aug.)

CRASH DONAVAN—Universal.—Jack Holt progresses from a carnival stunt man to highway police force. A triangle love affair adds to the spice. Lots of motorcycle stunt riding. Hardly adult entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **DEVIL DOLL**—M-G-M.—Lionel Barrymore's most unusual rôle. Horror and gruesomeness are combined in a startling story of an innocent convict who seeks revenge through his scientific secret of making humans into dolls. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton's love relieve the situations somewhat. (Sept.)

DOWN THE STRETCH—Warners.—An unpretentious little programmer about a young jockey, Mickey Rooney, who carries the stigma of his father's unholy reputation. Willie Best, as the stable boy, furnishes the laughs. (Sept.)

EARLY TO BED—Paramount.—Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland in a chuckle banquet, their funniest to date. The comedy evolves out of Charlie's sleepwalking habits and his marriage to Mary after a twenty-year engagement. Don't miss a swell laugh. (Aug.)

★ **EARTHWORM TRACTOR**—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a super salesman rattles happily through mad-hatter adventures with machinery and love in his most hilarious comedy to date. Carol Hughes and June Travis are his sentimentalities. Real laugh material. (Aug.)

EDUCATING FATHER—20th Century-Fox.—An innocuous story of the Jones family with several thrills and nice photography. It depicts the attempt of a drug store owner to keep his air-minded son on the ground. (Aug.)

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"Folks, Meet 'OIWIN'"

('Oiwin' is Brooklynese for the good
old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin.)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was 'Oiwin'—the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D.T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey . . . but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.



A candid camera study of 'Oiwin' . . . as the marvel of the ages picks a long shot and almost wrecks the betting industry.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one . . . "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman . . . But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!



"I just love a bettin' man, Oiwin . . . especially if he keeps winning all the time."



Every time 'Oiwin' looked at a racing sheet the bookmakers took more aspirin.



"Oiwin, you made us millionaires . . . we want to do some little thing for you."

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JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

FAN EXPERIENCES with THE STARS



Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it's the most interesting one to reach the editors before November 10th, 1936, we will pay you \$10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact, by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your *own* experience, authenticated by documents if possible.

Read Evelyn Smith's thrilling story below, to get an idea of the kind of experiences we are looking for. This letter, incidentally, was one of the many prompted by Helen Beal's stimulating article, "Confessions of a Photoplay Fan," published in a recent issue. So sharpen up your pencil, think back over the years, and then set down, in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Send your contribution to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

A VISIT WITH LORETTA YOUNG

It was cool and quiet in the hospital ward. The patients lay, uncomplaining, in their clean, white beds.

The priest came in, making his daily rounds and leaving messages of good cheer at each sick bed. The girl in the corner bed awaited his coming delightedly. She told him the good news of her progress. Her broken leg was in a cast now and she was learning to walk again with the aid of crutches. In the meantime, it was exciting to feel herself taking the first steps after ten weeks of lying flat on her back, the injured leg suspended in the air. And then the priest whispered *his* news. Loretta Young was in New York, enroute to Europe, and he was going to persuade her to visit the hospital with him that afternoon.

The flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes of the sick girl assured him that his news had been well received.

The intervening hours dragged by. The girl was beside herself with excitement. When one is about to see one's favorite actress in person and have the added joy of exchanging a few words with her—well, the temperature of even a normal person is apt to go up a little.

It was almost three o'clock. The time was being watched feverishly now. What if she didn't come? Suddenly, there was a commotion in the hall. The girl hobbled to the door. Just as she reached the doorway the party came through, and, at the head of it, lovely Loretta Young.

She extended a gracious hand in greeting

"I'm going to call you Cookie," Miss Young said, "for that is the only name I know you by." It was the jolly, little nickname with which the priest had dubbed her. The star continued with words of encouragement to the patient, telling her that she was doing fine and would soon be out again, not forgetting to include the other patients in her smiles. Inspired by the sweetness of the actress's manner, Cookie extended the broken leg and timidly ventured to ask if Miss Young wouldn't please sign the cast, already well-filled with signatures. The priest protested faintly. Miss Young was tired and he had promised her that she would have no autographs to sign. But, tired as she was, Loretta Young understood the disappointment that would follow a refusal and waved aside the protests. With one of her loveliest smiles, she inscribed her name on the plaster, a souvenir of a visit which would never be forgotten.

I wonder if Loretta Young realizes how much her visit meant to all of those ill, broken-spirited people; what sunshine and happiness she spread as she walked from bed to bed.

I know what that visit meant to Cookie. It meant compensation for those long, horrible nights of sleeplessness, for the pain and suffering, for the restlessness that overtakes an active, young girl who is held in bed against her will. It meant the knowledge and faith that the people you love will never fail when you need them. It meant the unending belief in ideals.

I know—for I am Cookie

FIVE STEPS TO SUCCESS

One of these self-help books may be exactly what you need

The Secretary-Stenographer's Desk Book, by William Allan Brooks, introduction by Andre Maurois—a book that will help you to solve at once hundreds of questions of correct form, usage and sound business practices—points the way to better jobs and better pay by showing you how to raise yourself to the standard of the highly skilled, highly paid secretaries of big business executives. It contains hundreds of personality hints, efficiency suggestions, lists of words often misspelled and confused; how to build a vocabulary; rules for correct capitalization; accurate punctuation; letter writing; sources of useful information; postal information; patents; copyrights; passports; weights and measures; special terminology and information about advertising; publishing, insurance, real estate; what you should know about contracts, correct form in salutation, closing and address of public officials. A fine, big, helpful book. Send for it today. Postpaid \$1.00.

CHARM AND PERSONALITY—How to Attain Them—By Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, acknowledged authority and writer on psychology, psychiatry, medicine, hygiene and other social subjects, tells you how to develop a powerful, charming personality which is one of the greatest assets any human being can possess—even greater than riches, for riches can be lost never to be recovered. Many men and women possessing personal magnetism in marked degree attain riches, happiness, popularity, power—everything worth striving for in this world. It is they who are most apt to make outstanding successes in their chosen fields whatever they may be—the professions, the stage, radio, movies, politics, business, marriage. No matter what your ambition is, a winning personality will help. 229 pages. 15 chapters bursting with valuable information. Beautifully bound, printed on excellent paper, our special price \$1.00.

HOME LESSONS IN TAP DANCING—Complete with 58 illustrations. With this excellent course you can learn to tap dance right at home. This system is so clear and simple, that anyone who can read can follow the instructions and start the simpler steps of tap dancing after only a few hours of practice. Tap dancing is not only a wonderful social accomplishment but is invaluable as a health culture and weight-reducing exercise. Professionals make big money. The author of this course, Rita Ramsey, is a professional teacher and dancer. She has written her text with extraordinary clearness and with 58 revealing illustrations. Also she indicates the kind of radio, or other music, that is best for the beginner. If you have often wanted to tap dance, here is your opportunity to learn. Well and substantially bound, mailed postpaid for only \$1.00.

SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG—Essential information regarding the art and business of writing songs by Robert Bruce, Music Publishers Protective Association. The first book of its kind ever written. Indispensable to every person ambitious to be a successful song writer. Contains necessary technical and trade information. Over 1,000 important facts—construction of lyrics and melody—form in which a song should be submitted—how to attract the attention of a publisher—classified lists of publishers' names and addresses—song standards and patterns—song publishing procedure—how the song writer teams up with lyricist and vice versa—royalties—contracts—copyright procedure—beware of song sharks. Cloth bound—\$1.00.

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KATHERINE DE MILLE • JOHN CARRADINE

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Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel

Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson



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in

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DELMA BYRON • THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson



Janet GAYNOR

Loretta YOUNG

Constance BENNETT

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE • PAUL LUKAS

TYRONE POWER, JR. • ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva

Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete



PIGSKIN

PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN • JOHNNIE DOWNS

ARLINE JUDGE • BETTY GRABLE

PATSY KELLY • JACK HALEY

YACHT CLUB BOYS • DIXIE DUNBAR

TONY MARTIN • JUDY GARLAND

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers



Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

AS we go to press comes the dreadful news that Irving Thalberg has died.

This is one of the greatest losses, not alone to Hollywood, but to the world, that could be sustained.

He was a great artist. He was a great producer. He was a very great man. The influence of his death on Hollywood is impossible to estimate. He stood for the very best in pictures. Irving Thalberg was one of the few men in the motion picture industry who considered that nothing was too good for the public. He believed the world responded to intelligence, beauty and good taste, and his personal fortune attested to the rightness of his theory.

Everyone in the trade believed him wrong when he announced his plans for his current production, "Romeo and Juliet." "Mutiny on the Bounty" was considered a terrific gamble, but, today, with their creator gone, those two pictures chant his praise in terms of their beauty, their truth and their art.

Those two pictures are a very small measure of the scores of beautiful productions he gave the world. And the scores of pictures he produced show only one facet of the man as a great person.

TO Norma Shearer he was the sum of life. He was her husband, her love, her children's father—and even more important, her one great friend.

People said of Norma that she had everything. She did, while she had Irving Thalberg. She proved over and over again that he was all in all to her. Twice she interrupted her career to bear his children. A few years ago, when rest was ordered for him, Norma, without a thought, gave up her personal plans to spend months abroad with him. Never has there been any thought of

her career versus Irving. To Norma her career was Irving. He lived and died pictures, and because of that, she wanted to be a success in pictures.

TO his studio he was a guiding star to heights which that studio could not have attained without him. Oh, he was not without his critics. There were those inevitably disgruntled ones who said he spent too much money, that he worked by the trial and error method. But



Thalberg's vision, brilliance and courage made him the inspiration of the industry. It is impossible to estimate now the influence his death will have on Hollywood. A genius is gone

while they grumbled there was no way in which they could alibi away his consistent success with every medium of entertainment.

Things weren't always easy for him, either. Political factions are bound to arise around a position as great as his. A few years ago he found himself given four stars who were considered completely passé. He was told to make a picture with those four. They were the Marx brothers, and the picture Irving made was "A Night at the Opera"—one of the most hilarious films ever screened. It brought the Marxes back to fame. It left Thalberg untouched in his primary simplicity.

That, really, was his secret. He was completely sincere, utterly unaffected. His was the simple and pure wish to do anything he did the very best he could. He was the pure in heart and against such the world is powerless to harm.

He understood equally well the temperament of actors, writers and the humbler laborers around the studio. All could go to him with their troubles, and nearly all of them did. He sympathized and advised, directed and helped. Because of his generosity of spirit, Metro never had trouble with its actors. There were no contract quarrels, no "walkoffs." He could soothe the most troubled back to peace.

He died at the moment of his greatest triumph, reading international acclaim of his production and Norma's acting in "Romeo and Juliet." He was thirty-seven years old.

He left behind him four unfinished productions, "The Good Earth," in the cutting room; "A Day at the Races" and "Maytime," which were shooting; and "Camille," almost entirely finished. The variety of these productions—drama, comedy, musical and historical melodrama—reveals why replacing him in the Hollywood scheme will be almost impossible.

His passing came one September morning a half-hour before the stock exchange closed in New York City, three thousand miles away, yet in those few moments the news traveled eastward with a speed that shook the financial capitol and sent his company's stock tumbling by half a dozen points.

He had been ill for little less than a week with a cold that developed into pneumonia. He had the mind of a genius and the heart of a saint but they availed him not in the least against lungs that were too frail.

Tragic Norma Shearer has this one comfort. Hollywood can never forget Irving Thalberg—not as long as beauty, and truth, and fidelity, and simplicity stay alive in the world.

Always human, Irving was a devoted father. This portrait with Irving, Jr., shows his proud delight in his baby son. To Norma Shearer, he was her husband, her love, and, even more important, her greatest friend



This is the Champagne Waltz

This is the Dance of Love,

Under the Soft Light's Gleam,

Just Close Your Eyes and Dream!

I'd Dance My Whole Life Thru

If I Could Dance With You.



FRED MacMURRAY
GLADYS SWARTHOUT
"Champagne Waltz"
with JACK OAKIE
VELOZ & YOLANDA
HERMAN BING
A Paramount Picture. Directed by
A. Edward Sutherland

JACK OAKIE



VELOZ & YOLANDA



Claudette Colbert's Climb to Stardom

By ALLEN TAYLOR



Even at six Lily Chauchoin was an active soul. She tied her own hair bow here — and today wears one like it

SEPTEMBER sunlight slanted down into the Sunday streets of Paris and made warm the straggling faithful on their way to church; it was 1907, and there had not yet been a war, and bustles weren't funny, and people had time for things.

M. Chauchoin, who ran the pastry shop on the Rue Armand Carsel (in the silent little suburb of Saint Mandé), stood in the doorway of his apartment house and fingered his silver watch and thought vaguely that it was a little unfortunate, Jeanne's having a baby on the thirteenth of the month—it might be unlucky for the child. He wished, suddenly, that it would be a little girl with brown eyes.

His watch said 7:45 and the church bells had begun to ring when they called him in. The new baby's lusty howling clashed with the bells, but somehow there was a triumphant note in both. Madame held the bit of embodied noise out to her husband. "Take her up the stairs," she commanded weakly.

It was a tradition in that family that the newborn would have a finer future if it were carried upstairs immediately after birth. Chauchoin went up six flights with the infant that only a few years later America would come to know as Claudette Colbert.

This is the story of an ugly child in a family of beautiful people; of a husky-voiced little foreign girl with an unpronounceable name and half socks, in an unsympathetic American school; of a young woman burdened with shyness and an inferiority complex who (quietly and without too much apparent effort) has become one of the greatest stellar names in the entertainment world. It is a portrait primarily, a success story secondarily; but from it you must catch some small degree of the warmth, the great beauty, the decided personal power of Lily Chauchoin

The first installment in the fascinating life history of an ugly duckling who transformed herself into a glorious swan

Her father, handsome and kindly and very gullible, didn't lose the pastry shop and thus have to transplant a protesting family to America until Claudette was eight; so that her childhood, in a strict French sort of way, was happy enough. At any rate she remembers very little of it when you talk to her now.

"The young daughter of a thoroughly middle-class Parisian family is not a personality," she explained to me. We sat in the paneled library of her famous Holmby Hills house—Claudette with a stiff neck and a hot water bottle, I with two packages of cigarettes and a liqueur. "What really got me was that my brother could do as he liked, run around with all the grubby little boys in the neighborhood, disappear for hours at a time. I remember so well the Bois and the gorgeous dirty streets—because I could play quietly in the park, if I liked, with Mother watching. But the streets were forbidden."

Pastry shops do not make for great fortunes, or even little ones; there was no governess, no nurse. Chez Chauchoin was five crowded rooms containing Madame and Monsieur and Charles, the small boy, and Lily, the *tres petite jeune fille*. But the five rooms were spotless, always, and the table sparkled every night. The children were well dressed, inevitably—because Jeanne Loew Chauchoin, besides being a beautiful woman, was a good housewife and mother.

First memory for Claudette, aside from the lovely unapproachable gutters, was the visit one brilliant April week end



This enchanting picture of Lily before she came to America stands beside her Mother's bedside in Claudette's new Hollywood house



Her rôle in "The Barker" was an end and a beginning for Claudette. An end to worry over grocery bills, and the beginning of her first real romance. The second lead was a "dark young man"—Norman Foster, and this scene between them was not altogether acting

Culver Service



to Grandpere Chauchoin's house in central France. The family had talked about it for days, and Papa had warned all his customers that the pastry shop would be closed for a little while and Lily had been told that if she ever intended to be good in her life this was the time.

They arrived rather late in the afternoon and saw Grandpere standing, with a welcoming smile, on the terrace of his charming little house which lay quietly in the dusk. That is Maman and Papa saw Grandpere; Lily and Charles saw only the tiny balcony that hung over the old man's white head.

The balcony was very ancient and you got on to it through an upstairs bedroom, by way of doors whose hinges were rusted in disuse. Lily and her brother, the next morning, made them creak for the first time in thirty years.

Old boards covered with dust made small indignant noises when the two children stepped timorously out; but they seemed firm enough.

Charles decided, finally, that it would be fun to jump up and down on this pretty old balcony, to hear the sound it made and to watch the dust come up. It gave way, of course.

"We were dreadfully banged about and bruised," Claudette remembered, adjusting the hot pad to her neck; "and of course we screamed our lungs out. But I felt it was so unfair, because both of us were scolded and punished for breaking the balcony just when we expected sympathy. Which is entirely typical of the French method of discipline."

I raised questioning eyebrows. "Well," she told me, "one never, under any circumstances, was allowed to say anything at mealtime. Since we had no servants there was no separate table for the children. We sat with Father and Mother, and

ate, and kept silent. In the park I spoke to none of the other children, and played with none. You understand, though, that I didn't expect anything else. I was quite happy—except for my great thwarted ambition to play in the streets."

The first four or five years of her life passed in this manner, and were pleasant ones. Little Lily was six years old, and had gone to school for eight months in Paris, when the "great blow" fell

SHE and her brother were aware, first, only of a great disquiet between Maman and Papa. M. Chauchoin's handsome dark face wore a haggard look and beautiful Madame Chauchoin gathered a tight-lipped silence around herself. And once in awhile, there would be explosive arguments in rapid French about something neither of the children could understand.

"Poor Dad," Claudette said to me. "He was so vague about business—someone had persuaded him to sell his pastry shop and buy an ink factory. And of course it was a big trick and they ran away with all his money. He didn't know quite what to do, then."

A friend came to the apartment on the Bois, finally, and said to the depressed Chauchoin, "Why don't you go to America? They have jobs in the States, and you need neither capital nor business connections to make a living."

"Never!" shouted the mother. "That awful country! We'll stay here in our own France, in our own Paris, and live the life we know—"

But two weeks later, with what money he could gather together, Chauchoin sailed from Marseilles for New York, leaving Madame weeping noisily on the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76]



He's the happiest young bridegroom in Hollywood—the towering, curly-headed Kid from Kankakee, Fred MacMurray—just back from a honeymoon in Honolulu with his bride, Lillian Lamont. Having finished "Texas Ranger," he goes into white tie and tails for "Champagne Waltz" with Gladys Swarthout

FRED MacMURRAY



ROSALIND RUSSELL

Rosalind Russell will blossom forth soon as a full-fledged author. Between pictures she is writing a novel based on incidents in her own life. "Roz" has started a new fad now, "maid's night out" parties. Each guest brings his favorite dish. Such fun—and economical for the hostess too!



With his expert performances in "The White Angel" and "To Mary—with Love," Ian Hunter quietly emerges as an actor of real importance to the screen, though this South African is well known on the English stage. A great traveler, he spends what leisure Warners gives him on his boat

IAN HUNTER



NOVA PILBEAM

Regarded as the greatest juvenile star in Europe, Nova Pilbeam definitely started her grown-up career with her delightful performances as Jane Grey in "Nine Days a Queen." Though born in Wimbledon, England, this enchanting sixteen-year-old doesn't care for tennis; she much prefers to cook

WHY JIMMY CAGNEY TOOK A WALK

rôles that so endeared him to the movie-going public, in a picture tentatively entitled "Great Guy," to be produced by Douglas MacLean.

Whether or not this new state of affairs is to be interpreted as a victory for either side of the warring parties did not concern me. Nor, I think, will it you. But—

Has it been worthwhile, that long and bitter fight for a principle? Has it taught him anything, either about himself or his fellow men? Knowing what he does now, experiencing what he has, would he do it again?

Those were the things I wanted to know from this most vigorous individualist Hollywood has yet produced.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 73]

BY LOIS BALDWIN

THIS is the story Jimmy Cagney was willing to bet me anything I might name would never be printed.

A year ago he walked off the Warner Brothers lot and out of motion pictures. Twice before he had thus walked. Twice before he had come back. The third time he did not return but took his contract troubles with the studio to a California court sitting as referee. One of the bitterest fights in Hollywood history ensued.

Say what you will about Jimmy. Say he was right or wrong. Say he was pigheaded and unreasonable, or that he was an unrelenting idealist. Say that he showed good judgment or that he did not. But one thing you must say about the fighting little Irishman, he has had the courage of his convictions. That, you must admit, is not such an easy thing to have when it costs, as it has in his case, almost a quarter of a million dollars in cold cash!

When he walked out the third time and into court, Jimmy knew full well he was doing something that might alter the course of the rest of his life, not only in his beloved profession of acting but also as a man, a wage earner and a husband. He knew he was throwing away the financial security of a \$4500-a-week salary for the gamble of the unknown and possibly no earnings in the future on the screen. He knew he faced a punitive coventry.

Nevertheless he walked. What had become to him a principle involving his self-respect, he said, swung the scales of the decision.

As a result, he has been away from Hollywood and the screen for ten long months.

Now he is back, not with Warners, but under the banner of the newly organized Grand National Films. Once more he is facing the cameras, portraying one of those lovable, cocky



*At last the fighting Irishman gives his version
of one of the bitterest battles in screen history*

The Romantic Love Story of JEANETTE MACDONALD and GENE RAYMOND

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Delightfully heartwarming and inspiring is the idyll of these young moderns who were very wise and sure of themselves—until they met each other

LET the music peal—let the excited church congregation twist their fashionable heads and peer! Let the bridesmaids demurely measure their steps. Let the bridegroom's smile take your breath away as he turns to meet the eyes of The Only Girl—for here comes the first old fashioned bride of so many Hollywood years the natives have forgotten the last one!

Here comes the bride, and what a lovely bride to see!

A flame-haired girl in white, with trailing veil.

A radiant bride whose beauty is outshone only by her happiness on the greatest day of her life.

Later, there will be rice thrown and old shoes tied to the back of the honeymoon car, and someone catching the bride's bouquet and all the other trimmings of a real wedding.

Ever since Mrs. Anna MacDonald announced the engagement of her daughter, Jeanette, to Mr. Gene Raymond at a formal tea, the plans and hopes and the marriage of Gene and Jeanette have been a source of vivid interest in the town that abounds in Yuma elopements and run-away marriages in Mexico.

But here was Lavender and Old Lace Romance done up in the proprieties so loved by Emily Post. Here were two box-office names neither too tired, nor too bored nor too cynical of love to ignore the ceremonies that have always meant so much in the lives of lovers the world over.



Not since Rod LaRoque and Vilma Banky were married in 1927 has Hollywood been so enthusiastic about a wedding as it is over the coming nuptials of Jeanette and Gene. Left: Bob Marlowe (Gene's brother), Mrs. Mary Kipling, his mother, Gene, his radiant fiancée, and Mrs. Anna MacDonald at the formal engagement party



Even more amazing is the fact that this should be happening to Gene and Jeanette, for if there were ever two outstanding "careerists" in Hollywood, they are the girl who has sacrificed so much to an absorbing career, and the boy who was the "lone wolf" bachelor of movie town!

Ever since Jeanette first stood before her singing teacher, Grace Adele Newell, and listened to her words of wisdom, every thought of the MacDonald girl has been of her work!

"If you choose this road," Grace Newell told her, "you'll have to give up everything else . . . everything that makes the lives of other girls so happy and gay. You not only want to be an actress, though that is career enough for one person, but you want to sing, to glorify this great vocal gift of yours. That means double work and sacrifice. That means years of study and denying yourself the pleasures other girls know. Once you are launched on the road of a real career, there is no turning back."

And Jeanette made her decision. With all the fire and determination in her fiercely ambitious heart she made the

decision that took her along Broadway, first as a dancer, then as a chorus girl, a prima donna on long road tours, Broadway again as a musical comedy star, and eventually Hollywood, the crowning point of the long road she had traveled. Reporters, intrigued by her beauty and vivid voice in those early Chevalier hits, were dismayed, at first, at Jeanette's lack of "personal story." Was there nothing back of all this loveliness but work and more work and that all-consuming career?

Of course, there was Bob Ritchie. For years Hollywood had believed Bob and Jeanette were engaged. Walter Winchell once printed he had proof of their marriage. Jeanette immediately wired him a five thousand dollar bet he could not prove that claim, and Winchell didn't, or couldn't, accept the challenge.

Because so much has been printed concerning the long engagement of Bob and Jeanette, perhaps you would like to hear the truth about it, just as I recently heard it for the first time from one of Jeanette's intimate friends [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

The Americanization of Freddie Bartholomew

By SARA HAMILTON

WHEN a boy like Freddie Bartholomew, sensitive, intuitive, aesthetic, meets America and Americanism face to face, something is bound to happen. And it certainly has.

After two years of it, we find today a new and yet an old, a mature and yet a childish, a cocky and yet reserved English lad of twelve, fighting gamely to hold his place in this new world.

A lad, small for his age, wise for his years, too fair of face and gentle of voice to be completely of the gang and yet too stout of heart to be completely shut out. A rare and confusing combination of man and boy and an even more startling combination of genius and normalcy. Hollywood is either used to one or the other but seldom both on the same platter, and certainly never in a boy of twelve.

He reveals, for instance, his philosophy of life and living while preparing a lasso for the neck of some unsuspecting victim sitting nearby. His ideas, his views, his ideals are exceeded in their power to amaze only by his ability to stuff in good old hamburgers and down over-red soda pop while voicing them.

He knows the meaning of practically every American slang phrase in use. And yet his vocabulary is the envy of every boy on the M-G-M lot.

"If I had Freddie's vocabulary," Jackie Cooper told me, "I'd be the happiest boy in this town. About all us American kids ever say is 'gee' and 'darn'."

There are few "gees" and practically no "darns" in Freddie's

life. Albeit, he appreciates the fact they are two swell words in their place. The thing is working both ways, you see. Freddie is busily absorbing America while America is just as busy sponging up Freddie.

"Certainly," a certain brilliant writer told me, "the most interesting and profound piece of business I have ever witnessed is this struggle of Freddie's to adjust himself to a new, raw world without any old world fumadiddles to smooth the way for him. It's been like a quick, hard kick in the teeth to him and it may have rocked him on his heels but it hasn't downed him. So far," he added.

He is small and slim for his age but beneath that slender frame is a strong, reedy quality that can never be broken.

He can no more not say, "thank you, oh thank you" than he can fly up a creek. It's as natural to him as the glance of his eye the tone of his voice. The thing, however, that so definitely sets him apart from other boys, is his detached interest in life and people. He stands aside and looks at it calmly and even philosophically and misses all the fun, the sweat, the struggle, the rowdiness of mixing in it.

"Sissy" is a word that constantly zooms and sizzles about his head without ever quite lighting. It seems to be unable to find a legitimate perch upon which to roost. And still it hovers about, like a constant specter, ready to lay hold of him at any moment.

A boy, on "The Devil Is A Sissy" set, flung the hated word at him once. "Sissy" the boy taunted. "I challenge



The seeds of this watermelon flowered into a great friendship between Freddie, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper. He is one of the gang now—a "great guy"

A high-strung, sensitive child fights

you to a fight," Freddie said with complete dignity. "Tomorrow at lunch time on the back lot. Marquis of Queensbury rules."

On that back lot next day they fought it out. Ray Sperry, his stand-in, was referee and Edward, the Bartholomew colored chauffeur, was his second. They punched each other profusely round after round and finally Freddie had him down.

"I'm sorry," the boy said, "you ain't no sissy." But there lingered in his American eye a look that said: "There's something screwy about this."

"Of course," said Mickey Rooney about it later, "I'd have smacked the guy in the puss right then and there but Freddie's different. He's a game little kid, mind you."

THE director, all unaware of the battle, proceeded that afternoon to choose that one particular boy from among the fifty extra children, to give Freddie a swift kick in the pants for a certain scene.

Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney, both in the same picture, held their breath, while the boy, a mean glint in his eye, stepped forth—dying to oblige.

Would Freddie squeal? Would he object to the boy? Would he welch? The boys wondered.

He didn't. He took it.

"And did he [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



Freddie uses his candid camera on the set of "The Devil Is a Sissy." No "sissy" is Freddie. He proved it to everybody on the back lot



Freddie and his pals push "Woody" Van Dyke into his pool, clothes and all. The director is one of the little Briton's most ardent champions

gamely to make a place for himself in a world far different from his own

BYSTANDERS had the last laugh at Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris at a local beach resort where the boys had gone for a bit of fun before Bob's trek eastward.

Riding The Whip together, the cut-ups thought it would be great fun to load in great mouthfuls of popcorn and pop it out at the onlookers as they flew by in The Whip vehicle. Only it didn't work. The wind threw the popcorn back onto their sassy faces where it stuck fast, and both boys finally emerged with popcorn beards.

Did they look sheepish while the crowd roared?

CAUGHT in the usual mob, Robert Taylor was accosted by a huge individual with a show-me look in his eye. "Say," he said, "is this Nebraska thing on the level or is that just more Hollywood hokey?"

Bob smiled. "Nope, it's true, I was born there."

"All right," said the fellow, "if that's the case what's the name of the windmill company in Beatrice?"

Bob thought a moment and then gave the right answer.

"By golly," shouted the skeptic, "you are from Nebraska. I'm terribly sorry I doubted you, Mr. Taylor, but you see I didn't think anyone as doggone good looking as you *could* come from Nebraska."

SMALL HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDY:

For two years Rosalind Russell had been too busy to go boating—and boating, it would appear, is absolutely her idea of Elysian sport.

So about two weeks ago, she was told that when she finished her current picture she might have three or four days all to herself, in which to do anything she cared to; and in a glad, eager voice she called all of her friends that night.

"On this particular Tuesday," she said, "there will be no use in your calling me or inviting me anywhere, because I won't be home." And she chartered a little boat, and she juggled appointments like mad, and in various other ways made ready for the day she had spent two years waiting for.

Are you listening? On Monday night the boat ran into a pier and sank. And there weren't any more available.

Rosalind spent Tuesday at a story conference

NEWEST mystery in Hollywood is how Wendy Barrie can tell who's going to win a fight. When the Schmeling-Lewis tangle was coming up, little Wendy went quietly to a bookie and

put \$200 on Schmeling—the only gal in California to do such a crazy thing. And her friends smiled sadly and made significant motions to imply she was a little "tetched."

So she saved her winnings, and when the Sharkey-Lewis match was announced she went again, and just as quietly, to her bookie. Those same friends pleaded and argued and wept, trying to find out her choice—but she let only three other people in on the secret.

Now Wendy is going to buy a new fur coat, and the three who shared her confidence are brandishing fattened bill-folds. They call her "Jeep" Barrie, and are making big plans!

YOU just can't seem to keep that W. C. Fields guy down, somehow—and is everybody glad.

When he finished "Poppy," you re-

CAL YORK'S Gossip OF HOLLYWOOD

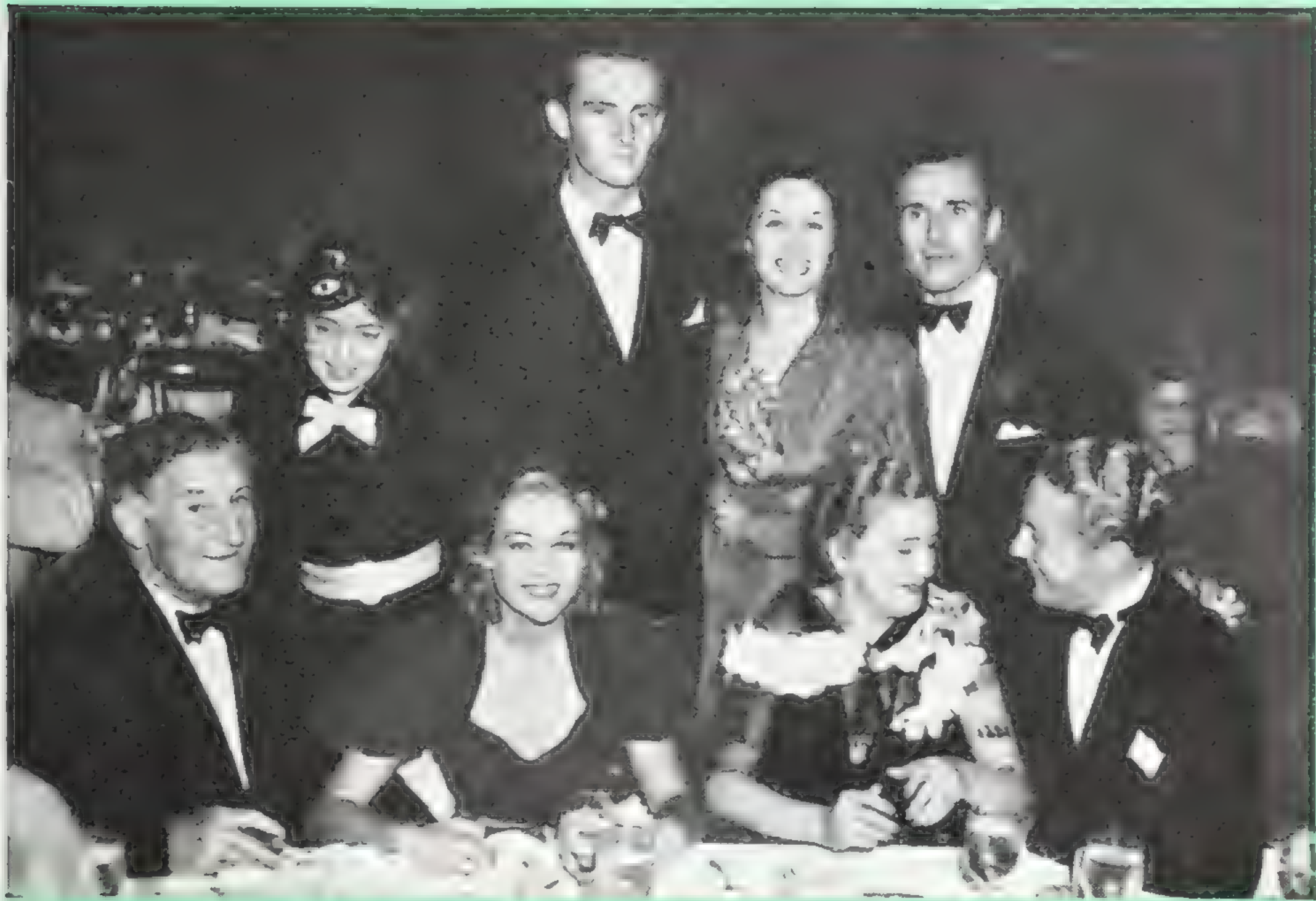


Visiting Hollywood recently, the party of the rich young Maharajah of Indore lunched on the set with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable. Seated, Lady Holkar (aren't her clothes graceful?), Joan, Mrs. Sara Bigeley, Lady Holkar's companion. The Maharajah and Clark stand



Sort of a family party at the Troc are Norman Foster, Sally Blane (Mrs. Foster), Loretta Young, Sally's sister—and, of course, anywhere Loretta goes you will see Eddie Sutherland

Will you, or won't you, or aren't you—is what people keep asking Lily Pons about her marriage to Andre Kostelanetz, well-known orchestra conductor. We think they will be any day now!



Here's a happy gathering at the dinner given at the Biltmore Bowl for the oldtimers in the business. Back row, Dorothy (Mrs. Wallace) Reid, Wally Reid, Jr., Gail Patrick and Billie Bakewell. Front: Fred Stone, Paula Stone, Agnes Ayres (remember her?) and Gene Raymond

member, he was sent off, posthaste, to a stagnate little sanitarium in Pasadena and left there.

Your correspondent got curious the other day and drove out there to see him. Golly, he's gained eleven pounds, his nose is redder than ever, and he's writing a book!

"Murder in a Hospital," it's to be called, and will be a running account of how they tried to kill him (so he says) during the cure

THE studios have been making pictures in local towns and resorts for such a long time, and then labeling the scenes "Switzerland," or "Cannes," or "Baden-Baden" that this sudden vogue for admitting the real name of the locale is very surprising. First they went down to Caliente, and made a movie there, and called it "In Caliente." Then came "Palm Springs," and "Hollywood Boulevard."

And now it's "Rose Bowl." In this one Benny Baker has to be a football player and part of the requirements are that he lose ten pounds.

He worked for two weeks and lost eight. Then he worked another week and didn't lose a single ounce.

And in the end he had to cut his hair to qualify.

THERE is only one person in Hollywood who knows the name of the New Yorker who wires a dozen orchids every day to Virginia Bruce's dressing room, and so far as she's concerned you can ask your tonsils loose—she won't tell.

Virginia merely smiles. The dressing room matron, who arranges them in bowls and such, says they're from an old friend of the family.

Well, all Cal can say is that this old friend must be awfully fond of Virginia's mother and father.

AFTER George Raft had had his new Chinese chauffeur a month he began to notice what amounted to a certain hauteur in the man's behavior. George would say, "Bring the car around at eight sharp," and at eight-ten the car would come around. No excuses from Willy Joe, either.

Also he was acquiring a British accent

So finally George called him in and did a little intensive querying. "Well," said Willy Joe finally, "my uncle has just been made Superintendent of Customs in Canton, which is a very hot stuff job to have in that country, and therefore I think I should have a little more respect from people."

"You shall have it," George told him; and forthwith he went and got the car and held the door open for Willy Joe and drove him around the block. Back at the house he said, "Now I want you to be at the door at eight o'clock tonight. And you be on time, see?"

And Willy Joe was on time.

WINI SHAW has this month's winning anecdote, replete with color and excitement and coincidence. What's more, she swears it's true.

Seems when she was singing in a snooty all night spot at Atlantic City four years ago a party of gangsters, mugs, or what have you, came in one evening and called her over to their table. "Sing 'Ten Cents a Dance' until I tell you to stop," the leader of the mob commanded viciously; so Wini went back to the stand and sang the tune over and over.

When she'd done it twenty-five times and her larynx was curling defensively the same man called her over again "Whaddya get a week in this jernt?" he asked her, and she quavered, "Six hundred."



Above, the champion duck salesman of the world, Joe Penner and his wife at the Legion prize fights. And look — behind them is that other laugh dispenser, Hugh Herbert

The tough guy handed her six hundred-dollar bills. "Thanks," he said.

Last week, during a scene for her new picture, Wini saw that man among the extra ranks. He gets \$7.50 a day

STRANGER than any scene from a movie was the experience of Mary Brian, who left recently for location in central California with the "Killer at Large" company.

Arriving at the spot, Mary suddenly stood stock still and peered around. Presently she made a wild dash for a nearby birch tree and examined it carefully. The spot was the exact location for her first picture, "Peter Pan," and there on the tree where director Herbert Brenon had carved it, were her initials in a big star. "Your future," he had told her as he cut.

YOUNG Gordon Jones, a contract player at RKO, is puzzled. It seems Gordon received a letter from a lady in Missouri requesting an autographed picture of the actor. She added the information that she had just divorced a husband by that name and wanted another Gordon Jones to take his place

Should he be flattered or otherwise young Jones wonders.

DURING a Texas personal appearance tour, the streets of Dallas were lined and jammed with thousands of people all eager to get a look at Bob

Taylor. Finally his car was brought to a halt by the crowds and one little old lady, standing on the curb, peered intently in at Bob.

"Why," she exclaimed, "he looks just like any other young man."

"Those are the truest words I've heard since I've been in pictures," Bob said. "It would do me good to hear them oftener."

ERROL FLYNN, born in northern Ireland, claimed he learned one valuable lesson at his mother's knee.

"Never trust another Irishman, or like him," she told him.

"And have you practised that bit of advice?" we asked him.

Errol only smiled.



Above, petite Frances Langford and Tony Martin leaving the Cafe Lamaze. They both won places on the radio before going into pictures, and it looks like a real romance

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous. Or from the divine to the tuneful, could be the title of this little item. For after a particularly impressive evening at the Hollywood Bowl, recently, with Stokowski directing the symphonic orchestra, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck hurried to the Paloma ballroom, a large public dance hall, to bask in the music of Benny Goodman.

"I liked them equally," Bob said afterward.

EVELYN VENABLE is telephoning her friends with a dreadful tale of woe. It seems she has just had to purchase a toothbrush for her nine-month-old daughter who has sprouted seven new teeth. And now, she cries, after the toothbrush business, it won't be long till she goes to school and then the next thing

This is probably the last picture of Thalberg. At his dinner for Johannes Poulsen, Director of the Royal Danish Theatre, are Louis Mayer, Norma, Eddie Cantor, Mr. Poulsen and Irving



she'll go into pictures and Evelyn won't have a little girl any more.

Her friends are patient. For in Hollywood or Podunk, young mamas are all alike. And little Dolores is Evelyn's first

ALL that stuff about George Brent being a he-man and staying by himself a lot must be true after all—anyway his checker game has certainly picked up in the last year.

He went on location, with his company this month, to the big woods in Northern Washington. One afternoon he strolled down to a nearby lumber camp and found about ten fellows playing checkers under the trees. That's all there is to do when they have any spare time, and they are pretty good at it.

So he challenged them all to a tournament—and won every single game. The next step, Mr. Brent, is to keep a quid of chewing tobacco in your vest pocket.

MMARGARET LINDSAY has been looking so beautiful—and so happy—these days that everyone has been commenting on it. Nobody could figure out the answer.

We thought the simplest thing was to ask her personally.

"Pat de Cicco," she said, coyly — and succinctly.

Yes, we imply a coming marriage. . .

WHEN Bing Crosby first came into what is known in Hollywood as "the big dough," each of his many brothers came around and said, "What about me?"

So for each one Bing created a separate

The Errol Flynnns at the West Side Tennis Club before they left for Lake Tahoe in their new trailer. Errol wants Lili to get used to roughing it before they go to Bali. Fun?



George Jessel, Cesar Romero, Binnie Barnes (now a blonde) and Jeanne Dante at the Universal studio party. Fourteen-year-old Jeanne's family goes back to the famed Italian poet



Nydia Westman, Owen Davis, Jr., Anne Shirley, Cecilia Parker, Jimmie Stewart at the West Side Tennis Club. Owen and Anne are very much that way about each other

enterprise, and incorporated the whole shebang in his own name.

Two weeks ago his lawyers told him that the organization, as well as his other investments, was making so much money that if he quit work at once his income would be just the same. And was he set up. He wired the family about it and told them he was going to retire after his next picture.

Next day all the brothers descended in a flock. He *had* to keep on working, they shouted. Or else the corporation wouldn't have any excuse for its existence. And they wouldn't have any jobs.

So now Bing Crosby, who is rich enough to retire, has to keep on making pictures so his brothers can make money. Anyhow the studio is very pleased.

TO all those who have been wondering where Errol Flynn disappears every other week end:

He's a speed demon, it seems.

But he's too sensible to drive over the limit around town.

Yet he has to blow off steam somehow.

So whenever he can get a couple of days free he takes his heavy car up to Muroc Dry Lake—and for hours at a time drives round and round, at one hundred and twenty miles an hour!

DICK POWELL backed his car—bang!—into another car behind him.

He got out and looked. The girl whose auto he had smashed got out too. A fender was dented. | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 |

They Budgeted Everything BUT LOVE

A four-room flat, Early American furniture, angel cake for two in the kitchen—all these spell happiness de luxe for the MacMurrays

BY JULIE LANG HUNT



THE newspapers called it an elopement. But that was absurd.

The marriage of Fred MacMurray and Lillian Lamont had been dreamed and schemed and planned three long years before the June morning, when they stood side by side, in the heat plagued desert town of Las Vegas, listening to a tired judge mouth laconic words that made them man and wife.

And there is a story behind those three years.

The story of a man and a woman's love that endured depression, separation, sacrifice, endless waiting and the corroding touch of a Hollywood success. The story of a romance that was vital and beautiful and somehow splendidly American.

It is, too, a story that unravels for Hollywood, the mystery concerning the MacMurrays' bewildering conduct in renting a four-room apartment on the unfashionable south side of Beverly Hills, and the bride's blithe determination to do her own housework.

When their story opened, Fred and Lillian were broke, broke because obscure show girls and impecunious saxophone players never receive one cent of salary during the six weeks of rehearsals that precede musical shows, even big ones like "Roberta."

Someone, they have forgotten whom, hurriedly introduced them during the first day's practice amid all the reek and swelter of the dust choked stage. It was August 1933, and suffocating as only New York can suffocate in mid-summer. Lillian looked up into the candid blue eyes of the six-foot-three saxophonist and silently cursed the heat that beaded her features in perspiration and flattened her rich black hair into limp strings. And Fred looked down at a beautiful, tired, dark-eyed girl and instantly forgot all the warnings he had heard out west concerning New York's gold digging, sable-smooth showgirls. He even forgot the few remaining greenbacks in his wallet and said:

"How about dinner tonight? There's a swell Italian place down the street, if you like ravioli."

And Lillian forgot to remember that when she had left a comfortable and orderly southern home six months before, to go on the New York stage, she had solemnly vowed that romance was to be ignored until she made the grade.

When "Roberta" opened it was all settled, just as they both knew it would be settled the moment they met on that dust fogged stage. It was settled that they would be married someday somehow, when the depression had vanished, when band musicians received better salaries, when rents perhaps would come down a little, when the throngs of unemployed didn't haunt them, then they would be married.

It was a strange courtship for New York. A ridiculous courtship for a showgirl. It was a courtship of quiet dinners in cheap tearooms, long walks, occasional movie shows, and many rides on the tops of Fifth Avenue busses.

It was on their Sunday afternoon walks that they started planning the apartment.

"There must be at least four rooms," Lillian would insist. "You can't put a six foot, three'er into one of those stingy kitchenette affairs, you know."

And when twilight would begin to thin the Sunday clutter of uptown New York they would find their way to Madison Avenue just as the shop lights blinked on. Wordlessly, automatically they turned down the deserted street to go about the business of window shopping thoroughly, slowly, carefully stopping at each of the exclusive antique furniture stores that line that famous thoroughfare.

"We'll have Early American furniture," they agreed ecstatically on those occasions, "because there's nothing like having a few lovely old pieces to put into a home when our ship comes in. And in the meantime maple pieces will look lovely in a four-room apartment, if only we can talk the landlord into painting the walls white."

And then when the last window had been peered into and they had argued and weighed the merits of the clocks and tables and chairs they would

never buy, they would walk back to Tudor City, that pleasant but inexpensive section of New York, and to dinner; dinner in Lillian's kitchenette flat. Dinner cooked by Lillian was the high point of the week; a Roman holiday from the tasteless fare of the cheap tearooms. Dinner prepared by Lillian, with a cookbook open on the dinky sink and a workmanlike apron swathing her lovely figure from chin to ankles.

And Lillian, with her cheeks flushed from the heat of the three-ring gas plate laughing:

"I'd want to do my own housework, really I would. Yes, even if you had millions, my dear. I'd love to plan and cook dinners every night, nice quiet unhurried ones with real cream for our coffee and marvelous chocolate layer cakes."

And not once did it occur to her that the situation was ludicrous, that it was preposterous for a beautiful, talented girl, in fact one of the most beautiful and promising of the season's new crop for the stage, to throw her complete store of energy, enthusiasm and determination into the success of a chocolate layer cake, a cake that would bring pride into Fred's eyes.

And even to Fred it never appeared fantastic that the loveliest brunette showgirl in New York had tossed aside a better than even chance for success in favor of dreams concerning a four-room apartment with dotted swiss curtains and a white porcelain cook stove.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]



On the opposite page, just back from their honeymoon, the newlyweds examine Fred's Texas Ranger Commission. Upper, the lovely brunette bride, Lillian Lamont. You'll see a new picture of the groom on Page 17. Left, Jean Parker, the MacMurrays, Benny Bartlett when Lillian visited "The Texas Ranger" set on location before the wedding

Should you send your children to the movies? A noted writer tells clearly and frankly how they are influencing the youth of today

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY SVERRE GREBLIF

WHAT DOING

I HAVE never been what is called a "movie fan," and yet from the time the cinema first began to interest me, I went frequently enough to become conscious of trends and developments. Like thousands of other busy people, I found the silent film extremely restful. Like thousands of others, I dreaded the coming of the spoken film, for I thought that the restful quality would vanish. Of course it did disappear to some degree, but not quite so much as I expected. I still find that after a long morning of creative writing, nothing relaxes me so much as a moving picture.

But all this is only by the way. Living, as I do, in the midst of a large family connection of young people, I am much more interested in the effect of the moving pictures upon them than upon myself. For naturally they go to many more movies than I—to as many as they can legitimately manage and, in addition, to as many more as they can bootleg.

The children of the present generation are movie-bred children. Like it or not, we must face it. And facing it, let us be honest about it.

Let us consider the kind of picture that this movie-bred generation has seen.

Roughly speaking, we can divide moving picture entertainment into classes. First comes the newsreel. Then, a little allied to this, comes the travelogue which develops into the African films of the collaborative Martin Johnsons, the Antarctic films of the Byrd Expedition, the Asian films of Frank Buck's wild animal expeditions, and such single films as "Grass." There follows Mickey Mouse and kindred films. Then come comedy features like Laurel and Hardy;



This scene from "Mutiny on the Bounty," where colorful Chief Hitihiti welcomes Franchot Tone to his Island, must have made many a young heart yearn for adventure on foreign lands and seas

THE MOVIES ARE TO OUR CHILDREN

In that memorable picture, "The Crusades," Cecil B. DeMille produced a pageant of past splendor that was not only beautiful to behold, but started children rushing to their history books



musical comedy like the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers shows; true comedies like "Fireman, Save My Child" and "Ruggles of Red Gap;" mystery movies like the Charlie Chan series; melodrama like the gangster films; serious drama like "Abraham Lincoln" and "Smilin' Through;" tragedies like "Payment Deferred;" movieized plays ranging from the productions of the Marx Brothers to "Berkeley Square;" movieized classical novels ranging from "Little Women" to "Anna Karenina;" movieized classical drama like "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Romeo and Juliet."

Of the moving pictures that I have seen in the last twenty odd years, let me enumerate the ones that have most interested me. This must of necessity be a biased list, for until lately, I have gone to movies only when the mood seized me. Now, of course, I have as definite preferences as in plays or books. Allowing for that, here they are:

"The Birth of a Nation," "Theodora," "The Covered Wagon," "Cavalcade," "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," "Captain Blood," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The Crusades," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Informer."

Experts say that the moving picture will never fulfill its best possibilities—in short, become an art—until it produces films which are not taken from short stories, or novels or stage plays but have been written initially and entirely for the screen. I believe this to be true, but I also believe it to be only relatively true. For it is true of the stage too, but also only relatively



true there. Although the majority of plays are written primarily for the stage, every season sees a number of good plays, dramatized from novels. This has happened ever since the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a novel which evoked one of the most frequently acted plays in the history of the world—until last season when "Pride and Prejudice" and "Ethan Frome" were current successes. This will occur as long as authors write dramatizable novels. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Drawing A Million

The greatest
tap dancer in the world
of any sex - Eleanor Powell -
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK
(who by the way would rather have been
a tap dancer than King of Spain!)



Left, you can read for yourself what Flagg thought of Eleanor Powell. He is sketching her between scenes of "Born to Dance," using a suite in the star's dressing room building at M-G-M for a studio. Lower, when titian-haired Jeanette MacDonald posed for him, the artist decided a Mexican jumping bean would have been more static

Here the noted artist reveals his experiences with the stars while drawing PHOTOPLAY'S new covers



If Beauty is a drug on the market in movieland then I'm a drug addict. Physical beauty is as sure in Hollywood as the sunshine climate that a few sour puss Easterners try to belittle.

My chief concern in life is the search, enjoyment and expression of what I think is beautiful, and out here among the cinemamas beauty is the rule and not the exception, as in other less fortunate centers. So much so I sometimes wonder if I'm seeing straight!

My judgment of it is entirely impersonal and I am speaking of physical good looks. I could imagine myself being foolishly enchanted by some glamorous female, but in the center of this possible vortex of passionate hysteria I could, if it were put up to me, step out of the maelstrom and hand the apple of old George W. Paris to another—if I saw with my icy brain that the stranger had it over the hypothetical enamorata like a dust storm.

Relationship, obligations, previous condition of servitude, personal ambition—all melt like butter in a skillet before the inexorable integrity of this heartless eclecticism of mine. My artist friends, those with whom I have served as judges of

beauty contests (99% of which are ridiculous impositions on us!) all know my morbid adherence to my standard, and no doubt they shrug their padded shoulders. But there it is—not even to please a pal, placate a politician or a multimillionaire, or to obtain a remunerative job, will I say "she is beautiful" if I consider her just a fairly pretty mess—a handful of the usual features with a mop of yaller curls.

On this visit I have made charcoal portraits of a dozen or more of the Jung Fraus, the peaks of feminine movieland—a charming and amusing experience. I have done this before, but this time for yet another purpose than pleasing myself—in two words, for PHOTOPLAY covers.

Being exceedingly prosperous and hospitable, M-G-M allotted me a suite in the stars' dressing room building to use as a studio. The furnishings were amusingly dainty to put a fairly he-artist in.

I hope the big studios will employ more artists as time marches on—artists and painters of note. There are undoubtedly needs for them. And I hope that each studio will build a real spacious, high, north lighted atelier with the proper professional easels, tables and tools—first finding out from

Dollars Worth of Beauty

BY ALICE MONTGOMERY FLAGG

such an artist what the right appurtenances are. Then, when they engage an artist to do posters, portraits, or sketches for scenery, he will have the right conditions and be able to do his best work in familiar surroundings.

There were endless postponements of sittings of these lovely ladies and when they finally did show up none were by any chance anywhere near the appointed time! With one or two exceptions. Parenthetically I will say that none of these stars were to blame; they are run ragged by the endless overlapping claims on their waking hours.

I WAS astonished that Merle Oberon was only thirty minutes late, which according to Hollywood custom made her practically two hours ahead of time! I never thought Miss Oberon particularly attractive on the screen—I had not seen her later pictures in which they tell me they have allowed her to be herself instead of a brass lady Buddha—but when I met her I was agreeably astonished at her exquisite beauty. And no one could be more attractive or charming—more completely herself.

I was saying to someone that, without exception, all of these stars were gracious and charming in their different ways. "Well, why shouldn't they be?" was the rejoinder. I don't know. But considering their entirely unreal life, the actual

slavery to their jobs, and the avid curiosity of the world over their every breathing moment—I am wondering how they manage to have any unaffected sweetness left in their systems. Maybe they were putting on an act. But I don't think so.

There is a curious doll-like beauty to the prevailing type of blond around the studios. The inevitable fringe of fake eyelashes helps in regimenting them, no doubt. One had the suspicion that if you squeezed their diaphragms they would say "Mama." Some of them might even say "Daddy."

I had forgotten what a really beautiful woman Norma Shearer is until I began studying her again. She posed in her *Juliet* costume (see the October cover) and truly I could see no change in her looks. She has only added poise and dignity since she used to pose for me for illustrations. She remembered that I had always paid her ten dollars—double the ordinary fee. She was that sort of a model.

The beautiful Jeanette MacDonald was far from reposeful. She was charming and attractive, but when a star has an appointment on the M-G-M lot with Mr. Mayer, and is at the same time filling an appointment to sit for me, something has to suffer. In this case it was Mr. Flagg. Shirley Temple or a Mexican jumping bean would [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]



Flagg thinks that women are bad judges of women—but what woman wouldn't want to look like Jean Harlow, above, whom he thinks is the most likable of all the lovely actresses he sketched. Jean Arthur is straightforward and witty. She also has a beautifully formed head and an eight-year-old voice, according to Flagg, who is drawing her at the right



Don't laugh! He's neither crazy nor conventional. He takes his work seriously and behind his waggishness lies a great story of hardship turned into happiness

By KATHERINE
HARTLEY

Hugh Herbert isn't all he WISE-CRACKS to be

FANS firmly believe that Hugh Herbert goes around Hollywood hitting himself on the head with a hammer, and tittering "Oh my goodness!" Invariably as he comes out of a theater some boy or girl will shout, "Oh Mr. Herbert, do this, will you?" indicating that first he should clap his palms together, then lay one finger along his nose and finally look as vacant as possible.

In restaurants or night clubs strangers think nothing of moving right in on him at his own table, calling him "Hughie," and begging him to give them that idiotic giggling tee-hee for which he is so famous. Even when fans write him for his picture, they just *know* he will "write funny" on it, something like "Hokie-pokie, dokie-okie, okie-dokie, Hughie Herbie." They figure that anybody who is so daffy on the screen must be daffy off it—and, as a matter of fact, there are things in his private life which, to the average person, would seem to substantiate this belief.

There is, for example, that totem pole at the head of the drive which leads up to his ranch house in San Fernando valley. It is garish, barbarian, and the expression on the carved wooden face is quite as maniacal as the one Hughie sometimes wears in pictures. Then, several hundred yards to the right of the totem pole, is a fruit tree bearing three different kinds of fruit; a tree which Hughie swears is a fruit salad tree. He has often bragged of this tree around Hollywood and the natural reaction is for people to put their index fingers to their temples and revolve them in a circular motion.

Another thing; he has a concrete fish pool and fountain in the middle of his living room, with lily pads floating around the edge. Furthermore, if you go to visit him, and you think you are absorbing his attention, in the middle of a sentence he will suddenly arise and amble out of the room, and through the

window you will see him turn on the hose and start watering the flowers. This absenting himself, without leave, may happen several times during an afternoon. He is quite likely to return to the chat chewing a dill pickle. Then there was that morning he showed up at a local barber shop with a yellow paste covering his face, except for that space around his eyes where it had been rubbed off. The barber gasped, handed Hughie a mirror, and Hughie jumped out of his skin. "Gee, I haunt myself," he jittered. "I'm going to the studio; I'll be back this afternoon."

NOW all these things can and should be explained. Beginning with the last one first, let's take a look at that barber shop episode. It was during the time that Hughie was making "Traveling Saleslady." The day before he had played a slightly romantic scene with Joan Blondell, and for the first time in his life he had worn screen make-up, to make him look younger, and more believably attractive to a girl like Joan. But by the time the day's work had ended he had forgotten about the make-up and he went home without removing it.

The house was empty. Mrs. Herbert was in Santa Barbara, so there was no one to remind him. He went to bed, woke up in the morning, rubbed his eyes, dressed and went to the barber's for a shave and haircut. When the barber handed him a mirror, the sight he saw literally scared him, but in the same moment it gave him an idea. Dashing to the studio he told the director that he had a scene he wanted to add to the picture; a scene in which he would suddenly see himself in the mirror, and have a fright. The behavior which [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]



Leaving the dour hills of "Mary of Scotland" behind her, Katharine Hepburn travels south to play this poignant love scene with Herbert Marshall on the verdant banks of an English stream in her new picture for RKO—"Portrait of a Rebel." It is the story of a girl who objects to the restraints of the Victorian standards of the '80's, and tragically loves the wrong man





" 'Tis love makes the world go 'round"—and here we have gathered together the newest of pictures depicting that oldest of emotions. Left, playing in "Libeled Lady" are those ideal partners, Myrna Loy and Bill Powell, together for the fifth time on the screen. They typify the gay, the sophisticated and the light-hearted in romance. Carrying the torch for each other in the same picture, are those smoothies, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy (upper). When Shakespeare wrote "Love is blind" he didn't have Jean around to contradict such an absurd remark



When Irish eyes are smiling, they do something to handsome Irishmen, and here are Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster in "The Plough and the Stars" playing cheek to cheek. Lower, Arms and the Man—even in the days of the two-gun men of the West, there were gals around to make a man forget a wife and home fires. Such a one was Calamity Jane, who, in the person of Jean Arthur, works her wiles on Gary Cooper, playing Wild Bill Hickok in "The Plainsman." Is he thinking of giving Jean back to the Indians? We doubt it!





Very young love is made up of moonbeams and day dreams. The juvenile John Beal and Ann Dvorak typify the wistfully romantic and Love in a Cottage. Playing together in "We Who Are About to Die" they triumph over odds Fate puts in their path to teach them "the world is well lost for Love"



This is Love at First Sight, and it doesn't always turn out as well as it's painted. Cupid sometimes forgets that it takes two to make a bargain, as Edward Arnold discovered to his sorrow when he fell in love with Frances Farmer in "Come and Get It"



A bright red uniform and the majestic background of the High Sierras is absolutely guaranteed A-1 sauce for "L'amour!" And the proof is this tender scene from "King of the Royal Mounted," played by stalwart Robert Kent and pretty Rosalind Keith



Back in the old days one's beau sang "I'm Falling in Love with Someone," and a girl took the hint. Now, being a modern feminist she demands—"Sing Me a Love Song" which James Melton proceeds to do to Pat Ellis in the picture of that name. Lucky lover to be able to woo his chickadee with song!



Patric Knowles learned the ropes playing Shakespeare in English stock companies. Warners imported him for "The Charge of the Light Brigade." They expect him to vie with Errol Flynn for honors



Doris Nolan stepped onto the stage from the New Rochelle High School. She played the lead in "The Night of January 16th" last winter on Broadway. Universal has hopes for her first picture, "The Man I Marry"



Eighteen-year-old Eleanore Whitney's flying feet were responsible for her Paramount contract. She danced in night clubs and vaudeville and is a pupil of Bill Robinson

Newcomers!

Producers and public alike are clamoring for new faces. Here are a neat half dozen promising starlets who have more than a driving ambition and willingness to work—they have proved their talent. From the four corners of the country they have been brought to Hollywood. Are they tomorrow's headliners?

Below: Eight-year-old Bobby Breen was singing on Eddie Cantor's radio program when he was signed for "Let's Sing Again." He was and is a hit



Another ace which Warners have up their sleeve is handsome Craig Reynolds (upper), who is very good news indeed. This year he played in eight pictures. With each, his parts got bigger and his fan mail leaped. His latest appearance is in "Stage Struck." Right, lovely June Lang went to the Beverly Hills High School; played bit parts at the same time, and got nowhere. Discovered by Darryl Zanuck last year, she is a star and has the only feminine rôle in "The Road to Glory," the new war film





RAY MILLAND'S FORGOTTEN YEAR

THIS is the story of a man who dropped off the face of the earth for one year!

I warn you it is almost unbelievable—or do you believe it is possible for an actor, who has been under contract to the most publicized studio in the world, and who has played romantic lovers opposite such a glamorous woman as Constance Bennett, to so completely lose his identity that he could look for a job in a gasoline station and be completely unrecognized?

Do you believe it possible for a man, very much in love with his wife, to give her up in divorce because he was unwilling to drag their love through discouragement and failure, and then to rekindle that love into a newer and finer marriage?

This is Ray Milland's story of what Hollywood did to him, and whether Fate chooses to adorn his brow with gaudy laurel wreaths or not, I think Hollywood will never fool him again with either success or failure.

I doubt if Hollywood can ever again do very much to Ray Milland as a person.

He has paid for this knowledge in one lost year, a year Hollywood knows nothing about, but twelve incredible months that revealed to Ray all he need ever know about Hollywood!

At first meeting, it is difficult to realize that this cordial young Englishman with a manner not unlike Bob Montgomery's, harbors such an experience.

You've seen Ray on the screen and liked the romantic humor he brought to "The Gilded Lily," with Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, and more recently, "The Return of Sophie Lang," "Millions in the Air," and "Next Time We Love."

In a brief way, something is generally known of his background, or at least as much of it as is afforded in the studio biography files.

It is there for all to read that Ray Milland, born Millane, first saw the light of day in Neath, Wales, on the

third day of January, 1907. His father had been a steel mill executive, and, during his childhood, Ray lived the life of a typical scion of a prosperous British family.

At the age of eight he had been entered in Kings College, preparatory to education at Cambridge, but his love of travel sidetracked that ambition early. At fifteen he was on a world tour on a potato boat. Three years later his excellent horsemanship won him a place in the Cheshire Yeomanry, a territorial cavalry corps, and later in the ranks of The British Household Cavalry, the King's personal bodyguard!

HE had become a British motion picture actor almost through accident, according to those personality outlines that tell so much about a man's life, and leave out so much of his story. Ray had, it seemed, been dining with a beautiful cinema star when she suggested that he visit her on the lot the next day.

Milland had no thought of a picture career at the time (so continues this fact record). He had been enjoying a very hectic playboy year throughout the capitals of Europe on a \$17,000 legacy left him by a maiden aunt. But now that this minor fortune was dissipated, it was up to him to start casting about for a profession that would reward him sufficiently to continue the life

of ease he had always known. After a few minor delays along the extra route, he was soon put into leading rôles in "The Woman in Room 13" and "The Flying Scotsman." His smooth good looks and his ingratiating personality made for an instantaneous hit on the screen. It was none other than our own Anita Loos who prevailed upon M-G-M to put him under contract and bring him to Hollywood, where (to quote from his biography again) "Mr. Milland has enjoyed continuance of his remarkably lucky career!"

There is something about that phrase that causes Ray's lips to twist upward in a secret and quite subtle glimmer of inner humor.

"Until that final summary," he [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



B Y
E L E A N O R
H A Y W O O D

Would you believe that a popular leading man could end up as a gas station assistant? Ray almost did—but this former Guardsman is a fighter. Now he's in "Sophie Lang" with Gertrude Michael

The story of a man who, faced with the loss of love and success, summoned his courage to triumph over both

This Month's Holly

By MURIEL BABCOCK

WHILE big business continues to dangle tempting radio salaries before the eyes of the stars; while more and more top-notch ether shows quietly make their way to Hollywood; while motion picture exhibitors continue to pout and fume and protest against the air appearance of the glamor kings and queens—Radio this past month has continued to intrench itself more and more solidly in the Hollywood barracks.

About the only two stars of importance whom the big advertising sponsors haven't been able to persuade to join the radio line-up are Greta Garbo and Shirley Temple. La Garbo won't—just as she won't do a lot of things other people do—while Shirley Temple can't. Her parents definitely say no, because they figure, wisely, that seven-year-old Shirley works hard enough as it is.

But Jackie Cooper is now on the air for an eastern coal company and little Freddie Bartholomew has taken radio bows. Marlene Dietrich, runner-up to Garbo as a purveyor of exotic glamor, will be coming back when she gets through making that English picture, even though her husky voice and her sexy personality don't register as well before the microphone as they might. It has reached the point where you don't look to see who is on the air in Hollywood, but who isn't.

Which reminds me of a swell yarn about Clark Gable. He is one Hollywood star who has never gone swell-head and who never forgets his early struggle. He was making an appearance on Louella Parsons' "Hollywood Hotel" show, which as you may know broadcasts from the old Figueroa Playhouse in downtown Los Angeles, whose boards, at one time or another, have been trod by all the great theatrical personages of the last decade.

At a break in rehearsal, Clark walked over to a corner of the stage, faced the empty orchestra pit, and started playing to it

"Whatcha doing?" kiddingly inquired one of the orchestra boys. "Doncha know your lines yet?"

Clark grinned. "Yep," he said. "I was digging into the past. I was saying the speech I used to say when I played this house as a punk kid. It wasn't long ago, either, fella," and he grinned again. "My line was, as I remember, 'They wait without, sir!' And now they do wait without for me. Swell feeling to come down here!"

OUR best romance, to date, of the broadcasting rooms is that of the diminutive and lush Lily Pons and her musical director, Andre Kostelanetz. These love birds have warmed the cockles of even cynical old Hollywood's blood pumper with their affection and adoration of one another. And it was when Andre was directing and rehearsing "Lil-lee" in her air concerts that she first realized what a fine, strong, staunch fellow he was and when her Gallic heart began to beat faster.

There was real drama in their romance. Few people know this, but about a year and a half ago, Lily had that not uncommon but frightening experience for an operatic star, who has been overtaxing herself, of hearing herself crack on high notes. She went into a definite musical slump and nothing could seemingly bring her out of her fears and depression.

It was Kostelanetz who saved the day, saved Lily from herself by his gentleness, by his unfailing belief in her voice, and by his thoughtful and constructive musical work with her. It was a short but bitter period in Lily's career and out of it blossomed love, which is so real and so swell. At the finish of Lily's concert

Headliners at a recent Kraft Music Hall broadcast were Bob Burns, John Erskine (author), Rose Bampton (Met. star), Bing Crosby, master of ceremonies (no hat?), Bette Davis, and Jimmy Dorsey, band leader



wood Broadcasts

at the Hollywood rostrum, while the plaudits of the audience were still ringing in her ears, she ran up to Kostelanetz, while he turned red behind the ears, and before he could embarrassingly push her completely away—something no fiance should do anyway!—before 40,000 people, she kissed him smack on the lips!

One of the most poignant moments in a broadcasting theater occurred last month when Jack Oakie and his Ma, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, went on the air together in the Lux Theater. Jack was playing "One Sunday Afternoon." Mrs. Offield was just playing herself, Jack's Ma, giving a short talk on her son's exuberant activities as a lad.

Until this particular afternoon, I don't think anybody in Hollywood had ever seen Jack nervous or at a loss for wisecracks. But something about seeing his Mother up on the rostrum, his Mother inexperienced in ways of the brittle, cynical show world, did something to Jack. He was about the most jittery actor I've ever seen—Joan Crawford with all her stage fright had nothing on Jack as he waited for Mrs. Offield to take the mike! Not until she finished did he regain his poise.

Jack's Ma was just herself and simply swell. She brought down the house, particularly when after her introduction she turned and in a stage whisper which not only carried the length and breadth of the theater, but out over the ether, said, confidentially, to Director Cecil B. DeMille, "You know I rehearsed this forty-two times!"

Then she talked about Jack as a small boy. As much as the

Jack Oakie was very nervous the night his Mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield (center), spoke on a Lux broadcast, but she "stole the show." She is chatting here with DeMille, Jack, Agnes Ayres and Helen Twelvetrees

broadcast, I liked the answer she gave me when I asked her, after the show was over, what one thing Jack did as a boy which embarrassed her most. Without a moment's hesitation—you could see she had probably brooded at some length over this antic in days gone by when her reputation was at stake in the small town in which they lived—she said: "The time he told the census taker that his father was an Indian, and it was published in the paper!"

NOTHING has happened in a long time which saddened the town more than the death of kindly Bob Burns' wife on the verge of his great strike in pictures—just a scant few days after everyone was acclaiming him for stealing the picture in "Rhythm on the Range," and on the eve of coming into what would be a fabulous fortune for the little family from Arkansas.

You probably know, too, that the sentimental, honest Bob, badly broken up by the tragedy, forced himself to go back on the air, after only a week's layoff. But what you don't know is the heart-tearing thing that occurred in the studio the night of his reappearance, which brought tears to the eyes, and chokes to the throats of everyone who witnessed it. As Bob finished his turn and turned wearily away from the microphone to find a seat in the back of the room, the orchestra broke into the tune "No Regrets." Bob started as if he had been shot and the tears welled up. It was a dreadful moment but nothing could be done—the show was on the air!

HERE'S a bit of news that carries more behind it than you'd think at first reading: Nelson Eddy, the blond M.G.M. baritone, has hired his own press agent to ballyhoo his radio and concert appearances this year. You don't see anything unusual in this? Well, let me explain.

Do you remember last year the stories about the swooning specimens of femininity who did their collapsing before his dressing room doors, the mash notes that love-struck maidens wrote him, the continent-leaping females [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]



IS MAE WEST

SKID-



Right, poured into sequins for her first part in "Night After Night" with George Raft, Mae stole the show. Upper, after "She Done Him Wrong," Mae became a comfortable, cushioned alibi for lazy girls. Plumpness is an insidious thing!

All women must have some curves, but Sylvia draws an object lesson from Mae's career to prove that sometimes the shortest way to beauty is a straight line



BACK in 1932, there was a small bit to be cast in Paramount's "Night after Night." A hard-boiled bit. Mae West took it. It was a comedown for her to play a bit after starring in her own stage plays, but Mae's eyes saw the gleam of movie gold and she gambled on the break. Hollywood make-up artists dolled her up. They shadowed her really lovely violet eyes. They pruned her eyebrows. They dressed the thrice-blond hair as only those Hollywood hairdressers can. They did her up in a custom-made corset and poured sequins over her. They turned her loose in Mr. George Raft's picture, which she stole right from under his not too classic nose. She ad libbed her dialogue and had the customers in the aisles. She was new—she was different—she was hard-boiled—she was marvelous.

Paramount executives rubbed their hands with glee. There was gold in them thar hills and valleys. They agreed to Mae's

demands—and Mae is no slouch at demanding—when the contract was drawn up. They got busy on "She Done Him Wrong." You and I and everybody else laughed ourselves sick over it.

She was one of the Big Ten at the box office that year. Now, she's number . . . well, I can't tell. I haven't got my specs. What happened?

My silvery voice could be heard saying, at that time, "Yes, she's a riot. But for my money, she should take off twenty pounds." People said to me, "Oh, then she wouldn't be Mae West." "No?" said I. "Who would she be?" "But her plumpness is becoming—she needs that buxom figure for the parts she plays." "Um," said I, "but plumpness is an insidious thing. It sneaks up on you. It becomes just plain fat, before you know it."

What did I care, you may be asking, whether Mae West was

DING

ON THE CURVES?

By MADAME
SYLVIA



Right, it was easy to see Mae was going too far in "Klondike Annie." Above, in her new picture, "Go West Young Man," with Randolph Scott, she has the best vehicle she's had in ages. Will her brand of popularity return?

slim as a sylph or big as a blimp? I cared only because of the effect on you, my darlings. She was a marvelous excuse for other women. She was an elegant alibi. She was a comfortable, cushioned way out for all the girls who were getting too fat and were too lazy to do anything about it. They pointed to her and cried, "Look! She's not slender, yet she's popular, famous, wealthy, and do the men go for her! The heck with diets and exercises! Why should I slave?" And with a yanking down of the girdles over that hunk of fat on the upper thigh, they would say "I think men like women to have a little flesh on their bones." A little, did you get that!

Of course men like a little flesh on their women's bones. Of course they don't like slats. Women must have curves and smooth hip lines. Hollow faces, jawbones like razor blades, collarbones sticking out like coat hangers, flat chests and bony hips, ruin a woman's figure just as much as hunks of fat, lumps on the hips, spare tires around the middle, too heavy or sagging breasts and too many chins.

There are two object lessons I'd like to draw from Miss West, and then I'll give some good, workable advice to you who need it.

First: It was commonly ac- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



We Cover the Studios

BY JAMES REID

*There is more fun, romance and adventure
than ever before on the Hollywood lots*

SUPPOSE the Republicans (or the Democrats) are right, and the country does go to pot if the Democrats (or the Republicans) win—my, my, will Hollywood be chagrined! Hollywood, you see, is still making movies. Movies by the dozens, by the scores. Movies costing millions. Movies with unexpected stories, unsurpassed stars, unexcelled settings.

The New Deal never spent money as Hollywood is spending it, this autumn of 1936. One hundred and three pictures are in production or about to be. Studios are teeming with activity. Even extras are working again. There never has been more drama, romance, adventure, music and laughter before the cameras all at one time. Or more interesting things happening behind them.

For example, there is *The Strange Disappearance of Robert Taylor*. One day, anyone can find him; the next day, no one can. A week passes, and still he is missing. There is a rumor that he is hiding out until he can get his hair uncurled, after "The Gorgeous Hussy." There is a counter-rumor that this isn't true; that he wore a wig. But true or not, Bob has unquestionably vanished. And how, *how* could the most conspicuous hero on the Hollywood scene suddenly and utterly disappear? It looks like a case for Mr. William Powell, a sort of rehearsal for his forthcoming film, "After the Thin Man."

Bob isn't watching Barbara Stanwyck on *her* set. He isn't at his tennis club. He isn't at his house. This is beginning to be baffling, when—a carrier pigeon arrives at the M-G-M publicity office. To its leg is fastened this message: "Have you heard? I'm on Stage 2. Bob."

So, it develops, is Garbo. That explains everything.

THERE is one sure way for the most popular actor on earth to become invisible for a few weeks, even to a publicity department. Just let him co-star with *The Invisible Woman*.

The doors of her set are barred and bolted, and the door keeper has the proportions of Victor McLaglen. No one can get inside. No one can see Garbo at work. Q. E. D., no one can see any player working with her. Especially, on a picture that is one long love scene, as "Camille" is. Garbo likes to build up romantic anticipation among the movie goers.

Eons ago, the tragic "lady of the camellias" was brought to the screen by Norma Talmadge. Or was it Nazimova? We've forgotten. But unless our memory has gone completely astray, *Armand* was played by Valentino. Thus Robert becomes the first to dare a "great lover" rôle that Rudolph made famous



Teamed again (remember "Forsaking All Others") are Gable and Joan Crawford in "Love on the Run." Franchot (Husband) Tone's in it, too

If Bob could have had his choice, maybe he wouldn't have taken the dare. But M-G-M hasn't had any complaints about the casting. For one thing, the prospect of Taylor vs. Garbo is too provocative. And another answer seems to be that Taylor today is as romantic a personality as Valentino ever was, and completely different, which removes any suspicion of footstep following. Also, he'll be talking, whereas Valentino only pantomimed.

The rôle is not a new one to Bob. Eight or ten years ago—when Garbo was already making Hollywood eyelash conscious—Bob was *Armand* to the *Camille* of some Beatrice (Neb.) schoolgirl actress. That doesn't mean a thing, however, when he first faces Greta *Camille* Garbo.

A studio grip, sneaking outside for a smoke, tells us, "Bob sure was jittery. That was why the director made him do a kissing scene right at the beginning. After a kissing scene anything else would be easy."

The director-psychologist is George Cukor, the man who brought Katharine Hepburn to Hollywood. Garbo must have forgotten that. Or else forgiven him.

Getting an affidavit from the studio grip that a picture named "Camille" is actually being made, that Robert Taylor is safe in the arms of Greta Garbo, and that the film should be ready for late Fall release, we move beyond the baleful eye of the door keeper. If we can't see Garbo and Taylor together, at least we can watch Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone making "Love on the Run."

"Oh, no, you can't," says the Crawford-Gable-Tone door keeper, who is built like Man Mountain Dean. "They're making process shots."

There is no arguing with a man who makes a statement like that. It's easier to crash a Garbo set than one where "process shots" are the order of the day. They are the most difficult bits of movie photography.

Suppose the hero and heroine are to take a bus ride on Fifth Avenue, New York. The film company won't sponsor a location trip just to get that one shot; it would be too expensive. Instead, the studio will have a cameraman in New York take a



At Columbia Bing Crosby and Madge Evans stroll to the "Pennies from Heaven" set, while Bing originates knock-knocks to make them laugh



Gregory Ratoff, Lawrence Tibbett and Arthur Treacher in Tibbett's first picture in over a year, "Under Your Spell," being filmed at 20th Century

ride on a Fifth Avenue bus and film the traffic behind it. He will then ship his negative to Hollywood. The film will be projected on a big screen on a studio sound stage. In front of the screen, on a bus seat, will be the hero and heroine. In front of them, and facing them, will be a movie camera—photographing them on a bus seat against a background of Fifth Avenue traffic.

You'll never know the difference between this and the real thing, after the movie magicians finish synchronizing the three-dimensional foreground with the two-dimensional background. But the synchronizing isn't easy. That's why no distractions, no visitors, are allowed.

We don't know what process shots Joan and Clark and Franchot are making—but we'll keep our eyes open for moving backgrounds when we see the picture, which should be an amusing comedy. Joan is trying to escape from an amorous nobleman, while Clark is trying to flee from a persistent princess, and Franchot is trying to help them both along. They're being directed by W. S. "One-Take" Van Dyke, which means Joan and Franchot will soon be back at their music lessons

THE only things to stop us from getting on the next set are a flashing red light and an insistent bell. To the right of the door is a sign: "Do Not Enter While Light Is Burning or Bell Is Ringing." They are the signals of a "take." As soon as they stop, we can enter.

We are on the set of "Maytime," the third picture to co-star Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, and the first picture to give Nelson a chance to warble a bit of opera. There are nine songs in the picture, and two of them are operatic. But despite the amount of singing, Jeanette and Nelson have to do more acting than in any previous picture.

They both have dual rôles. (They are two present-day lovers who are about to part, then two old-time lovers who did part.) Also, they are surrounded by such scene stealers as Frank Morgan, Paul Lukas, Julie Haydon and Mary Phillips. This is Mary Phillips' first picture, but she knows her acting. She is from Broadway, and married to Humphrey Bogart

This setting is of a theatrical office in New York in 1886. It is properly dingy and cramped, with sooty windows, oil lamps and wooden fixtures. Only three of the principals are to appear in this scene—Jeanette, Julie and Lukas. According to the dialogue, Nelson is "up in his dressing room." Actually, he is probably at home, playing a bruising game of badminton.

Jeanette is devastating in a rust-brown suit, vintage of 1886. (And why is it that girls who look well in costumes of any period are never listed among those who know how to wear clothes?) Julie, much prettier than she was allowed to be when she made her great hit in "The Scoundrel," wears dark green. Lukas' tall erectness is exaggerated by his long frock coat.

It is a brief scene, but Director Edmund Goulding rehearses it for a half-hour before "shooting." He knows just what he wants and is not satisfied until he gets it. Between rehearsals, Jeanette and Julie are confronted with hairdressers, armed with combs. This happens to all feminine players, on all sets. Between rehearsals, Lukas plays "knock-knock" with the camera crew. He gets a laugh out of: "Knock-knock . . . Who's there? . . . Laemmle . . . Laemmle who? . . . Laemmle call you sweetheart." . . . Lukas used to work for Jr. and Carl Laemmle of Universal fame.

Next door, practically the whole cast of "The White Dragon" seems to be assembled on one small set. It is the interior of a stateroom on a steamship—light-colored and modernistic. The stateroom belongs to Edmund Lowe, just back from England, who is playing a novelist-detective with a Hollywood murder to solve. (The picture was originally called "Murder in the Chinese Theater," presumably until Sid Grauman of the Chinese Theater heard about it.)

Elissa Landi, who is actually a novelist as well as a movie star, is playing a worried movie star. Edmund Gwenn, late of "Anthony Adverse," is Lowe's facetious valet. Edgar Kennedy, specialist in registering a "slow burn," is a bonehead detective. He has just locked Ted Healy, an unruly press agent, in a bathroom, and Healy is trying to break down the door. The place is a madhouse as they go through a rehearsal.

Lowe tells Kennedy that he ought to have him fired from the force. Kennedy, about to leave the stateroom, says that would be a pleasure; maybe he would get Lowe out of his hair for a while. That is supposed to be the end of the scene. But *solito voce*, as the bald-headed Kennedy closes the door, Lowe wise-cracks, "You haven't got any hair!"

Director George Seitz hears the quip, and seizes onto it. He

tells Lowe to make it part of his dialogue—to *shout* it at Kennedy as he leaves. It will give an amusing snap to the end of the scene.

Some players mangle dialogue. Others improve it. Sometimes unintentionally, like Eddie Lowe in that scene. Sometimes intentionally, like Claudette Colbert in one of the opening scenes of "Maid of Salem."

WE visit her the first day of shooting. Long before we round the corner of the set, we hear Claudette laughing. She just has to laugh. Now she is having a struggle, hooking a snap on her tight-fitting Puritan dress. And very pert she looks in it, too topped as it is by a Dutchy cap. Under the cap, she is wearing a light-colored wig—to make her look a bit more Anglo-Saxon. But there is no changing those lively dark eyes.

She tells us, "This is the first picture I've made in seven and a half months, and I'm scared stiff. I don't like vacations—particularly long ones. It's too easy to get out of the swing of things. I was wide awake at five-thirty this morning, anticipating everything that might happen today. I'm like this at the start of every picture; you'd think I had never acted before."

Claudette doesn't look scared, or even stiff, as she goes into the scene with Louise Dresser and young Bennie Bartlett (the youngster of "The Texas Rangers"). The setting is the interior of a small house in the early Puritan settlement of Salem, which later burned some "witches." The time is 1650. Bennie comes in from school, makes a few remarks, and Claudette, commenting on them as she puts on a cape, prepares to go out.

As originally rehearsed, she says nothing as she leaves; she just goes. Claudette feels that this departure falls flat. She adds, "I'll be home before sundown"—and looks inquiringly at Director Frank Lloyd. He nods that the few simple words give the scene something that it needs.

That's how seriously Claudette Colbert takes her acting. And this rôle is serious and dramatic. So is the rôle played by Fred MacMurray, her partner in two previous comedy hits. We miss seeing the newlywed Fred in garb *a la* Miles Standish. They are shooting "around" him until he finishes "Champagne Waltz" with Gladys Swarthout.

Leaving the Colbert set, we discover something on the Paramount lot that we never knew existed. It is called "the T-tank." Supposedly, the "T" stands for "torrent." That's where the outdoor rain scenes are filmed.

It is a large open rectangle of ground, roofed over with canvas to diffuse California sunlight. Suspended at intervals high above the ground are parallel rows of perforated iron pipes, to



Above, Douglas Scott and Freddie Bartholomew rehearse for "Lloyd's of London" with dialogue director, Lionel Bevans. Lower, Rudd Weatherax, animal trainer, on the set of "Theodora Goes Wild" with Irene Dunne. He holds "Inkie" while "Corky" looks on. Both animals appear in the film



which hoses are attached. Thence falls the "rain."

We see twenty-two football players and a referee get a drenching, and twenty-three mud baths, for a scene in "Rose Bowl." Before the shot, we spot Tom Brown on one of the teams; after the shot, he is anonymous. Buster Crabbe isn't in this scene. That's too bad. He could give a swimming exhibition.

According to Paramount, this is practically the millenium in football films. If only because: There are no seventy-five-yard passes, no last-minute touch-downs, no pep talks by a coach, no girl running on the field with a message for Her Hero, and no famous football players in the cast.

Something different, too, is Mae West in "Go West, Young Man"—which started its riotous life a year ago, on Broadway, as "Personal Appearance." It is a burlesque of a touring movie star, whose car breaks down in front of a Middle West farmhouse, where she goes on the make for the nearest available male—while her harried press agent tries to head off a scandal.

We find Mae in the interior of the farmhouse, which is a prime example of rural domesticity. Picture Mae in that setting—if you can—upholstered in clinging satin and sapphires, a burlesque of a glamor queen on parade. Hip swinging and quip slinging. We can't divulge any of her laugh-lines. It would be like revealing the clues of a mystery play

BUT we can repeat one thing she said—between scenes. We asked her if she thought movie stars should keep diaries. "Yes—if they keep them in code."

Warren William, Randolph Scott, Isabel Jewell, Alice Brady, Elizabeth Patterson, Lyle Talbot and Margaret Perry help to make up the strongest supporting cast that Mae has ever had.

Margaret Perry is a young New York actress, married to the white hope of the Broadway stage, Burgess Meredith. He is making his

movie debut this month at RKO in the screen version of his stage hit, "Winterset." This will be one of the most unusual pictures of the year—a melodrama, with a slum setting and dialogue in blank verse. Arty? No. It packs a punch.

Most of the action takes place in a sloping cobblestone street, abutting on Brooklyn Bridge, and in the interior of a waterfront hovel. The street set is a masterpiece of realism. Even such small details as old dirty scraps of paper on the cobblestones, and stone-damp on the bridge abutment, are there.

Meredith and Margo, who also played in the stage version, stand in a grotto under the bridge, making love, while a mist falls between them and the camera. (It's certainly the rainy season in the studios!)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



PHOTOPLAY
Fashions
BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

JULIET OF 1936

One of Norma Shearer's favorite costumes for little dinners is this almost classic combination of mess jacket in heavy silk weave and slim black crêpe skirt. Her belt is of ciré satin, her blouse of white crêpe and she has borrowed one of her famous husband's neckties. Red carnation and sandals of patent leather, stitched in white. Her coiffure is a modernized version of Juliet's. Two soft rolls in the back and curls built up high in front, the whole powdered with gold dust.

NATURAL COLOR PHOTO
BY JAMES DOOLITTLE

Sophisticate



Flaring at the hem is a black wool skirt worn with a black and white checked wool jacket. Raglan sleeves and accentuated shoulders are featured. An Irish green ascot is caught with an emerald and diamond pin. A black beret, black suède belt and matching shoes

Below: Here Omar Kiam has designed an informal evening gown for Ruth, in organza. The extremely full skirt is corded at intervals, as are the full sleeves. The high neckline is gathered and tied at the throat. These gowns will be seen in Ruth's picture "Dodsworth"



On the opposite page. White crêpe is used by Omar Kiam for Ruth Chatterton's most formal evening gown in "Dodsworth." An elaborate design in water-lily pattern is worked in hand-sewn crystal beads. The long slim train adds great dignity. With it she wears white crêpe sandals and beautiful emerald and diamond bracelets



Over the dress is a magnificent floor length cape of peach lamé. Bernard Newman has squared the shoulders and fastened it at the throat with crystalline buttons of peach, edged in pearls

A dress of peach colored marquanza, is worn by Ginger Rogers in "Swing Time." The short sleeves are formed of pinwheel ruffles of the same material as the wide skirt. Tiny buttons lead up to a severe Puritan collar, in contrast to the frou-frou of the skirt



GINGER'S FEET ARE NEWS



Red velvet sandals stitched in gold, lined and piped in gold kid. Gold buckle



Brown suede pump with patent leather trimming. Brass in-step ornament



White crêpe sandal. Silver stitching and buckle, also rhinestone trim



Brown calf and suede, stitched in silk. Brass buckles, and semi-square toe



Black suede oxfords with medium heel. Kid trimming stitched in black silk



Green suede pump with pigskin tongue. Oval cut-out. Brass buckle

Gray suede finish shoe with new squared heel and brass eyelets



WHEN Ginger was a child her great ambition was to earn enough money to have all the shoes she wanted.

She loves them still! Sometimes she buys a beautiful pair first and then plans her gown and accessories to go with them.

That is how important she thinks they are.

Ginger thinks it is harder to select the right shoe than the right hat or gown. You can change a gown and you may cock your hat at a becoming angle, but a shoe—well, it goes on just one way and that's that.

She doesn't like fussy shoes, and she is so right. Too much trimming, she says, makes a foot look heavy and thick.

One day she had to decide whether or not her dancing feet on the screen should appear with bows. So a solemn director, cameraman and producer sat, elbows on knees, as Ginger paraded before them, one foot with a bow-tied slipper, one foot just plain slipper. The plain one won out.

When you remember that a dancer goes through gruelling hours of rehearsals and that foot fatigue makes lines in the face, you will realize that in selecting her shoes she is really aiding her beauty.

Feet swell, straps cut after hours of work. Therefore, shoes that fit are of paramount importance. Ginger says a shoe that is too small revenges itself by making the foot look large when it is crowded into it.

"Never, never abuse shoes," admonishes Ginger. "Don't let them become run-down, with crooked heels or scuffed surface. Be as conscious of shoe neatness as you are of dress neatness.

"And keep the gadgets off them."

Shoes by Miller



Frances Langford

FOOTBALL FAN

Frances Langford dons a dress of brown alpaca. The skirt flare is achieved by many gores. Over it she wears a leopard sports coat, cut in generous lines, with wide lapels and pockets. On her massed carnation bouquet she displays the F of her favorite university, Florida "U." She wears a brown felt hat



The detail of this navy blue Forstman twill dress is excellent. Note the square pocket with the oblique slot. The blouse fastens with nickel bows up to the neck. Hat of blue felt with a forward pitch and a bright blue feather



A Δ Θ



Left: A cape suit of Oxford gray herringbone, combined with a black wool skirt and emerald green duvetyn blouse. The hat is a scrap of black felt, pierced with a bright green feather. Above: Charming color combination in a flared wool skirt of brown crêpe, and a duvetyn jacket in warm rust, fastened with self covered buttons. The vertical pockets are stitched in diamond shape. High crowned felt hat in brown, topped with a bright copper feather. White gloves. Clothes are from Bebe Daniels

Found



PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD
FASHIONS

Left to Right: (1) Anita Colby sketched in a new Princess coat of rabbit's hair wool. Buttons down the front. Trimmed in Persian. Felt pillbox hat with wool pompons. (2) Here Anita is wearing a black coat with matching Persian epaulettes and border down the side. A felt toque trimmed with red ribbons. (3) Arline Judge has chosen this rust red crêpe dress, embroidered all over with fine gold thread. Antique gold swan buckle at waist. Dark brown suede hat with gold ring caught in the crown. (4) Here she is wearing an evening dress of dark red, stiff hammered bengaline. Semi-precious jewelled clips accent the décolletage. (5) This soft green crêpe frock has a silk and metal border around the jacket. Metal cloth ornament at the neck. The hat has a felt bow and flaring veil. (6) An afternoon dress in Princess cut with a steel beaded rope holding up the draped neck. (7) Arlene, sketched in a two-piece blue crêpe dress with ruching outlining the peplum, front edges and collar. A pillbox hat in velvet. (8) A dinner dress in plum crêpe. Pleated ruching forms a simulated bolero

in the Shops



WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 82



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT



Brides

CLASSIC
and
MODERN

Slipper satin makes this classic bridal costume Travis Banton designed for Shirley Ross in "The Big Broadcast of 1937." The wide sash and circular skirt soften its severity. Orange blossoms encircle the neck and head, and the tulle veil is attached just above Shirley's curls at the back. Lilies of the valley and orange blossoms are circled with lace for a bouquet. Right: In the same picture, Shirley wears what Travis considers an ideal autumn wedding gown. It is of silver lamé with a long train. The veil is of silver tulle, banded in silver. Flowers of silver hold the veil in place and are worn between the points of the surplice neckline. Princess silhouette and hint of Directoire line are ultra new



Open FOR INSPECTION

Madeleine Carroll illustrates the four steps of eye make-up. Right: application of shadow



BY
CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Encircled, the brows darkened with pencil and a fine line drawn at the roots of lower lashes to enlarge the eye. Last, mascara

EYES, ears and toes are out in the open this season. Fashion decrees open-toed sandals, coiffures sweeping up and back from the ears, profile revealing hats. So—look to your feet in their lace-toed hose; your ears beneath their mounting rolls and curls. Your eyes, of course, are the focal point of your face and the mirror of your personality.

Any ear is more attractive if partially covered, but if you have an oyster ear, for heaven's sake, hide it completely. The girl with the shell-like ear will want to trot out the time-worn but always effective trick of rouging the lobe to harmonize with her make-up—to garnish it with a frivolous bit of jewelry. Perhaps she may gently carry the rouge from the lobe up the outer edge, thereby making the inner part more whitely gleaming.

Tend your toes as tenderly as you do your fingertips. If your feet are tired, an Epsom Salts footbath and a brisk brushing with a stiff brush will start the circulation and get rid of dead cuticle. A little massage with a foot ice or cream is soothing and softening. Shape the nails, buff them and lacquer them to match your fingertips. A little pearly nail enamel applied to the tip, where the color leaves off, is an effective contrast when viewed through a sheer stocking.

If your hands are affecting an iridescent polish, repeat it on your toes and complete the scene with an iridescent eye shadow. One beauty of this luminous polish is that it will go with any color gown. Try pinking the cushiony part of the toe so that it glows like a baby's—then, too, the toe won't look so dead against a colored polish if color you prefer. Well-groomed feet are twinkling feet, airy of step.

Though the natural look is the one to be desired, the loveliest eyes can be made lovelier by a little clever make-up—and still look natural. If you follow Madeleine Carroll's routine of application, you can't go wrong.

At night you will probably want to use metallic eye shadow. If your eyes are red-rimmed and bloodshot from strain or lack of sleep, the use of a good eye lotion may be followed by the application of green shadow and green mascara to neutralize the ruddy color. It's fun to experiment with color—try mixing a little on the back of your hand and use the combination you like best. Blue and green are lovely, or brown and green—and blue and brown give a natural dark shadow. The proportion is your individual problem. Use the lighter color first, blending the darker over it.

One important point which a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

SYNOPSIS

Sue Martin came to Hollywood after winning a beauty contest in Tremont, her home town. She became the script girl for Bill Lederer, a Mammoth Studio director. Bill, who liked Sue and hoped to train her to become an actress, turned bitter and discouraged when the directing of his picture "Breakfast for Two," was taken from him and given to Paul Elsmere, brilliant playwright and director. Bill tried to drown his sorrows and Sue had to drive him home during a heavy rainstorm. She was discovered at his home, wrapped in one of his dressing gowns, by several people from the studio. With them was Jimmy Frost, a columnist, who next day wrote a misinterpretation of the affair. Sue was brokenhearted about it, and about Tommy, the boy she had loved back in Tremont, who married another girl. Bill was given an important new picture to direct and Sue stayed on as Elsmere's script girl. Sol Kessler, head of Mammoth, invited everyone connected with "Breakfast for Two," to his estate, where Elsmere was resting after an illness. Sue heartily disliked Elsmere. His suaveness and reputation with women disgusted her, as well as his attention to Alma Allen, his leading lady. While dressing for a party which Kessler was giving, Sue received a telephone call from Bill, who explained he was casting her in his new picture. "Oh," she said, and her heart suddenly throbbed. The story continues—

THERE were fully fifty people scattered around the huge living room. Kessler was doing the thing right. He had invited all of glittering Hollywood; all who were socially and financially important and prominent; all who were glamorous and beautiful. This, unfortunately, had to include the merely tolerated—unattractive wives and unimportant husbands.

Bill Lederer, eager-eyed and bronzed, met her at the stairs. He took her around and introduced her, moving from group to group. She tried to remember all the names but couldn't, although many of the faces were familiar to her. She had seen them in the movies.

Bill, it seemed, didn't like Elsmere. He indicated him sitting with the stunning Alma Allen. She was breath-taking in a scarlet and black dress, posing in exhibitionary magnificence. Alma Allen was, Sue told herself, the complete realization of the popular conception of a movie star. Her glorious smile carried high voltage. She was saying something to which Paul Elsmere listened with a listless amusement.

"Sol's central showpiece at this party, of course," said Bill, "is Alma Allen—and Paul Elsmere. That thin guy is Paul Elsmere. He sets rivers on fire and drowns out towns. As far as he's concerned, Hollywood is just a stop on the Santa Fe. God's own gift to the theater. After awhile I'll corner Kessler and we three will go in a huddle about your new job. First, I'll introduce you to Elsmere."

Sue looked up at him. "Thanks, Bill," she said. "I met Paul Elsmere. This afternoon."

"You did?"

"Yes. And, of course, I've met Alma Allen."

"Yeah!" grinned Bill suddenly. "I remember. In my pajamas! Let's go over and make our little curtsy. It's a strange Hollywood custom."

As they approached the group, Sue was conscious of Paul Elsmere's eyes surveying her keenly. The group disintegrated as she and Bill came up. Paul Elsmere smiled exclusively to her. It acted like a chemical stimulant in her blood. Thinking of her recent bathing escapade she turned away abruptly.

SCRIPT GIRLS PREFER HUSBANDS

B Y S . G O R D O N G U R W I T

"Wait here," said Bill, guiding her to one side. "I'll get you a cocktail." He left.

A darkly handsome young man sauntered up and smiled to her. He said: "Well, how do you like it?" He looked vaguely familiar, and she remembered having been introduced to him a few minutes ago, but his name escaped her. His eyes were on the resplendent Alma Allen, a quizzical, faintly weary mirth in their tawny depths. Not knowing just what to say, Sue followed his look.

"She's gorgeous, isn't she?" Sue said.

"Gorgeous," he agreed pleasantly, but with something definitely portentous in his inflection. Sue asked:

"You know her? Miss Allen I mean?"

"Not very well," he replied absently, though his dark eyes followed the vivid little star with a curious intensity. Alma Allen was hanging on Elsmere's arm with an air of complete possession. "She's only my wife," the young man finished. "I'm Ricardo De Soto."

"I'm—sorry!" stammered Sue. The dusky red of a pained embarrassment stained her cheeks. "I—didn't know—"

The dark young man smiled. "Think nothing of it," he advised lightly, and stalked away.

HOLLYWOOD'S inner circle confused Sue. She saw Paul Elsmere coming toward her. Alma Allen, she noted, was now seated at a piano, where she was toying with the keys, her green eyes on Elsmere. Softly she swung into the hit number from one of Elsmere's successful musicals. It was a song that had swept the entire country.

Near her, now, stood the darkly handsome young man who had admitted that he was her husband; also a small group urging her to play. Kessler, seeing where Elsmere was headed, came waddling over, his puckish face wreathed in smiles. Bill came back with two cocktails, and frowned.

Kessler beamed upon them all, and his eyes went to Sue.

"My dear," he said kindly, "Bill's been telling me about you. He wants I should let him put you in pictures."

Before she could answer, Paul Elsmere said lazily:

"Before you make any plans for Miss Martin, just remember that I have already slated her for my next picture. Don't make any other plans for her, please."

It came as a bombshell to Kessler, to Bill—as she could see by his startled look—to herself. She almost dropped the glass she was holding, and a pulse in her throat began to throb.

"I'm recasting," went on Elsmere casually. "Miss Martin is exactly the type I had in mind for the Countess Tanya."

"But"—protested Kessler—"the part is a hard one—it demands plenty of acting experience—"

A slight hostility edged Elsmere's voice: "I'm quite sure she'll be able to handle it, Kessler. We'll go into it later. I'll coach her myself, so she'll be adequate."

Again a tense moment of silence fell. Sue's heart leaped. It meant—under the famous Paul Elsmere's coaching—success; maybe, even, stardom! Bill's silent hostility was tangible.

At the piano voices arose in the last bar of Elsmere's song. Alma Allen's young husband topped the group with a wavering tenor. Elsmere frowned, annoyed. Bill growled: "What this country needs is more bass singers."

"Paul!" called Alma Allen, lyrically, from the piano. "Please show us how this new song of yours goes, will you?"

He turned to look at her. "Coming," he acquiesced, and to Sue: "We'll start work in a few weeks. Mr. Kessler will make all the needed arrangements." He smiled pleasantly and strolled

across the room toward the piano. Kessler shrugged and looked at Sue, his eyes at once sagacious and sad.

"Maybe he's right, my dear," he said. "You would make a good countess in that picture. You got that fresh, wholesome look, and you're pretty. And you got something else, too—dignity—like a countess. What d'ye think, Bill?" His voice was anxious.

"Yeah," said Bill morosely. "Well, that blows up my little kite! I wanted her for the part opposite Peggy Storm, as a foil. But if your fair-haired genius wants her, Sol—"

"Well," said Kessler uneasily, "we got to give him his way, Bill. He's an expert, you gotta admit. And according to his contract—" He shrugged.

Bill brightened suddenly. His eyes went to Sue.

"Sorry, Duchess," he said grinning. "That's a better break than I could give you, by far. The guy's right! You'll make a swell Countess Tanya." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

Hate turns to love as Fate takes a hand in fashioning a new existence, full of thrills and romance, for the lovely girl caught in the whirlpool of Hollywood

I L L U S T R A T E D B Y
J A M E S M O N T G O M E R Y F L A G G

He played as one inspired, his head bent in an attitude of listening . . . then, as if coming out of a trance, he said, "The central theme words are, 'I love you.'"





★ THE DEVIL IS A SISSY—M-G-M

PACKED with human interest, sympathetic appeal and lively humor, this story of three boys working out their problems on the streets of New York is easily one of the most revealing pictures to come out of Hollywood in a long time. Honors must be equally divided among the youthful trio, Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper, who handle their rôles with all the understanding and artistry of seasoned troupers. Dividing his time between his divorced parents, Ian Hunter and Katharine Alexander, gentlemanly English Freddie comes to stay with his father in east side New York. His Americanization among the street gangs becomes a painful and at times a laughable business. Planning a robbery, Freddie finally lands them all in juvenile court. Here is a picture with wide appeal for young and old alike



★ RAMONA—20th Century-Fox

SLOW moving drama but a new triumph for color, a new high for beauty and an artistic achievement far above average is this story of *Ramona* and her Indian lover, *Alessandro*. Almost breathtaking are several scenes enhanced by the exquisite and intelligent use of color. Loretta Young as *Ramona* gives a sensitively fine performance of the young senorita raised as an aristocrat in a Spanish home of early California settlers. Falling in love with the handsome Indian, played by Don Ameche, her enraged aunt exposes her as part Indian. Aided by *Felipe*, her foster-brother (Kent Taylor), she elopes with her lover to meet the tragedy that slowly, but with deadly pace, creeps upon her as the oncoming Americans ravish her home, kill her husband and leave her bereft and heartbroken. Don Ameche is destined for a new place in the heart of the fans for his perfect portrayal of *Alessandro*. See it for its pastoral charm.

THE Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ SWING TIME—RKO Radio

THE Astaire-Rogers musicals since their inception have been notably gay, but this is the gayest; you will want to dance down the sidewalk after you have left the theater. And whatever small measure of appeal Ginger Rogers has lacked in her former pictures is captured at last in this one. She plays with a new and infallible touch the pretty New York dancing instructress who meets Astaire and with him waltzes her way to renown.

Hare-brained and therefore immeasurably funny, the story follows a lean and broke young man with a flair for gambling, dancing and romance; engaged to a hometown girl, he invades the big city on the quest of \$25,000, meets Ginger and—fascinated but always mindful of his fiancée—tries not to fall in love. There are consecutive scenes of by-play between the two, interspersed with even better-than-usual dance routines.

Helen Broderick and Victor Moore handle the more obvious comedy, and they are very funny, but the most delightful sequences are between Astaire and Miss Rogers. They wander with engaging insouciance through multiple situations fraught with high laughter. Against a background of modernism and glass they dance in a new style and with new ability. Music by Jerome Kern is on the same level, with "The Way You Look Tonight," "Swing Time," "Never Gonna Dance" and "This Is a Fine Romance" scheduled as hits. Newcomer Georges Metaxa is agreeable as the mild villain.

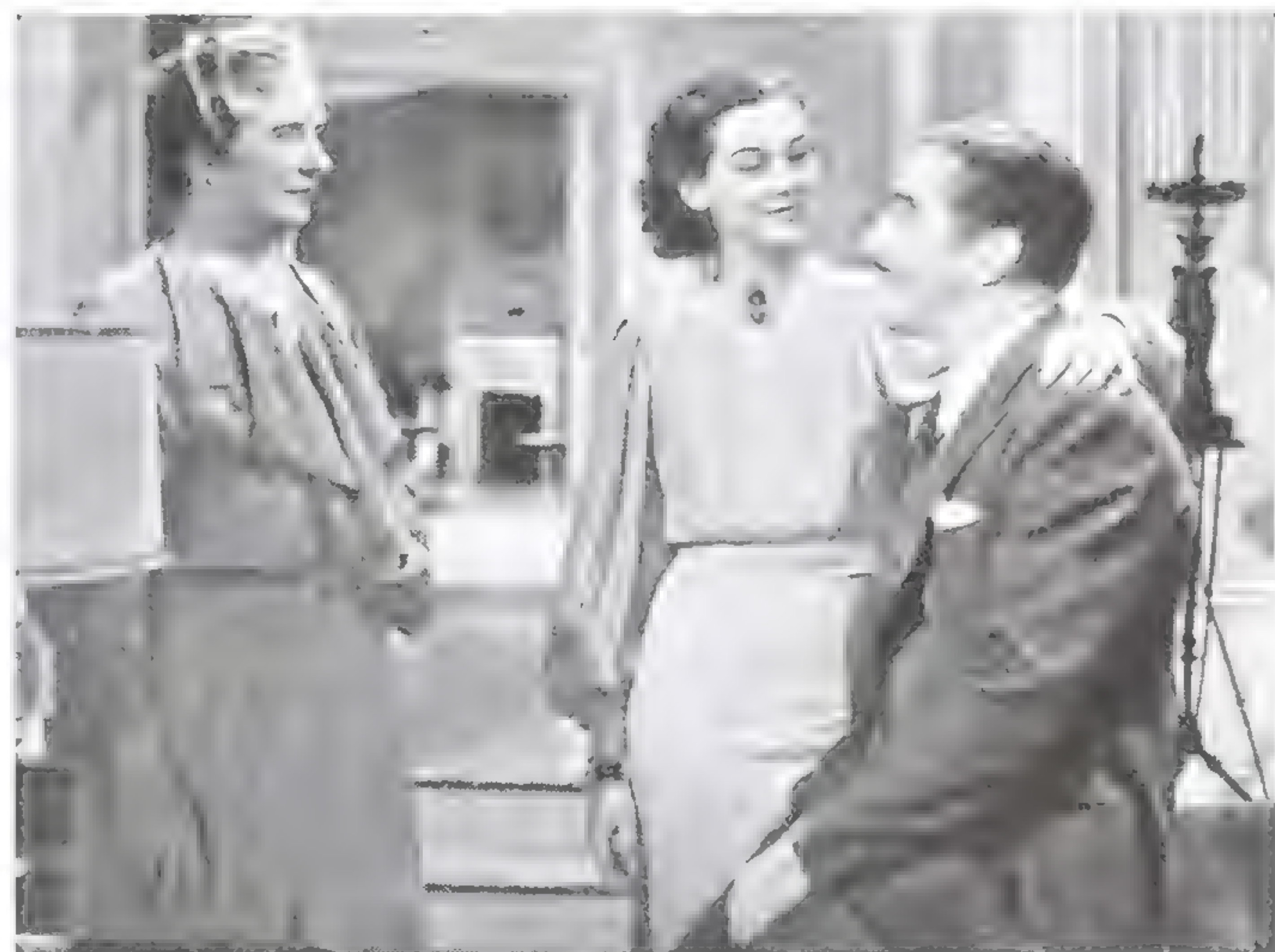
It's a light-footed carnival, and completely entertaining.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

SWING TIME	CRAIG'S WIFE
DODSWORTH	THE DEVIL IS A SISSY
RAMONA	THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN
	THE TATTLER

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ginger Rogers in "Swing Time"
 Fred Astaire in "Swing Time"
 Don Ameche in "Ramona"
 Rosalind Russell in "Craig's Wife"
 John Boles in "Craig's Wife"
 Jane Darwell in "Craig's Wife"
 Freddie Bartholomew in "The Devil Is a Sissy"
 Mickey Rooney in "The Devil Is a Sissy"
 Jackie Cooper in "The Devil Is a Sissy"
 Walter Huston in "Dodsworth"
 Ruth Chatterton in "Dodsworth"



★ **CRAIG'S WIFE—Columbia**

ADAPTED with sincerity and integrity from the Pulitzer Prize-winning play, this portrait of a nagging wife is one of the most powerful dramas to reach the screen. Enacted with superb ability by its superior cast, it is polished and gripping entertainment.

Rosalind Russell in this one performance makes for herself a place among the finest actresses of these times. She plays the cold, disagreeable shrew whose only love is her house and whose only passion her furniture, with artistry and great intelligence. John Boles, as the husband whose personality has been lost in her selfishness, brings dignity and moving simplicity to the difficult rôle. Billie Burke will renew your faith in her ability. Jane Darwell is excellent as the housekeeper, and the supporting players offer individually outstanding performances.



★ **DODSWORTH—Goldwyn-United Artist**

DODSWORTH comes to the screen and yet another milestone in picture making has been passed. For the sheer perfection of artistry in performances, the clear-sighted integrity of producer Sam Goldwyn in adhering to, and even enhancing the charm of the stage play from which it was taken, and to the new high William Wyler has set in directorial ability, we owe thanks for this masterpiece of story telling.

Walter Huston, overlooked and neglected by Hollywood in the past, comes back to the screen with a performance that brings silent cheers and at times wild outbursts of applause. Side by side with a superb characterization is Ruth Chatterton as his mid-west wife who, afraid of growing old, fights to retain youth and romance only to lose everything in the end.

As founder and builder of a huge automobile factory, *Sam Dodsworth*, played by Huston, is inveigled into selling his plant and travelling abroad with his wife. Loving her completely, he agrees and sails away. His wife immediately becomes infatuated with one adventurer after another, finally begging *Dodsworth* to return home without her. Suspicious, he returns, discovers her in the midst of an escapade, agrees to take her back only to have her divorce him for another. With Mary Astor, an American living in Naples, he finds new life, new hope, new love.

Here is a sweet, yet bitter story told with such magnificent simplicity it grips the heart and leaves a tear in the eye. David Niven, Paul Lukas and Gregory Gaye lend perfect support. A star picture of the month.



★ **THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN—Paramount**

ORIENTAL melodrama, heavy with intrigue and constantly overlaid with sinister calm as Chinese cunning wages a losing battle with American courage and resourcefulness. Gary Cooper, a drifter and a sympathizer of the oppressed, is commissioned to carry money to the peasants with which to buy ammunition to fight the tyrant, *General Yang*. Lured into a trap set by the *General* and carried out by Madeleine Carroll and her selfish father, Porter Hall, Cooper is taken hostage by the *General*.

Escaping, Gary again meets the girl, kills her father who has stolen the funds and is again recaptured, along with Madeleine, by the relentless *General*. Akim Tamiroff as the *General* and Dudley Diggs as an Oriental are superb. Bill Frawley, as a drunken accomplice, splendid. Slow in pace but entertaining.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



THE TATTLER
—Warners



**THE TEXAS
RANGER—**
Paramount

BRIMMING over with fast action, plenty of laughs and good comedy performances, this little picture, displaying the inside story of the methods used by Hollywood radio gossip columnists, emerges as swell entertainment. Ross Alexander, as the publicity man who takes to the air lanes for revenge, is grand. Glenda Farrell is okay; newcomer Anna Nagel sings well. Go.

STURDY, stirring, blood-and-thunder drama of the old West with Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie, two reformed bandits, joining the Texas Rangers to rout Indians and cattle thieves. Lloyd Nolan outstanding as the bad man. Jean Parker, Edward Ellis, Bennie Bartlett complete the cast. Enough excitement and action to please young and old.



**ALL
AMERICAN
CHUMP—**
M-G-M



**THREE
MARRIED
MEN—**
Paramount

AS the perfect chump, Stuart Erwin adds hilarity to this lively little story filled with punchy lines and comical situations. A human adding machine, Erwin is annexed by a bankrupt carnival group, Robert Armstrong, Edmund Gwenn, Betty Furness, thrust into a bridge tournament, wins the tournament, the girl and four cows. A laugh a minute.

THIS befuddled family farce is destined to be the weaker half of some double feature program. It concerns the crazy antics of rival families in a small town. Pretty Mary Brian is wooed, married, separated and reconciled to the sappy son of her family's rivals. The gags, comedy situations and characters are old stuff, but you'll laugh



**MURDER
WITH
PICTURES—**
Paramount



**KING OF THE
ROYAL
MOUNTED—**
20th Century-
Fox

CAMERAS and triggers snap constantly throughout this mildly entertaining mystery film about a young newspaper man, Lew Ayres, who gets himself involved in all the shooting by shielding one of the murder suspects, Gail Patrick. Acceptable dialogue, satisfactory acting and plenty of action won't help if you dislike a murder in every reel. Not for kiddies.

If you see this you'll have to sit through another of those honest-to-gosh Zane Grey things, with Alan Dinehart, the crook who wants Rosalind Keith's mine, and Robert Kent the Mountie who first gets his man and then his girl. There's the usual chase through the scenery and plenty of rough stuff, so let Junior go and he'll bite all his nails off.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

**DON'T TURN
'EM LOOSE—
RKO-Radio**



AS the second in the current "parole" cycle, this melodrama presents the evils of the system, closely glued to an exceptional story, in which Bruce Cabot plays a Jekyll and Hyde character who by day is a model son and by night a criminal. Lewis Stone is the honorable father who eventually clears up the plot with his revolver. You'll like it

**OLD HUTCH
—M-G-M**



WALLACE BEERY as *Hutch*, the town's lazy man, discovers a stolen fortune while fishing, and the bewildering events that follow make up this amusing, and at times, pathetic story. The able support of Elizabeth Patterson and the romantic team of Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker keep the plot moving. Recommended for Wally Beery fans only

**DRAEGER-
MAN
COURAGE—
Warners**



VIVIDLY dramatizing a headline mine disaster, this picture packs plenty of thrills, suspense and vigor. Barton MacLane as a forceful, driving draegerman who rescues the entombed men, proves himself an actor and a hero. Henry O'Neil, as the doctor, and Jean Muir, his daughter, render strong performances. Here is entertainment with a punch.

**ISLE OF FURY
—Warners**



THE old story about two men and a woman, in the South Seas, is in this case clouded by hokum and confused by several rescues, mysteries and murders. Donald Woods gives a lifeless performance as the stranger who lands at Humphrey Bogart's pearl fishery and falls in love with Margaret Lindsay. Unbelievable situations and economy equal Class D.

**IT COULDN'T
HAVE
HAPPENED—
Invincible**



INNOCUOUS and rather amusing little murder mystery with a good theme weakly handled. Reginald Denny, as the unwilling author who, against his better judgment, is beleaguered into solving the slaying of two producers, offers a creditable performance, with Jack LaRue helping out. Everyone suspects everyone else, with the usual climax.

**SITTING ON
THE MOON—
Republic**



BROUGHT together with a song and separated by a marriage racket, Roger Pryor and Grace Bradley manage to wade through tiresome dance routines and a weak story to a happy ending. Pert Kelton and Billy Newell succeed in adding a few bright spots. Second rate direction, acting, dancing make this a Grade B product throughout. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

The Star Creators of Hollywood

LAST month a certain genial Irishman sat in the artificial fog and gloom of a set pub and analyzed, for your better understanding, the special methods whereby he had turned out such immortal little film masterpieces as "The Informer" and "Lost Patrol." His opinions, the description of his various techniques and professional secrets, were given as the beginning of this series, dedicated to your appreciation of motion picture directors and their work.

John Ford is an idealist. His art is the beautiful product of a great sincerity, a definite belief in the value of celluloid as a medium for expression, and his incredible understanding of humanity.

He is, amazingly, Frank Lloyd's best friend. Amazingly, because of any two directors, in this astonishing town, Ford and Lloyd are at the furthest odds, so far as their particular approaches and attitudes are concerned. As men they sit together over a glass of beer and, one with the brogue of Erin on his tongue and the other with no hint of his Scottish tradition discernible, speak casually of inconsequential things. But when their profession becomes the issue of conversation, Ford lapses into clear Gaelic and Lloyd is hardly understandable. The battle is on.

I couldn't resist, under the circumstances, using Frank Lloyd as the second subject for this series.

You must remember his pictures. "The Sin Flood," "Oliver Twist" with Jackie Coogan; "Adoration" and "Dark Streets;" "Divine Lady" with Corinne Griffith, and "Weary River" and "Drag" with Richard Barthelmess. The latter three were Academy winners. He made "Young Nowheres," "Son of the Gods," "The Lash" and "Age for Love." He directed Conrad Nagel and Ann Harding in "East Lynne," which permanently unleashed the tear ducts of every woman in the country, and brought him a contract with Fox. He made the elusive "Berkeley Square" and the momentous pageant called "Cavalcade."

It was "The Sea Hawk" that finally and completely demonstrated, to an already interested public, his certain knowledge of sea and ships and sailors. "Mutiny on the Bounty" was inevitably great.

HE is—and mark this statement because it is the basic premise on which your knowledge of the man must be built—primarily a producer. With every movie he makes, and they're all of the epic variety, it is his personal bank account that pays out the millions and accepts eventually the profits. Wherefore his approach to any picture is of necessity from the production standpoint.

John Ford is simply a director, with an ideal about movies in his heart and a deep well of artistry in his brain.

Frank Lloyd is, first and foremost, a shrewd business man whose primary motive is to create a piece of merchandise which the public will buy from him.

But this much is true—that regardless of their several formulas—one subjective, the other detached, objective—in the end both turn out masterpieces on

FRANK LLOYD

The second in a series of revealing articles on the masterminds behind pictures and personalities—the directors. This month, the man who has every player scheming to work with him

By HOWARD SHARPE





Lloyd's greatest passion is authenticity—perhaps it's the secret of his success. On the opposite page, he holds the gold Academy Award for "Cavalcade" (1932). Top, he is outstanding in his direction of sea sagas. One of his most thrilling scenes was the fight between the galleon and the pirate ship in "The Sea Hawk" (1924). He refuses to fool the public and is fussy about details—witness the care being given Clark Gable's make-up in "Mutiny on the Bounty." (2nd from top)

film. Both offer to the world the greatest motion pictures that come out of Hollywood. Both are supreme artists.

I discovered Lloyd last week on location at Santa Cruz, California, where, under the clear sky, he has built the village of Salem, Massachusetts. It's indicative of his greatest passion—that of authenticity—that for only a few sequences he has built a complete town, with every house entire and with every small detail superbly real and superbly in place.

He was standing near the cameras on a high platform built to overlook the village green, where technicians and prop boys and hundreds of extras were preparing a mob shot. I gestured inclusively at the magnificent set.

"How do you reconcile a palpable extravagance like this," I said, "with the fact that you want to make a lot of money out of 'The Maid of Salem?' You could have done the whole thing on a soundstage at one third the expense."

"Answer's simply that the public is no fool," he told me. "To get them into the theater I have to offer them great pictures. If they detect any artificiality in the product they won't think it's any good. So they won't go to see it. So it won't make any money. So I go in for authenticity. You understand?"

Through a microphone he directed the scene, his eyes critical, his voice unexcited and faintly detached. He made no great to-do, there was no temperament. And after three takes he said, "Print 'em," and grinned at me. "That wasn't so bad, d'you think?"

"Looked pretty good." We climbed down from the platform, found chairs in the shade and sprawled in them.

"Did I ever tell you about the break I had on one shot like that?" He laughed, remembering. "It was during the making of 'Cavalcade,' and I had to have an Armistice Day celebration sequence. We scheduled all the scenes in advance and sheerly by accident that particular shot was scheduled on the real holiday. Then something happened, and we had to revise the schedule, and again by accident that scene again turned up on that day. So we held our own services in the morning, and then gave everyone an hour for lunch—and when the extras came back they were still so inspired that the feeling injected itself into the film. Got one of the best bits of celluloid I've ever seen, as a result."

"The effects you get aren't all lucky accidents," I told him. "I want [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

Left, Frank Lawton, Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook in a scene from "Cavalcade," the picture which set all England weeping. Bottom, he is especially sympathetic to British themes, and his favorite picture was "Berkeley Square" in 1933, with Irene Browne, Valerie Taylor, Leslie Howard, Colin Keith-Johnston and Heather Angel. Lloyd stands immediately behind Howard with his watch in his hand, impatient to get to work. He is a good businessman as well as an artist



Another episode involving the thrilling jungle fights and romantic leanings of Tarzan, The Ape Man, is brought to the screen by M-G-M, under the title of "Tarzan Escapes." Surely Johnny Weissmuller, back in his famed rôle, wouldn't want to escape from such a domestic little wren as Maureen O'Sullivan (also back as the English girl). Left, the lovers sample some African vegetables. Below, Maureen tidies up. To conform to the story, everything in this amazing tree-top house is really handmade, with only a knife and hatchet for tools. Maureen washes in a basin made by Tarzan too. Right, even a jungle bedroom can be somewhat modernistic



Why Jimmy Cagney Took a Walk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

Those were the questions I asked him point-blank in this, his first printed interview since that day in March, 1936, when the court ruled in his favor and cancelled his contract with Warners. (That ruling, incidentally, is still under appeal by the studio, so obviously Warners are fighting for a principle too, the principle that a contract is a contract and must be lived up to the very last letter.) Those were the questions he answered. Cagney spoke his mind—spoke it straight and without fear.

But first let us go back a few years. It is necessary to do so to paint the real picture of the Jimmy Cagney of today, to explain in some measure his nature and what makes him act and think the way he does.

LIFE has never handed him anything on a silver platter. He has had to fight for everything he has achieved. Time after time, events contrived to thwart his ambition, block him from reaching his goal. Time after time, he fought through with dogged determination that would not be licked.

True, the Cagney family—father, mother, four sons and one daughter—knew comparative ease during the early part of Jimmy's life. His father owned a large saloon, and in the free and easy days of that particular era of prosperity, such an enterprise yielded a successful living.

Then came harder times and Jimmy, just graduated from public school, began to earn his way in the world. He became, at fourteen, an office boy at the *New York Sun*. Next, and for a little more money, a bundle wrapper at Wanamaker's. Then, upon entering Columbia University where he began what he thought was to be his life's work, drawing, he obtained a part time job as custodian of a branch of the New York Public Library.

With the death of the father, the Cagney finances became serious. The James Cagney masterpieces, while indicative of a talent worthy of development, brought in little money. So Jimmy gave up his part-time job, his artistic aspirations and his chance at higher education to pitch in and really help feed six mouths.

He began as a chorus boy in a musical comedy, "Pitter Patter." When the show closed he went into vaudeville, playing a Jewish boy (and with his "funny Irish pan"—the quotes are his) in a dramatic sketch. He went from that act to others, playing for five years the tank towns he now calls the "Cagney Circuit." Sometimes he received \$12.50 a week, sometimes \$25.00; and once he struck the all-time high of \$37.50. But regardless of what he earned, he kept only ten dollars a week for his own living expenses—and try, he says, living, eating, and traveling on ten bucks a week; it's quite a trick and not such a pleasant one. He sent the remainder home to his mother.

Then came Broadway.

BY 1929 the name of Cagney was known and known favorably to New York producers. Not as star material, but as a player who could be depended upon for a solid performance.

1929 brought him his first big chance, a rôle in George Kelly's "Maggie the Magnificent."

Opposite him played a girl named Joan Blondell. Both scored, and both were signed for "Penny Arcade" the next season. Warner Brothers bought the play and brought Blondell and Cagney to Hollywood. The year was 1930. Jimmy was thirty then, a man who had proved he could take it on the chin for eleven years and come up smiling. But not necessarily asking for more.

Then came the break he had hoped, prayed and worked for. From his first few moments

respect, and he must lack self-respect if he allows himself to be pushed around, to be paid less than he is worth; if he works for less than he is entitled to receive, if he permits anyone, employer or not, consciously to take advantage of him."

So Jimmy's definition and understanding of self-respect was what led to all his resultant difficulties with Warners. In each instance the issue apparently devolved upon the interpretation of his contract with them. In



When D. W. Griffith recently visited Director Woody Van Dyke and Clark Gable on the set at M-G-M, he was delighted to find himself in the very same chair he had used when he directed pictures there many years ago

on the screen it was evident another smash personality had arrived. His rise to a box-office record-breaker was nothing short of phenomenal. But it brought in its wake another fight for Cagney. Not against poverty, want and discouragement this time, but, to use his own words, "for my rights and justice, and to keep my self-respect."

Jimmy's use of that word self-respect, in this instance, puzzled me. I could not see, I told him, what it had to do with a man earning \$400 a week in a reputable profession.

"Money as such does not," Jimmy answered me. "Only in a relative sense. This is the way it works out. An actor, of all people, must have self-confidence if he is to succeed. It is the very backbone of his work. But he cannot have self-confidence if he lacks self-

other words, whether the letter or the spirit of the various agreements should be considered binding.

He was content with his first salary from Warners, the \$400-a-week one. It was \$50 a week more than he was getting in New York on the stage, he admitted, and the movies were an entirely new medium in which he realized he must prove himself

That he did prove himself is a matter of box-office history. So compelling, in fact, was his two-minute scene, which constituted his entire appearance in "The Millionaire," with George Arliss, that he immediately was given the lead in "Public Enemy." You remember what *that* picture did, both for Warners and Cagney.

"Before the returns and reaction on 'Public

Enemy' began to come in, I again was cast in a subordinate rôle, this time in the Edward G. Robinson picture, 'Smart Money,' " Jimmy recounted. "When it was released, however, it was with a co-star billing with Eddie despite the fact mine was a rôle of lesser importance.

"After that came 'Blonde Crazy,' and I was given full star rating. My salary remained at \$400.

"When the contract was first made I was assured that if I proved successful, the usual Hollywood custom would be followed. My old contract would be torn up and a new one given me proportionate to my value to the company. I now felt I had proved to be valuable and asked for the adjustment. It was refused. And so Cagney disappeared."

He went to New York and then to New England. Three months later, in October of 1931, he was called back. He was given a \$1000-a-week increase in salary, a new contract, and

week at stated intervals. In addition it was verbally agreed, he said, that he should make only four pictures a year.

That stipulation became the crux of his third and last battle with Warners. He felt it necessary to the life of his career.

"Prior to that I had been making pictures so thick and fast I found I was following myself into theaters almost every two weeks," he explained. "Which was a swell way to make the public good and tired of me and write a quick finis to me. It doesn't make any difference how competent an actor you may be, if the public doesn't want to see you any more, you're all washed up."

Without doubt there were outsiders then, just as there are now, who figure, "It's just too darn bad, the poor guy's only getting \$1400 a week. It practically breaks my heart." Such persons find it difficult to sympathize with an actor's attempts to get more. To them it

"Yep."

"Attaboy! Yuh gotta get it now. They won't give it to yuh later!"

Strangely enough, it was among the laboring class, the men and women who might have been expected to resent the enormous sums of money involved, that Jimmy found his staunchest support during the dark and hectic days of his contract war. On all sides—from bellhops, waiters, elevator girls, clerks—he received cheering wishes of good luck, he said.

AND from Hollywood itself?

"Oh, it said, 'he's right but he's crazy!'" Jimmy laughed.

He has become quite accustomed, he said, to having former associates, who used to slap him on the back in hearty good fellowship, now greet him with a furtive wave of the hand and hurry by.

Wasn't that pretty disillusioning and embittering?

"Not at all," Jimmy said with conviction. "Amusing, yes. But, you see, I don't blame them at all. It's every man for himself in Hollywood. Self-preservation must be everyone's first thought. After all, it's mine, too, isn't it?"

But to get back to Jimmy's explanation of why an actor is justified in fighting for all the money he can get. In the third place, he said, the government, agents and others take a full fifty percent in taxes, commissions and the like, out of every thousand an actor makes. On the remaining half, he must maintain a standard of living and "front" far and beyond what is demanded of a person in another walk of life earning the same amount. Living quarters, clothes, servants, entertaining—all must be done on a more expensive scale. And to top it all, a star gets soaked about twice as much as anyone else for those things on the he's-got-plenty-he-can-afford-it-theory.

"So that's why \$1400 isn't an exorbitant figure, or \$3000 or \$3500 either," Jimmy said. "That's why I figured I had to get it while I could and while I was worth it. As for being worth it, the answer is, no producer is going to be dope enough to keep me on the pay roll, at that figure, if he doesn't know darned well I'm worth that and a lot more to his company."

Well, so there he was, I reminded him, with the deal he thought fair. What upset the appletart? Of what did he have to complain so bitterly as to take it to court and jeopardize his future?

"I must have had a heck of a lot to complain about if I was willing to give up \$4500 a week, which I have done, as you know, for the past ten months," he answered bluntly.

His chief complaint, he said, was that the studio violated the terms of his contract by forcing him to make five pictures a year instead of the four of the verbal agreement, and paid no attention to his protests. That, to the Cagney mind, constituted not only breach of contract but a first class pushing around as well. To permit himself to be pushed around hit at his self-confidence. When his self-confidence was hit, his self-respect was endangered, threatened.

"That's one thing I will not give up—my self-respect, either as an actor or a man!" he said.

Hence his suit. Hence his exit from Hollywood. Hence his sacrifice of almost a quarter of a million dollars and the gamble of complete oblivion on the screen.

Has it been worth all that? Would he do it again?

"Yes," he says to both questions.



Overheard on the "Libeled Lady" set at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer:
Bill Powell: "What strong muscles you have, Grandma!"
Myrna Loy: "The better to sock you with, my dear!"

the assurance that future adjustments, if warranted, would again be made. On that first walkout he sacrificed something like \$5000 in salary—his first dollars and cents concession to a principle.

The new figure satisfied him, he said, although he knew at the time that there were other players, both on the Warner lot and at other studios, who were not as valuable to their employers from a box-office point of view and yet were receiving salaries ranging from \$2500 to \$5000 a week.

A YEAR passed, a busy year in which he made, among other pictures, "The Crowd Roars," "Taxi," and "Winner Take All." The Cagney name drew record-breaking crowds into theaters. The Cagney personality and performance sent them away doing rave acts and eagerly watching for his next appearance. His value to the studio definitely had increased, he felt, and so—

"And so I said again, how about it," he went on. "Again I ran up against a stone wall. Again I was told there had been no understanding about a salary adjustment commensurate with my value as a piece of property. Again I walked out."

He was away from Hollywood six months this time before the differences were settled, a period of time in which he would have earned some \$35,000 in salary at the old figure. By the new deal he was to receive a salary starting at \$3000 a week and sliding up to \$4500 a

looks like sheer greedy, unreasonable avarice. What had he to say to that? I asked Jimmy.

"There's a good, sound answer to it," he answered. "In the first place, there are just so many pictures in a personality, particularly a type personality. Ironically enough, the thing that makes you also breaks you. Your traits, mannerisms and peculiarly individual method of working that draw people to you, likewise become tiresome and drive people away from you.

"In the second place, the earning years of an actor are limited. If acting were like other jobs, say a bank clerk's, for example, it would be a different story. Age and appearance have nothing to do with such a worker's usefulness to his employer, at least not until advanced age is reached. But age and appearance do concern an actor. Once you no longer look the youthful or special types you portray, once your body refuses to meet the physical demands made on it for certain actions, you're through.

"It has been conceded that the average top earning life of a star is five years. All of which means—well, a taxi driver summed it up very neatly."

He hopped into a cab in New York one day, while his suit against Warners was pending, Jimmy said. The driver, recognizing his famous fare, turned and grinned. "How's it going, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Okay," Jimmy answered.

"Giving 'em a fight?"

ask the ANSWER man

MARGO, the beautiful young Mexican featured in "Lost Horizon," credits her seventy-year-old grandmother with making possible her professional career.

Since she was a child in Mexico City, where she was born nineteen years ago, Margo had been dancing to phonograph records until she made known her decision to become a dancer. Her father was a well-known surgeon, and strictly conventional. A theatrical career, for his sheltered daughter, horrified him. Her grandmother, however, was secretly sympathetic. She pretended that the high altitude of Mexico City was injurious to her health, and persuaded Margo's parents to take the family to Spain. Grandmother then made it possible for Margo to study with the Casinos, Spain's greatest dancers. While in Seville, she attended the convent of Santa Maria, and then entered the Imperial School of Acting.

At sixteen, she came to New York, bringing her grandmother with her, and studied under Fokine and Adolf Bolm. She became famous for her repertory of graceful Spanish dances, particularly the tango, and appeared nightly at the Waldorf-Astoria. Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur cast her in their picture "Crime Without Passion" in 1934. This marked her screen debut. Since then, she has danced in "Rumba" with George Raft; played Warner Baxter's tragic wife in "Robin Hood of El Dorado." Last winter she appeared on Broadway in "Winterset." It was a straight dramatic part, and she was an immediate hit. It is now being produced by RKO with Margo and Burgess Meredith in their original rôles.

Lithe, graceful, with a lovely oval face, hazel eyes, and golden brown hair, Margo is five feet four inches tall, weighs 110 pounds. Her real name is Maria Margarita Guadalupe Bolado Castilla.

SHIRLEY CHARLESWORTH, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO.—Anne Shirley's real name was Dawn Evelyn Paris. She called herself Dawn O'Day, for years, in pictures when she was playing children's rôles, but in 1934, when she had her first starring part in "Anne of Green Gables," she changed it to Anne Shirley. She was born April 17, 1918 in New York City and attended the Children's Professional School. She weighs 100 pounds, is five feet two inches tall with reddish hair and hazel eyes. Her latest is "M'liss." The actor who played the kindly *Bishop Bienvenu* in "Les Misérables" was Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the well-known English actor. His new rôle is in "Nine Days a Queen."

VERNON KNIGHT, CANTON, N. C.—Jimmy Cagney was born in New York City on July 17, 1904. He weighs 145 pounds, is five feet eight inches tall with reddish hair and green eyes. Ann Dvorak was also born in New York; her real name is Ann McKim. She weighs 110 pounds, is five feet six inches tall, has brown hair and green eyes. She has not been in a picture for some time, but, you will be glad to know, will appear soon in "We Who Are About to Die."



A new star . . the only person in pictures to use one name, Margo

OSCAR A. SMITH, LANCASTER, PA.—In answering your question about the names of the musical directors of the studios, we trust this information will also be of assistance to the great number of our readers who have requested this information. The musical directors are as follows: Boris Morros, Paramount; Nat Finston, M-G-M; Louis Silvers, Columbia; Alberto Colombo, RKO-Radio; James O'Keefe, 20th Century-Fox; Al Newman, United Artists; and Leo F. Forbstein, Warners-First National.

BERTHA NAGY, BELLEVILLE, N. J.—Marie Dressler died on July 28, 1934, Will Rogers on August 15, 1935, and Thelma Todd on December 14, 1935.

RUTH KEELON, CLEVELAND, OHIO —Carole Lombard was born Jane Peters in Fort Wayne, Indiana on Oct. 6, 1909. She weighs 112 pounds, is five feet two inches tall, with golden hair and blue eyes. Her parents were American. She was married to William Powell and is now divorced. She went to high school in Los Angeles and entered pictures in 1925.

DOROTHEA GALL, ELIZABETH, N. J.—Edmund Lowe's latest picture is a very amusing mystery called "Seven Sinners," which he made in England. He was born in San Jose, California on March 3, 1892. He weighs 160 pounds, is six feet tall, with brown hair and blue eyes. He has been married three times, but has no children. His second wife was Lilyan Tashman who died in 1935. He is now married to Rita Kaufman. Warner Baxter is just a year younger than Eddie.

having been born in Columbus, Ohio on March 29, 1893.

FRANCES HARRIS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Don Ameche, who has made such big strides in the last year, was born of Italian parentage in Kenosha, Wisconsin. He weighs 170 pounds, is five feet eleven inches tall, with brown hair and hazel eyes. He intended to study law and went to Georgetown and Columbia. He played a few bits in stock and then managed to get a radio audition. He appeared in plays over the radio, becoming the star of "The Grand Hotel" hour, from which he was signed for "Sins of Man," his first part. His favorite recreation is poker, and he has an excellent singing voice.

WELDON DONOVAN, OXFORD, N. C.—Which ever one bet that John Boles played in "Frankenstein" in 1931 won their quarter, because he did. He played *Victor*, the young scientist's friend. It was not, however, one of his largest parts.

RUTH BRYAN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Yes, Mary Brian's birthday is the same as yours, February 17th, but she is a year older, having been born in 1908. Her eyes are blue, so you won your argument. She played in "Peter Pan" in 1924, her first picture. Her latest pictures have been "Spendthrift" and "Three Married Men." She is under contract to Paramount Studios.

MRS. ALICE GERARD, FLAT ROCK, IND.—Yes, that was Randy Scott, the screen star, who was married to Mrs. Marion duPont Somerville on March 23rd. They just made the marriage public in August.

HELEN STANLEY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Jean Harlow's real name was Harlean Carpenter. She was born on March 3, 1911, weighs 112 pounds, is five feet three inches tall. Her eyes are blue.

AUDREY STEMPEL, WEST HARTFORD, CONN.—Walter Pidgeon was born in East St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, where he attended prep school and a military academy. He enlisted in the Canadian Army in 1915 and served for the duration of the war, after which he appeared as Elsie Janis' accompanist both in musical comedy and vaudeville before coming to Hollywood in 1925. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, has black hair and blue eyes. He appeared on Broadway last winter in "Wisdom and Women," later returning to Hollywood where he has since played in "Big Brown Eyes" and "Fatal Lady." His new one will be "Hippodrome" for Universal. Walter is married.

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, The Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, New York.

Claudette Colbert's Climb to Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

docks and small Lily jumping up and down with grief.

He wrote them almost immediately. "Our friend was right," he said; "I have a position already in the First National Bank here. I'm sending on the money for your tickets so that you can leave at once."

Charles, they left with his Grandmother. "We'll be back," Madame told him decidedly. "It won't be long until I see you again."

ticular school had two buildings in which the boys were separated from the girls so that they met only at recess, and then momentarily.

The teachers were kindly, of course. To them, she was a strange child with a great handicap; a problem in this new business called psychology (it was 1913, and only intellectuals had heard of Freud). They set to work to help her, and succeeded so well that within a few months Lily not only could read her lessons and

Claudette, shaking her head. "Still she looked like a duchess at 3 o'clock. I'll never be able to understand that."

Lily loathed Central Park. In the first place it was as dull a place to be as the one at home in Paris. And again it was surrounded by delightful streets in which other little girls, unattended, played at jacks and marbles and dolls. Charles might have been some help if he hadn't disappeared the minute they arrived every day. She met a little French boy named Jacques, one afternoon, and Madame Chauchoin, after querying him at length about family and habits, nodded her approval. So with her one playmate Lily spent the few free hours before dinner playing languid tag or indifferent catch under the trees.

In the evenings she read, and went to bed early.

The entire family (with the exception of the irrepressible Charles) followed the same lonely routine. Madame did not learn English for ten years and the French Colony in New York was very small. She had but two intimate friends who called occasionally.

For Lily there were other tribulations, other differences. She wore socks when the other children wore stockings, so that in winter her teachers said, "Good heavens, child! Aren't your legs cold?" She could reassure them truthfully, because she was used to the socks—but she did so much want to wear what the others did.

There was the candy, too; the white and pink and green, sticky glucose, penny candy for which each American youngster has traditionally a daily cent to spend. "When you come home from school," Maman told her begging offspring, "I shall give to each of you a piece of milk chocolate and some bread to eat it with. But no money for that sickening stuff of jaw-breakers and licorice whips and angel pies. And if you accept any of it, as a gift from the others, you'll get a spanking and no chocolate to eat, either."

"I wanted the pink goo," Claudette said, remembering. "Chocolate seemed so unexciting."

Even in the family she was a little inferior to everyone else, being the youngest, the most inexperienced, and the only one with straight hair. While her parents, and Tante (of whom you will read on later pages) and Charles went directly to bed with only the preliminary of teeth brushing, Lily spent at least half an hour each night twining kid curlers into her unruly brown mop. There was much hair, and many curlers.

If the tempo of this story has been laggard be assured it is because the paragraphs have followed so exactly the pace of Claudette's childhood. Uneventful (except for the "great blow" and the "great journey" in 1913), a little precise, certainly a little tragic, so far as the girl herself was concerned.

What poise she had at the age of sixteen was acquired, not from association with other people, but from extensive reading and an inherent understanding of any situation. In high school she was on the basketball team, and belonged to a club or two. But at home the persistent guardianship of morals and virtue persisted. Young Jacques, who had

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]



The knees have it! Andre Leeds and Frank Shields, former tennis champion, at the Los Angeles Tennis Club pool. Both have parts in "Come and Get It." Under contract for a year, during which he has been studying acting, Frank has refused many offers to go back into the tennis game

It wasn't. She sent for him as soon as the family was established in the new apartment on 53rd Street between Lexington and Third. And in the autumn he went to Public School 59, with little Lily tagging after.

DURING that first ghastly year she spoke nothing but French, and you must know what an opportunity for sport this was to the other children. Besides, her last name sounded very much like "Shoestring," a word that could be shouted with shrill nasal inflection after the thin little girl with the wide brown eyes. Charles managed to be fiercely protective when they were together, but this par-

understand what was said in class, but she could also reply, in kind, to the brats who tormented her.

At home, the family life of the Chauchoins—and especially of Lily—went on much as it had in Paris. Charles, as always, did very nearly as he liked, had multitudes of small, noisy friends and got himself, and them, into innumerable scrapes. For Lily there was the old discipline, the same careful observation.

She came home from school every day to find her mother dressed and smiling, ready to take her to the park. "She had been cooking and scrubbing and sweeping, making our clothes and mending and sewing all day," said

"When skin is really lovely
men always notice"

Here's "Lucky Sue" who
knows the Screen Stars' secret



LORETTA YOUNG

20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR

STAR OF "LADIES IN LOVE"



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YOU want to have the charm of smooth, clear skin. So follow this simple rule: Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap.

played with her in the Park and who had grown up and was now a gangling youth in Columbia, still had the approval of Maman. The trouble was he deserved it.

Consider the period. In 1923 the war was a nightmare from which America had too recently awakened, and its reaction was called the Jazz Age. Skirts were beginning their meteoric rise toward the knees. Prohibition provided a reason for drinking too much. There was in New York and in the United States a very gay, noisy and unique bunch of slap-happy maniacs who maneuvered under the collective title of Flaming Youth. To have lived and been young during that gorgeous generation, and to have missed it, must have been not only a great waste but an enduring disappointment.

Claudette was allowed, in the fall of her sixteenth year, to go to a football game with

She got permission, after endless wrangling, to go to a girls' camp in Altamont for the summer. She played baseball and got sunburned, sprained her wrists and learned a good many things of one sort or another—and had a marvelous time. That winter she changed her name summarily from Lily to Claudette and from Chauchoin to Colbert. And the next spring (1924) when her mother announced suddenly that she would go back to France for a few months to visit the grandparents, Claudette said calmly that daughter would come along too. Madame Chauchoin, about to refuse, remembered the tantrums she had faced—and retired from—during the last year.

"Oh, very well," said Madame resignedly.

Then events began to tumble over themselves in a mad effort to keep up with the new Claudette. On the boat home she met, despite her mother's desperate vigilance, a lean and

and here too was escape such as she had never dreamed of.

SHE opened on Christmas Day with three lines to speak and only a moment or two of actual appearance, but some reviewer caught in her the warmth and the poignant quality that has since made her famous, and mentioned them in his comment. So they kept her on. In February the Georgia Valentino came to New York on a visit, stayed three days, and went home unattached again. Claudette, on the whole, was rather relieved.

Whether it was the appeal of her voice, or her eyes with the wisdom that lay behind them, or whether it was just sheer luck—when "The Wild Wescotts" closed at last, Brock Pemberton was ready to produce "The Marionette Man," and needed a girl who looked Italian for the lead. He asked Claudette if she wanted to try. It opened out of town and ran for a little while. Then there were two flops (but she still got her \$50 a week); and finally, in 1925, she heard that Al Woods was casting for "The Kiss in the Taxi."

He signed her for a five year contract at two hundred a week.

Claudette bought a secondhand Buick and hired a maid to help Maman keep the apartment clean.

And fell in love again. "I suppose I can tell you, now. You see, in 1926 Willard Mack did a highly vicious crook drama called 'High Stakes' and signed me for the lead. We went on the road for four months. Lowell Sherman was opposite me and the minute I saw him—gosh, the crush I had!"

"And you so young, too," I said cynically. "Humph."

"Oh, but nothing really happened. He thought I was a very sweet girl, and very nice—how he could miss the slavish devotion I thought was burning in my eyes. I can't imagine. Anyway at the end of the summer he left for the Coast to do pictures and while he was there married Pauline Garon. My life was ruined!"

"For very long?"

She hesitated, and then smiled. "Until November," she said.

November, 1926. End and beginning. . . .

The play was "The Barker," and on the first night of rehearsal, Al Woods barged into her dressing room and threw his hat in a chair and grabbed her by the shoulders and whirled her around three times.

"It's come, baby, it's come!" he howled over and over.

Claudette gasped. "What, for the love of Heaven?"

"The movies! They want you for a picture—d'you know what that means? Big money, fat contracts, real fame, everything!"

She nodded. "That's marvelous, Al." She sat down in front of the dressing table. "Al, that dark young fellow who has the second male lead. . . . What did you say his name was?"

"Who?" Woods frowned. "What difference—you mean Norman Foster?"

Claudette looked thoughtfully into the mirror.

"He's nice," she said.

With the success of "The Barker," Hollywood beckoned, and a whole new world opened up to Claudette. A new love was on the horizon, too. To fully understand this appealing French star be sure to read next month's installment of her vivid life story.



In this amusing scene from "Come and Get It," Frances Farmer and Joel McCrea don't find it a bit hard to stick together—taffy does the trick. Edna Ferber's thrilling epic of the lumber industry is being filmed by Sam Goldwyn

Jacques, who later became a professor at Columbia. And they rode through the chill autumn afternoon in a bus while the shrieking horns and the loud laughter of wealthier (and happier) youngsters sounded past them. Jacques had no raccoon coat and no flask of indifferent gin on his hip. Claudette's clothes had the irreproachable, if inexpensive, chic of the conservative French mother who made them.

But somehow that first date turned something inside out within Claudette. Her always rebellious spirit did a quick cartwheel and shouted down the feeble protesting voice of ingenuous habit.

Her school announced it would give two amateur plays for some benefit or other, and she joined the casts of both. She wanted more money for herself, and to help the family; so she started giving French lessons to the impossible young of the neighboring community. Some remote friends gave a big ball at a downtown hotel and she insisted on going.

HER escape from convention didn't work too well at first. The plays were over quickly, and the French lessons became a bore, and on the night of the ball she discovered at the last minute that her entire family had decided to accompany her. But it was a start. You could do things with your life, she found out, if you tried hard enough.

And she tried. Things began happening in such quick succession as to startle her a little

soft-spoken young man from Georgia. "He looked exactly like Rudolph Valentino," she told me, readjusting the hot water bottle. He discovered her husky voice and her lazy beauty and liked them well. The late summer moon rode nightly across an impossibly beautiful sea, and did its pleasant work so thoroughly that Claudette and the sheik from Georgia were engaged to be married by the time the ship docked.

Her father was horrified, but Maman was in a state of paralysis—because she couldn't imagine how the child had had time for such a complicated thing as romance during the few hours she had been off guard. In the midst of the storm that centered around her, Claudette saw the new fiance off to his home state and then went back to teach French to the young of Brooklyn.

But in October the recriminations were forgotten, suddenly, in a greater thing. Because gentle, good-looking, too-charming, too-gullible M. Chauchoin came home from his post at the bank one evening, sat down in his favorite chair, and passed quietly from the foreign American world he had never completely understood. His death left them poorer emotionally and almost destitute from a financial standpoint.

So that in December, when one Anne Morrison offered Claudette a bit, at \$50 a week, in her new play, "The Wild Wescotts," Claudette accepted the break as a sort of double manna. There would be meat on the table, at any rate,

YOUR FACE IS
"YEARS OLDER"

WITH
COARSE PORES
LITTLE LINES
BLEMISHES



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your **UNDER SKIN**

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin . . . make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface,

but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream

briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing . . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



**Aging
faults
start here**

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L147, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

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Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream
keeps my skin soft
and clear—smooths
out little lines."

They Budgeted Everything but Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

THE last Sunday in April they missed, for the first time, their evening tour of the shops on Madison Avenue. For Fred was on a train speeding toward Hollywood, and Lillian was sitting in her kitchenette unable to go about the business of cooking her supper.

The past two weeks had been like a dream, a good dream and a nightmare scrambled crazily together. How they had laughed when Fred received that telephone call from a man who called himself a studio talent scout, a man who said he had detected something he was looking for in Fred's towering, black-haired appearance. They wondered how anyone could single out Fred from the tangle of the fifteen comedy musicians in the "Roberta" band.

And they had laughed, but not so heartily, when Fred was taken to Long Island for a Paramount screen test.

"Of course, it will be terrible," Fred repeated during the ensuing week. "Imagine what my acting must look like. Why, they wouldn't let me blow on a sax and that's the only way I'm natural."

"But Fred, if it just might happen to turn out well? What then? Hollywood? You so far away—"

"Oh, let's forget it. It will be terrible, that test, simply terrible."

But it wasn't terrible, and Fred was on his way. To what? To happiness, to a salary that would mean marriage for them, or to a

success that would grind to pieces such flimsy things as four-room flats with white walls and maple furniture.

Six months managed to drag themselves into the past, six months made bearable by letters, letters written every night and letters crammed into too small mail boxes every morning. And finally letters from Fred in Hollywood, puzzled over the studio's failure to cast him in a single picture, letters that said he'd probably be back any day now that it was nearing the end of his option.

In New York there was the last performance of "Roberta," and the miraculous offer of a really good rôle in a new show for Lillian. It was midsummer again, then early fall and there were rehearsals again on steaming, dusty stages—strange, empty stages.

And then a telegram. Ten clipped staccato words that sent Lillian hurrying to the Tudor City apartment and a mad frenzy of packing; ten words that read:

"Cast in picture stop lonely stop might not stay. Fred."

And as the train rushed west, always west, Lillian realized that she had walked out on a show, that she had left her first real opportunity flat, that she'd probably never get another chance half as good again. She was amazed that, try as she might, there wasn't a shred of regret in her heart, only a rasping irritation that she had boarded a poky train instead of a swift plane for Hollywood.

THEY picked up the threads of their love just where they had left them in New York. A new town with strange streets and buildings and people could not touch their old routine of planning and dreaming. They could go window shopping on Wilshire Boulevard, unrecognized because Fred was working in his first picture, "The Gilded Lily," and his face was unknown even in his own studio.

They could snoop around vacant apartments on Sundays just to get an idea about rents and living expenses in the new town.

There were no shows being cast in Los Angeles so Lillian found herself a job modeling gowns in Hollywood's most exclusive shop. And only a few of the salesgirls at the shop wondered about the tall, handsome man who was waiting at the employees' entrance every noon and every night for the lovely new mannequin. They would watch them pile into a coupe crammed with bundles of food and shake their well coifed cynical heads and murmur:

"Do you imagine she goes home and cooks after standing on her feet all day long? It must be love, dearie."

AND home to cook was exactly what Lillian and Fred were up to. In Hollywood there were no night shows to interfere, and Lillian had found a flat for herself with a really decent kitchen. Let the salesgirls jeer. Perhaps they had never known a year of cheap



NOW I ASK YOU—WHY

**READ HOW
A BAD
CASE OF
PIMPLES
QUEERED
ADA'S
CHANCES**

IT JUST BURNS ME UP—WHY, MOTHER, I KNOW I'M EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS LOTS OF THESE GIRLS THAT GET JOBS RIGHT OFF. OH, THERE'S THE PHONE—



WELL—THEY DO SHOW UP PRETTY BADLY. ADA, I KNOW WHAT TO DO—THEY SAY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL FOR GETTING RID OF PIMPLES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

OH, GRACE—DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME.



LATER

HERE'S YOUR DESK, ADA—OH I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE HERE

SO AM I—AND AM I GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIP ON FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT WAS THOSE PIMPLES THAT DECIDED MISS MARTIN AGAINST ME BEFORE. I ASKED HER ABOUT IT



New York tearooms and drugstore lunch counters.

And then, quite suddenly, everything was changed. The salesgirls knew at last who the tall, handsome man was and so did everybody in Hollywood, along with a few million fans throughout the world. "The Gilded Lily" had been released and Fred MacMurray was a Hollywood star. People recognized him on Wilshire Boulevard. Women boldly pointed at Lillian and stared at her as she modeled Paris gowns for them. Autograph seekers clamored about the coupe every night as it stood waiting at the employees' entrance to the shop. A producer and a director came to the shop to see if Lillian was as beautiful as their wives insisted, and both offered her screen tests. Invitations to the great houses of Hollywood poured in for Fred, the colony hostesses ignoring any indications that he was not a thoroughly eligible and completely unattached young man.

The prehensile fingers of Hollywood success reached out and curled threateningly over their young, unsuspecting heads.

But Lillian recited polite regrets to the producer and director, and Fred tossed the invitations into a wastebasket and decided that they would be married immediately. But Lillian said no, not until there were a few more pictures under his belt; not until he had definitely made good in this new exciting and dangerous game. And only women, women who love greatly, know the courage behind those words.

In the fall of 1935, when Paramount tore up Fred's old contract and offered him a new five-year document with a star salary attached to it, Lillian agreed that it was time to go ahead with their wedding plans.

"But we'll wait until there's enough time between pictures for a decently romantic honeymoon," they agreed. "None of this married-on-Sunday-back-to-work-on-Monday arrangement for us. We've waited so long, a few more weeks—"

And so they settled down to more waiting, the hardest waiting of all, while Fred churned out picture after picture that netted profits for his pleased employers, who, in turn, found picture after picture for him to make—for eight endless months. They waited and prayed at first for three free weeks, then two, and finally just one week.

Several times they almost admitted defeat and discussed taking a plane to Nevada on Sunday, coming back in time for Fred's studio call on Monday, but each time something compelled them to wait.

"I have but one demand," Lillian often laughed, "and that is three days' notice so I can gather up a trousseau for myself."

She finally got three hours' notice.

ON Friday, June 19th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Fred finished his final scene in "The Texas Rangers." At four-ten he was informed that his next picture "Champagne Waltz" had been postponed for three weeks.

At four-fifteen Fred had reserved space on the eight o'clock plane for Las Vegas, Nevada (the California three-day license law would have eaten up precious days). At four-thirty he had wrangled a cabin on a sold-out boat sailing the next morning for Honolulu, and at five o'clock he was at Lillian's flat with the news.

Lillian's laughter was tinged with hysteria as she tried to pack trunks, call friends, arrange for a shampoo and water wave, decide

what to wear for the ceremony and compose her thoughts for the most important event in a woman's life. It wasn't the way they had planned it—that dash through the night to the desert, for a wedding at dawn without music or flowers or friends. But that really doesn't matter when the dreams you've been hoarding for three years manage to come true.

And so the day they returned from Honolulu they went flat hunting just as they planned it back in New York in 1933. Not once did they cross over to the mansions on the exclusive north side of Beverly Hills. They meticulously toured the rows of glittering new studio apartments on the south side of the town. And there they found it, four lovely rooms with the gleaming white walls that look so well with maple furniture.

The fact that Hollywood is startled and vastly intrigued with what it calls, "The MacMurrays' housekeeping arrangements" leaves the newlyweds untouched.

When faced with a prying inquiry on the subject Fred says:

"This is the way we planned it and this is the way we want it. Why, I feel sorry for couples who start out with the complicated load of a big establishment even if they can afford it. They miss a lot of fun.

"Someday, in a year or so, I guess, we'll get around to building ourselves a home, a nice Early American farmhouse. But for the present we think our way is the right way, along with a simple routine of living. And we think this four-room apartment is tops."

And that is the end—or no, it is probably only the beginning—of the story of a man's and a woman's love that endured three years of sacrifice and patience and even the corroding touch of a Hollywood success.

WANT I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!

HELLO-ADA? THIS IS GRACE. HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET — BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL — I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW —

OH — GRACE — THAT WOULD BE GRAND — THANKS AWFULLY FOR THINKING OF ME

THE NEXT DAY

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA — DID MISS MARTIN SAY WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO?

NO — I JUST FELT I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION — GRACE, I WONDER — DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON?

YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS MADE A REAL HIT WITH MR BARNES — HE ASKED ME YESTERDAY IF SHE COULDN'T DO ALL HIS WORK —

I KNEW ADA WOULD MAKE GOOD, MISS MARTIN — AND ISN'T SHE PRETTY NOW THAT HER SKIN IS CLEAR?

OH YES, MR. BARNES — I'LL BE RIGHT IN

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB

PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands devel-

op and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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this issue are available to readers at these leading stores

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Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Inc.
Atlantic City, N. J.	Homburger's
Auburn, N. Y.	Gertrude Herron Gowns
Baltimore, Md.	Bonwit Lennon Co.
Bartlesville, Oklahoma	Montaldo's
Battle Creek, Mich.	Seamon's
Beaumont, Tex.	The Fashion
Beaver, Pa.	Ray Dress Shop
Binghamton, N. Y.	Morton Coy
Birmingham, Ala.	Burger-Phillips
Boston, Mass.	E. T. SLATTERY CO.
Brockton, Mass.	Cohen's Fifth Ave
Buffalo, N. Y.	L. L. BERGER, INC.
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Charleston, W. Va.	Polan's
Charlotte, N. C.	Montaldo's
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Clarksburg, W. Va.	Broida's
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Independence, Kan.	Montaldo's
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Los Angeles, Calif.	BULLOCKS-WILSHIRE
Madison, Wisc.	The Simpson Garment Co.

CITY, STATE	STORE NAME
Memphis, Tenn.	Phil. M. Halle & Son
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Milwaukee, Wisc.	Hixon's
Minneapolis, Minn.	YOUNG QUINLAN
Monroe, La.	Ruth Shops, Inc.
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Rochester, N. Y.	B. FORMAN CO.
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Sacramento, Calif.	Bon Marche
St. Louis, Mo.	SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY
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Mom's wise now!



Mom used to tell me to bring home some 60-watt bulbs. Now she always says, "Be sure to get 60-watt General Electric MAZDA lamps." She's wise now! She has learned that good lamps like these STAY BRIGHTER LONGER and don't waste electricity. So now when I go to the store for lamp bulbs, I always look for the trademark  on the end of each bulb.

THEY
STAY BRIGHTER
LONGER *than*
inferior bulbs



GENERAL  ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

General Electric makes a 10 cent lamp, too!
It is the best lamp you can buy at the price.
7½, 15, 30 and 60-watt sizes. Each dime
lamp is marked like this 

What the Movies Are Doing to Our Children

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

But now to go back to my list, let me pick from each one of them, the scene, or scenes that have made them memorable to me.

THOSE enormous drifting, dangerous crowds in "The Birth of a Nation" which must have brought home to every northerner the horrors of the carpetbag era in the south. That Bysantium which they actually erected outside Rome for "Theodora," and the terrific scene when they loosed dozens of lions into the crowded Coliseum. That frequent picture in "The Covered Wagon," of the long, winding line of prairie schooners breasting the prairie breezes as they sail optimistically on into a new life. *Queen Victoria's* funeral in "Caval-

Two scenes in "A Tale of Two Cities," the first where the crowds storm the Bastille, and the second where the victims of the Terror file to the guillotine. That scene in "Mutiny on the Bounty," where the Bounty, sails bellying out, outlines itself against the setting sun. (How one understands the armies of young lads who, three generations ago, ran away to sea at the unvarying age of eleven!) The scenes in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Queen Titania and her fairies appear. (Never before in any production have I seen fairies who, flying in flocks through the twilight infinities of the forest, seemed true ethereal beings!) Every out-of-door scene in "The Informer." (Never

them an enormous degree of information about the world—I mean the physical, geographical world—not that they have digested it all. And not that they remember a half, or a quarter or perhaps one per cent of it. But over plastic intelligences has flowed a constant stream of beauty and strangeness—China and England; Brazil and Canada; Sweden and Mexico; Morocco and Australia—make your own contrasts.

In the second place, the newsreel has given them an enormous degree of information about the people and the famous figures of the world. No child but instantly recognizes the faces of King Edward VIII, Queen Mary, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and the leading political figures—and criminals—of the United States; world figures like Lindbergh, Einstein, and athletic champions of all sports. There are scores of others, all of whom the visual-minded know and some of whom the less keen remember. The newsreel has acquainted them also with the look of great cities. No observant child but would recognize the Houses of Parliament and the Cenotaph in London, the Champs Elysées and Notre Dame in Paris, the Coliseum or the new Victor Emanuel monument in Rome, the Red Square and Lenin's Tomb in Moscow, the Capitol and the White House in Washington, and innumerable scenes in New York.

IN the third place, the moving picture drama, itself, has given them an enormous degree of information about life. And here we come to a very serious consideration. Not only does the moving picture present living conditions in all the civilized countries of the world, but it also takes our children to such wild and primitive terrains as the jungles of Africa, the islands of the South Seas and the ice floes of the polar regions. The stories concern themselves with gunmen and their molls; country police and the G-men of Washington; country people and city people in all conditions of poverty and wealth; workers in factories and on farms—it is futile to try to enumerate them.

It has shown the young numberless phases of life, shown them with varying degrees of accuracy—often with an extreme authenticity, often with a melodramatic indifference to psychological truth. The moving picture scene ranges socially from the cheapest and filthiest living quarters of crowded industrialism, through farm and ranch life, to the apotheosis of movie elegance—Park Avenue in New York; Florida and the Riviera in their respective seasons; and whatever parallels them in other countries and cities.

The result is that boys and girls, who seem incredibly young for such information, are informed on many phases of the darker side of life—both criminal and sexual. Their vocabularies prove this. They move with complete ease and utter unconcern among concepts that my own childhood, for instance, never even glimpsed. Half a dozen years ago, sitting on the piazza of my home in the country and thinking idly of nothing, I became conscious that, just under my eye, a group of nieces and nephews were playing hide-and-seek. Violence of phrase suddenly aroused my attention, and I listened. I discovered

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Mary Brian, lovelier than ever, is working in "Killer at Large" at Columbia, and trying to make up her mind whether to accept an offer to go back to England where she made a huge hit last year. Bretons aren't blind!

cade," and the young lads on the balcony watching the cortège with their mother. Then that poignant line, as the gun carriage passes: "She must have been a very little lady!"

Those scenes in "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," in an authentic Hampton Court, majestic with massed history. The encounter of the two pirate ships in "Captain Blood," when one with grappling hooks, thrown from the attacking ship over the side of the enemy's boat, pulls the attacker so close that the crew leaps from the riggings onto the doomed ship. (How every boy, steeped in pirate lore, must have thrilled to the reality of that scene!) The lovely Georgian interiors and the exquisite Mid-Victorian costuming of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." That scene in "The Crusades," where the *Crusaders* employ a battering-ram—and a battering-ram moreover, with a *tower*—to smash the gates of Acre. (How every boy steeped in mediaeval history must have enjoyed that battering-ram!)

before have I seen a play march so persistently and so relentlessly through fog!)

Now, of course, I could go to the other extreme and list moving pictures which were inane, or rubbishy, or cheap, or melodramatic, or really vulgar, but somehow they tend to slip out of the mind. I could perhaps list occasional scenes which were definitely evil. But I shall have to admit that, rack my mind as I will, I can think of but few of these. They tend to slip out of the mind too. Perhaps this is because more and more I pick moving pictures which the critics have commended.

In many cases, I believe young children go to the best movies. Thousands, of course, frequent the worst ones. But it is my earnest conviction that these cheaper types are disappearing before an improved fastidiousness in public opinion.

Let us consider then, what the movies—good and bad—have done to our children.

In the first place, the travelogue has given



GO PLACES COMFORTABLY IN ENNA JETTICK SHOES

Busy women like Enna Jettick Shoes because they can always find styles exactly suited to their different daytime costumes. This season they're especially pleased with the wide selection of leathers, colors and fashions of the new Enna Jetticks. And they know that these shoes are comfortable from the very first step. For every pair has been hand-flexed by master craftsmen to remove all new-shoe stiffness.

SIZES FROM 1 TO 12 **\$5** AND **\$6** WIDTHS AAAAA TO EEE
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

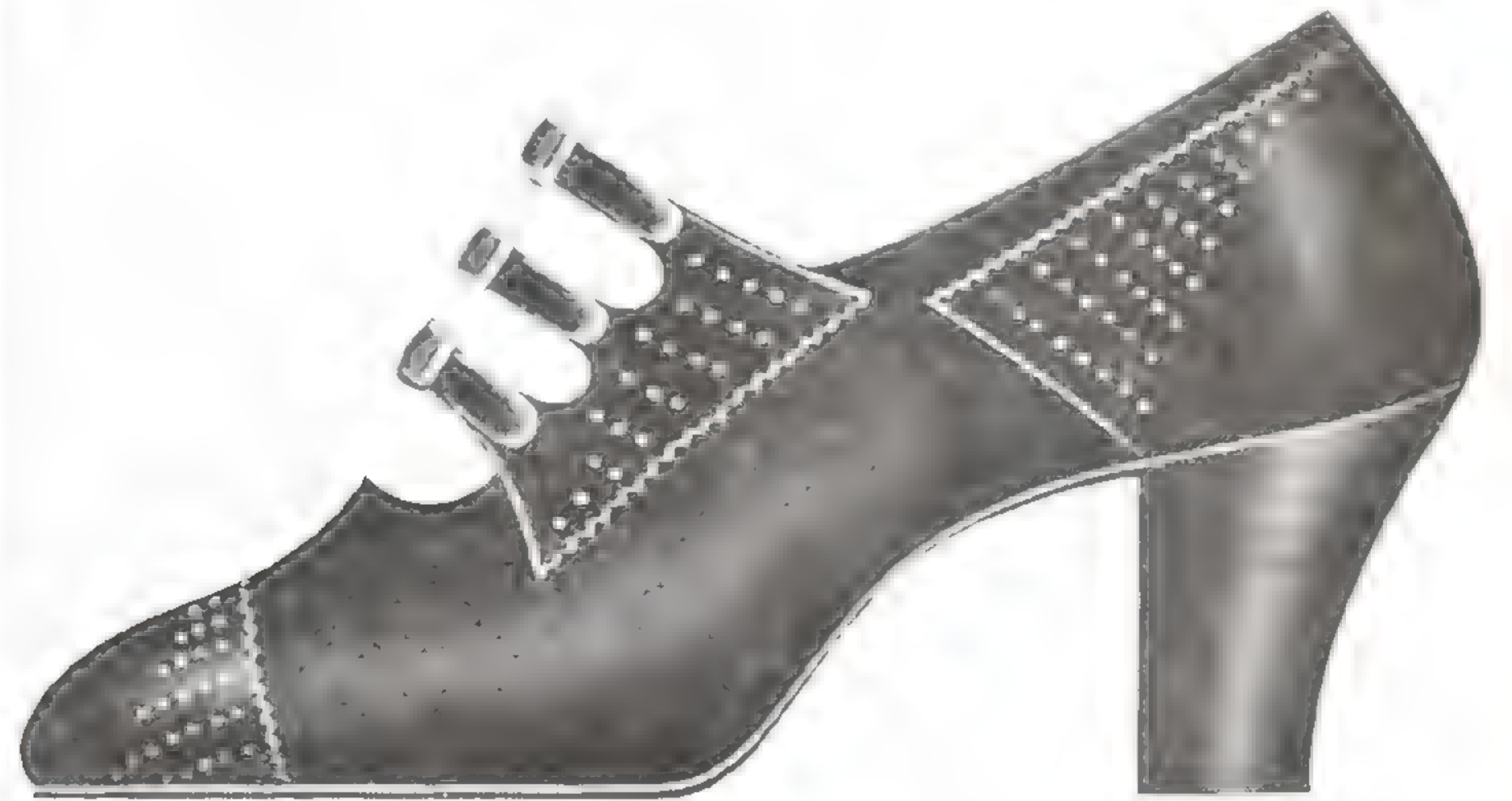
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AMERICA'S SMARTEST WALKING SHOES
AUBURN NEW YORK



Zeddy

The important broad strap in black or British tan calf. Sizes 3½ to 9; AAAA to C. \$5



Audrey

Smart three-strap in black or brown suede with calf. Sizes 4 to 9; AAA to C. \$6



Babs

Green, gray, blue, brown or black suede. Tan calf. Sizes 1 to 10; AAAA to C. \$6



Pert

Low-heel sport shoe in black or brown calfskin. Sizes 1 to 9; AAA to C. \$5

that when whoever was *it* discovered a hider, he indicated it to the others first by a cry of "Stick 'em up!" and then by going through the motions of shooting the hider with an imaginary revolver—I beg their pardon, an imaginary gat. To go farther, terms like "kept woman" and "gigolo" are commonplace in their phraseology.

NOW for the moment this all looks very terrible. But let me cite a parallel out of the past. When I was a child, the horror of the good and refined among adults, and especially of parents, was the dime novel. No boy who went to a penitentiary but went there, in the opinion of most experts on crime, because his moral structure had deteriorated through reading dime novels. Dime novels were anathema in every respectable household. In our early teens, my younger brother and I were addicted to this contraband reading. Through a boy friend he bootlegged them into the house in constant succession. We kept them so safely hidden that nobody ever discovered them. And we read hundreds of them—literally hundreds! How it amuses me now, as I look back upon them, to think that any human being, with a sense of humor, could have feared their moral effect.

In the first place, they were as pure as—to use a favorite simile of the period—"the driven snow." None more noble than the hero of the dime novel, none more virtuous than its heroine. Virtue was rewarded and vice punished with an unvarying and a highly satisfactory justice. I would give much for a collection of all the dime novels I read. But it would be an expensive business, for now

these despised pamphlets are the cherished items of collectors.

So, I believe, when they are middle-aged, will the children of this day look back upon these movies. For it is a curious truth that the superficial aspect of crime dates very rapidly.

Moreover, there is another interesting truth to recognize. I have cited two terms, commonplaces of the vocabulary of young people in their teens. This will shock the psychologically untrained immeasurably. But the fact is—and this is highly important—that they are only terms. Unreinforced by experience, they are as empty as the shells we pick up on the seashore. Held to the ear, that shell emits a muted murmur of the ocean. But it is only an inarticulate murmur. Those terms sink abiding evil no more deeply into the character of children in their teens than, as very little children, the words "ogre," "bad fairy," "geni," "hobgoblin" sank an abiding terror into their consciousness.

REMEMBER the movies are here. They are here to stay. And whether they shall be good movies or bad movies, madame mother and monsieur father, depends absolutely and entirely on you. In my opinion, there are four excellent things that the best movies do for children.

In the first place, they give—through a photographic authenticity in their presentation of modern scenes—extraordinarily true and vivid pictures of modern life and—through a growing conscientiousness in details of history—extraordinarily true and vivid pictures of the past. To be explicit, in the

movies, city streets, country lanes, forests, mountains, are realities; a waiter looks like a waiter, a gunman looks like a gunman, a king looks like a king, a knight looks like a knight.

IN the second place, the movies have enormously increased the working vocabulary of the young, have enormously developed the suppleness with which they express themselves. Any teacher will tell you, for instance, that all compositions in secondary schools show to a marked degree not only the information, geographical and historical, which the movies have afforded their students, but also an ease and copiousness in writing to be accounted for by nothing else.

In the third place, the movies have enormously stimulated the sense of humor. Priggish children have almost gone out of existence.

In the fourth place, and best of all, the movies have stimulated the young imaginations. Sculptors tell me that they watch, with the greatest artistic delight, the activities of athletes and of animals in the slowed-up motion pictures. Painters tell me that they thrill unspeakably to the beauties of forms and vistas, to the effects of photographic light and shade. My fellow authors differ, as would be extremely natural, in the degree of pleasure they take in the movies. They, of course, help to produce them. But when it comes to children, they all like the movies. The effect on them—as of molten beauty poured constantly over the plastic psychological areas of youth—is incalculable. I look for a distinctly finer maturity from these youngsters—more informed, more sensitive, more expressive and utterly unself-conscious.

Is Mae West Skidding on the Curves?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

cepted that the men "went for her" in what is technically known as a big way. But I wonder. Did they? I've always doubted it. They laughed at her wisecracks . . . she amused them . . . But . . .

Mae West was never a menace to the American home. Harlow, Crawford, Colbert, Lombard, Dietrich—all these so-called glamor girls . . . yes! These girls caused the boy friend to look at the girl friend and think, "Well, I can't have Harlow, so it might as well be you." These girls caused papa to look at mama with a disapproving glint in the eye. But not Miss West.

WOMEN liked Mae West in her first pictures. They didn't resent her because she was so far removed in physical type from the modern woman of today, that they figured she wouldn't be serious competition. Of course many straight-laced souls said she was shocking. But even those occasionally put on dark glasses and sneaked around to the local Bijou to see the lady do her stuff. But women had no cause to be jealous, and they knew it. Sure—women go to see the above mentioned sirens, too, but how often do you hear them saying? "I can't stand Crawford's mouth." Or they're laying bets that Harlow wears a wig. They delight in saying that Lombard seems so artificial and smug in her pictures.

Second object lesson: The present status of la West, as any casual glance at the box-office goings-on will tell you, is not what it

used to be. Censorship, which removed the nice, clean dirt from her pictures, has been partly responsible. Mae has to be demurely married at the end of every picture, which must make her feel kind of silly. It's no longer considered screamingly funny when Mae says, "How'm I doin', toots?" Every tootsie in the country has tootsied her neighbor to death. It's no longer unique. In "Klondike Annie," which was no treat from any angle, the incongruous, prim missionary's costume told all the world that soft fat had gotten in its dirty work and that a chin line can't be covered up with a bustle.

Mae built up her popularity, partly, on her lush, rolling figure. But even she can go too far. She had a professional excuse for plumpness—but she's worked it too hard. Is it getting out of control? Will she skid on her own curves? I hope not.

Her forthcoming picture, "Go West Young Man," gives her a better vehicle than she's had in ages. She's smart, shrewd and clever in so many ways. Here's hoping she's been smart enough to do something about her appearance.

And now you, my darlings, who haven't even the professional excuses for excess fat—here's mama's advice to you.

Without mincing words or wasting time, let me tell you how you can reduce that most difficult-to-reduce part of the body—the breasts. Oh, yes, it's possible. It isn't easy—but my method works. Get busy and try it

if this happens to be your figure problem.

Do it now, while the warmish weather is still with us, for that's the best time. And let me warn you. Never use strenuous methods on the breasts. Never massage or squeeze them. It's dangerous. And beware of quack medicine or other stuff that you're supposed to smear on them. To reduce the breast safely you must rely upon a special diet. Incidentally, the same thing goes for developing them. And, of course, exercise.

THREE days a week, you do this: Get up early and immediately drink a large glass of hot or cold water, with a little lemon juice squeezed in it. Two hours later, drink six ounces of buttermilk. Don't tell me you don't like buttermilk. Drink it anyway. It's good for you. It's necessary that you make yourself like it. If, however, it seems to constipate you, as I know it sometimes can (but listen, don't try to get out of it, by using that as an alibi), substitute fresh fruit juices and fresh vegetable juices. But if you want the best results, stick to the buttermilk.

Every two hours throughout the day, drink your glass of buttermilk. Right up until bedtime. If you get too awfully hungry, you can sneak in a bowl of clear soup or a glass of tomato juice. Do this for three days. Never mind, it won't kill you. Human beings aren't killed that easily. However, your health should be good if you're going in for this diet.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

Her Enchanting Beauty Fascinates Men!

Wouldn't You Like to Share Her MAKE-UP SECRET?

IN your life, as in the drama of life you see on the motion picture screen, beauty will help you win romance and love. And now you, like the screen stars, may share a new make-up secret which will enable you to make yourself more attractive, more lovely, almost instantly.

All Hollywood has discovered, as you will discover, that color is beauty's secret of attraction. To emphasize this attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, created Color Harmony Make-Up...harmonized shades of powder, rouge and lipstick...to bring out the individual beauty of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Originated for the stars, the luxury of this new kind of make-up is now available to you at nominal prices.

Note the make-up advice MADELEINE CARROLL, Paramount star, gives you under each one of her photographs.

Madeleine Carroll

Co-starring with GARY COOPER

IN PARAMOUNT'S

"THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN"



Super-Indelible Lipstick

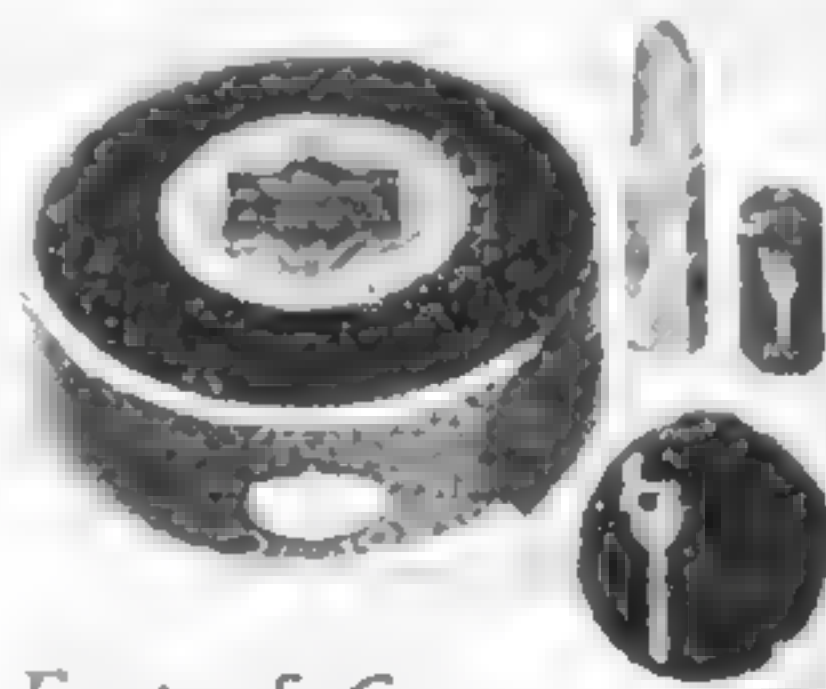
"Yes, Max Factor's Lipstick is *super-indelible*," says Madeleine Carroll, "for in Hollywood lip make-up must remain perfect for hours." Moisture-proof, too, you apply it to the inner surface also, giving a uniform color to the lips. In color harmony shades to accent loveliness... One dollar.

FOR personal make-up advice...and to test your color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick... MAIL COUPON NOW.



Lifelike Rouge

"Created to individualize each type of beauty, there is a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge to impart a fascinating, lifelike color to your cheeks," explains Madeleine Carroll. Creamy-smooth, too, it blends and clings just as you would want it to... Fifty cents.



Color Harmony Face Powder

"You'll marvel how your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Face Powder will actually enliven the beauty of your skin," says Madeleine Carroll. Matchless in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours. You will note the difference instantly... One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

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MAX FACTOR, Max Factor, Make-Up Studio, Hollywood
Send Purple/Super Indelible Lipstick Sample in my color harmony shade
of Lipstick. Also send me Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page
illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.
1-11-19

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	Black ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐
Light ☐	Black ☐	Dark ☐
Skin ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐
Free ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐
Other ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐
SKIN ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐
Other ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐

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that's what
women say
of new **GLAZO**



**So lovely, so superior, that
old-type polishes are OUT**

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New Glazo wears several *extra* days, with no chipping, peeling or cracking to disturb its shimmering charm. It scorns streaking, flows on every nail with glorious evenness of color. And evaporation has been so reduced that your polish is usable down to the last brushful.

Glazo brings to your fingertips a wide range of exclusive, fashion-approved colors—and be sure to see those stunning "mystery-reds!"—Glazo Suntan, Poppy Red and Russet. Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.

*It's new
it's perfect*

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)



And you should cut down on your food before you start it. Get your stomach accustomed to less food. The general reducing diet which I'm going to give you—the diet you must stick to for the other four days of the week—is a good diet to follow for, say, two weeks before you begin your three buttermilk days.

Here it is: Breakfast. Small glass of grapefruit or orange juice. Or dish of berries—no cream. Slice of thin melba or whole-wheat toast with a little honey, no butter. Cup of black coffee, no sugar.

FOR luncheon: Large glass of tomato juice or a clear vegetable soup. Big green salad. Watercress, lettuce, romaine and such, with lemon juice dressing. Whole-wheat toast—one slice—if you desire. Tea, hot or iced, with lemon, no sugar. Cup custard or sherbet—no ice cream. In the middle of the afternoon: Another glass of tomato juice or a raw apple. For dinner: Fresh fruit cup or small slice of melon. Very small piece of broiled meat . . . or roasted meat. Anything except pork. Remember, eat very little meat if you wish to get along better with your breast reducing. A big helping of two green vegetables. A little butter put on after the food is removed from the fire. Boiled new potatoes (1) or a baked one. Eat very little of the mealy part, but eat all the skin. Green salad. Sprinkle it with chopped parsley, which you should eat, not just look at—it's good for you. Dessert: fruit gelatine, baked apple—no cream, fresh or stewed fruit—likewise no cream, and if it's stewed fruit pour off the gooey syrup. Black coffee, if you desire.

A caution: Watch your liquids carefully. Don't go thirsty, but don't drink water with your meals. Beside the glass in the morning, two large glasses a day are plenty. You get additional water from the fresh fruits and vegetables.

Now have you got that straight? Three days a week on the buttermilk diet. The other four days on the general reducing diet. *And keep it up.* It will take a little time, but if you'll follow my instructions your breasts will soon be the size you want them.

Here's an exercise that I want you to do along with your diet. It will strengthen the muscles of the breasts and keep them from sagging. Get an umbrella, broom or yardstick. Stand straight. Hold the stick horizontally across the body. Arms to the sides. Now raise the arms straight out in front of you, and continue on up until your arms are straight above your head, with the broom still in a horizontal position. Stretch as high as you can. Now, as you bend your arms at the elbows, bring the broom down behind your head until it passes the neck and is across the back of your shoulders. This will force you to keep your shoulders back. Now follow the same course back to the first position. Do this in front of a mirror and concentrate on those muscles running from the shoulders to the top of the breast. Do it every day—ten times at first, working up to twenty.

What generally goes with a heavy bust? Right—fat, pudgy upper arms. And here's what to do about that. The general reducing diet will help you slim down generally. And here's a honey of an exercise.

Stand facing the wall. Your shoes should be off. Reach up the wall as high as you can—stand on tiptoe and stretch, stretch. Now, with your fingertips pressed just as high as they can possibly be, ooze down and try to put your heels on the floor without moving the

position of your hands. You can't do it at first, maybe. But stick to it. The point is to stretch and break that fat away from the upper arms. It is more effective if you can get someone to hold you by the wrists while you do this. Make whoever does it, hold the wrists tightly, so you won't move the hands.

So many women have too much rear. So many girls, who normally would take a size sixteen dress, must either let out the skirt seams of a sixteen or buy an eighteen and worry about making the shoulder line fit. And how often do we hear the cry, "I'd like to get my hips down, but if I do go on a diet, all the flesh comes off my face." Phooey! Not with my diet. Naturally if you *starve* yourself, of course your face will be pinched and haggard and sour looking. But my method gives you plenty to eat, while slimming you down all over. And your face will be firm and lovely. Above all, you'll beam with the joy of living.

BUT to get on with the other beams—the broad ones. Do this: Sit on the floor with legs stretched out in front of you. You're going to do the "fanny walk." Keeping the legs stiff, raise them slightly off the floor—and keep them off the floor. Use your hands only to balance your body. Now begin to hitch yourself along on the floor by swinging the legs over to the left, and as you do this roll over on the left hip. Then swing the legs over to the right and roll over on the right hip. Remember, keep the legs off the floor and the knees stiff. What you're really doing is walking in a sitting position. Walk back and forth across the floor in this manner at least six times . . . increase to ten.

A word about girdles, while you're on the hip subject. All the time, except when you're exercising and sleeping, wear a good girdle. I said a good one. If you're big in the hips, a little wisp of a thing or a pair of lastex panties won't do. Get one with some body to it—properly fitted. Snug, but not tight.

Another hip tip: When we're standing, stand still. Stand on both feet. Don't let one knee have the bends so that your hips look lopsided. You can cheat a couple of inches on the breadth of the hip line, if you'll keep your feet and legs together and pull in as if you expected a good kick.

And one more thing. I don't care what state your figure is in. Make it *talk*. Use your body to the best advantage. While you're slimming, you can give the impression of having a much better figure than you actually have if you'll remember to stand straight. Chin up, shoulders back and move along with an easy smooth gait. Don't for goodness sake, swing the rear from here to there and back to here again. That's a Harlow trick she uses for those tough baggages she plays on the screen.

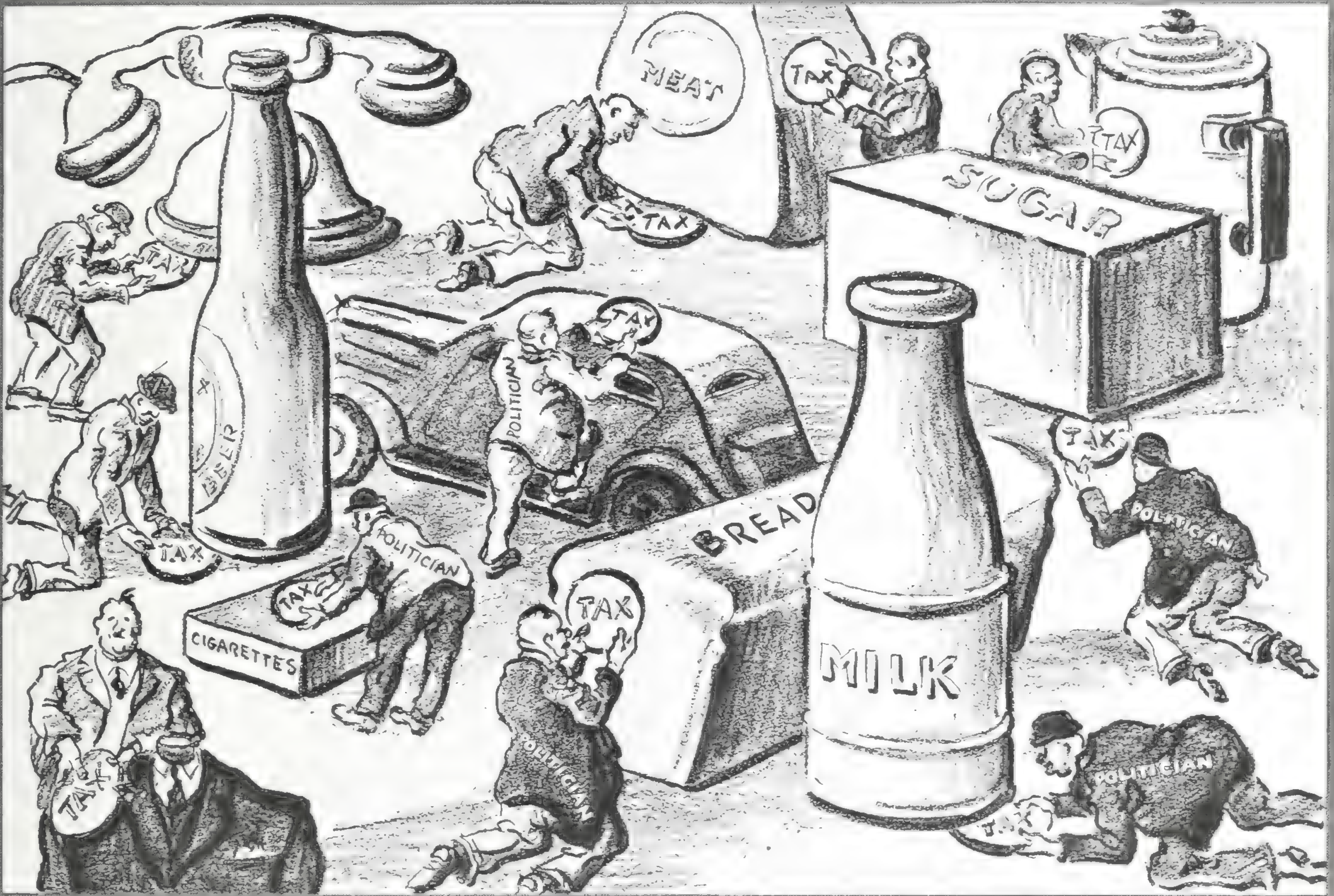
It's O. K. for that purpose, but awful for street wear.

Now that'll be all for today, children. *Auf Wiedersehen!*

Don't hesitate to write to me. Your problems are just as important to me as a movie star's, and I want to give you the right dope for you. Yes, it's free. Just address, Madame Sylvia, c/o PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Taxes... Taxes

WHO PAYS THE TAXES?



IT'S THE BIGGEST "JOKE" THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN *and it's on you, Mr. & Mrs. Wage Earner*

THE POLITICAL SPENDTHRIFTS have hidden your tax bills for years. You aren't supposed to know that. You are supposed to think the *rich* pay most of the taxes. They *do* pay heavy taxes.

But *you* pay, too . . . in **HIDDEN** taxes. Look at your next pay check. Let's say it's \$24. Take out $\frac{1}{3}$ for national, state and local government costs. That \$8 is your weekly share.

If you make \$30, your weekly bill is \$10. If you make \$100 a week, your share of government expense is \$33, because government spending now equals nearly $\frac{1}{3}$ of all we *all* make. There are 53 taxes in every loaf of bread. 40% to 60% of your gasoline money goes for taxes.

WHAT TO DO

Your clothes are taxed before you buy them. Everything you use is weighted down with taxes . . . and billions of tax dollars are wasted by careless, irresponsible office-holders. We need lawmakers who insist on **ECONOMY**.

Big tax cuts could be made just by cutting out wastes. We could have good government, all necessary relief, *more* good

roads! Only you can force the **WASTERS** to quit *throwing your money away*. First, make this resolution:

"I RESOLVE to oppose every present officeholder who cannot prove to me that he has used all his influence to reduce the cost of government."

Now resolve to *keep it!* Remember it when you vote. You have all the power. You can oust the political spendthrift.

ACT TODAY

Don't wait. You can stop extravagance **QUICKLY!** Write these 3 letters and mail them today:

One to your MAYOR (or the County Clerk, if you live in the country). One to your GOVERNOR. One to the PRESIDENT.

Write only one sentence in each letter and sign your name and address. Say: **"I WANT THE COST OF GOVERNMENT REDUCED!"**

BUT DO IT TODAY! It's *your* job. You alone can protect yourself. Don't fail. Let the spenders know their game is up. Let's all pull together. Help us to give America back to the people

Write this letter today!

"I want the cost of Government REDUCED!"

MAIL COPIES OF IT TO:

1. Your Mayor (or you County Clerk)
2. Your Governor
3. The President of the United States

REGISTER — VOTE — Give your support to candidates, regardless of party, who **WILL cut the waste out of government.**

Space for this message is provided by Photoplay because of a firm conviction that a reduced cost of government is vital to the interests of all its readers

fashion letter for November

By KATHLEEN HOWARD



ADRIAN has surpassed himself in the clothes Garbo will wear in "Camille." A breath-takingly beautiful evening coat is worn in the opera sequence. It is of pale apricot and gold metal cloth with a great border of sable which sweeps round the train, forms the collar and cuffs. At intervals, back of this border, are gold bullion motifs embroidered on the metal cloth, and enriched by large cut rhinestones. Garbo wears this over a simple evening gown.

There is a new evening cape idea in a black silk velvet triangle which is worn over a high-necked, long-sleeved black velvet dress. The deepest point of the cape touches the floor in the back and the two other ends of the triangle fall from the shoulders down the front. It is edged with three-inch black silk fringe. The dress is trimmed in black silk cord bowknots with two tassel ends. These start at the waist in both the back and front of the bodice and spread up to the shoulders, continuing down the back, where they taper to the waist.

THE hats worn in this picture have a great many points of interest. Several of them have across the back of the head a double frill of lace which hangs to the nape. Some of the wide brimmed hats are edged with frills of finest lace in four-inch width. Miss Garbo also has a tulle turban, not of the close wrapped Persian variety, but ballooning out at the back. Underneath the tulle, diamond ornaments gleam. Adrian feels that the hats in this picture may have even more influence than the gowns.

The jewelry is important and beautiful. I saw a necklace he has designed, made of square emeralds of large size with large pearls between them. Tiny diamond leaves give highlights, and wheat beards made of dull silver flare at intervals from the jewels.

Quite new is a comb Miss Garbo will wear across the back of her coiffure. It is between three and four inches deep, curves round the back of the head and is studded with emeralds. Another necklace is of diamond stars and crescents with matching earrings.

I asked Adrian just what he thought the Camille influence would be on clothes. "It is difficult to say," he answered. "The picture will probably not be released until around Christmas and it will depend upon what the newest silhouette is at that time. In other words, if the crinoline influence, with its accompanying details, is in the fashion picture at that time, then further novel ideas may be added by this film. It is possible, however, that these styles may be too early or too late to influence fashion, with the exception of the hats. The hat picture is always flexible."

He went on to cite how the "Romeo and

Juliet" fashion tie-up was not advantageously timed because we had already had the Renaissance influence. "Anna Karenina," also, did not fit into the dress designing world at the moment of its launching. But Adrian feels, as I do, that it is often impossible to predict the influence of an important film as the past has proved that no one can tell what the Paris reaction will be to it. It has often happened that Paris has been inspired by the clothes in a major film and has developed this inspiration.

These trends, in turn, are reflected in New York, and so we have the Hollywood, Paris, America tie-up.

FOR Joan Crawford, in her new picture "Love on the Run," Adrian has designed ultra modern clothes.

I saw one street dress consisting of a gray woolen skirt, white blouse and bolero of gray Persian lamb. Revers of large size folded back sharply in the front of the jacket, showing the blouse. A collar, like a man's coat collar, was of black velvet which added the dramatic accents Adrian loves. He has a new line for a swagger coat in one of mustard colored wool, trimmed with a long shawl collar of lynx. This coat is longer in the back than in the front. The edge of it ripples below the lynx in a tapering line to the back, which swirls out smartly. Miss Crawford wears this over a mustard colored suit with a black velvet collar for strength.

ANOTHER new line is shown in a black broadtail cape, which has wide shelf shoulders. The cape fastens at the neck and from there is cut away over the arms to a point in the back which comes almost to the knees. With it are worn great gauntlet gloves of broadtail, edged with wide bands of silver fox. So important and flared are these gloves that they overlap the edge of the cape and look as though they were incorporated in it.

With this Miss Crawford wears a black wool dress of simple cut which has two very large leaves of gold bullion embroidered on the chest. She will carry a purse made with a silver fox front and a broadtail back.

Orry Kelly is most interested in the Persian influence. In "Stolen Holiday," starring Kay Francis, he has a group of Persian inspired costumes which are perfect.

Kelly believes that we have gone far enough with the straight line Grecian influence and he welcomes the drapery below the knees. He considers the contrast of soft Persian drapery for the dress worn with the tailored coat to be a significant trend.

The severe tailoring of the long coats with tailored set-in sleeves over the flaring skirt certainly is most flattering to a tall woman. The doubled under, harem type of skirt, Kelly believes, is hard to wear, so he has given only an indication of this between the feet drapery in front, slitting the material to allow the feet to appear, up to the ankles, or higher, and allowing a longer panel of the material to form a train in the back.

RICH metal cloths in Persian design have been used to make the dress proper in one version of this trend. Over it is worn a long, severely simple coat, lined with the metal cloth.

A tightly swathed turban of black crepe completes the Persian effect. Kelly is using these turbans both with street, afternoon and evening costumes.

He has also made a coat of heavy black velvet along these same lines, only that the



sleeves are closely embroidered with large and small pearls.

The rich surface thus achieved is enhanced by being caught at intervals into puckers the length of the sleeve. This bulk contrasts with the straight, svelte line of the coat, which comes below the knees.

These gowns by Orry Kelly are not only excellent cinema material; they may be worn by any woman with a flair for individuality and chic.

IRENE'S recent fashion showing at Bullock's Wilshire was a rendezvous for picture stars. Miss Waterbury and I sat beside Norma Shearer. Across the room from us were Dolores del Rio, Virginia Bruce and Fay Wray.

Miss Shearer scanned every model, with one eye on Miss del Rio, to watch her reaction, for stars hate to repeat each other's dresses. As an olive green crinkled crêpe daytime dress was shown us, Miss Shearer said she wanted to try it on.

"What about you, Dolores?" she asked, with her unfailing gracious courtesy. "No, no good for my skin!" answered Miss del Rio.

Irene has done lots of circular skirts both for day and evening wear. Those that are not circular have the fullness bunched to the front, although in suits there is a slight back flare to the skirt.

A novelty was white monkey fur used as a cape for a street dress. Irene is also using this in Mae West's new picture "Go West, Young Man."

It is new to use this particular off-white fur with clothes so simple as to be almost in the sports category.

I LOVED a wrap-over black silk velvet princess coat or coat dress, made with a very flared skirt, standing collar and long close sleeves in Cossack style. With it was worn a high peaked Persian turban in black, with a roll of material curving round the head.

Irene bands many of her wide skirts with silver fox or cross fox.

For evening she has used much stiff silk velvet, magnificent lamés, notably one in moonlight, opalescent moiré weaves, Persian lamés, chiffon, and crêpes.

For tweeds she likes the yellowed greens and shows them with matching hats of felt. An afternoon dress was in black cloque ciré, in coat dress style.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—

that svelte and charming Carole Lombard's clothes, designed by Travis Banton, have always been the very height of smartness. In next month's PHOTOPLAY you will want to see the full-color portrait of Carole in her new black evening ensemble. With its scarlet and silver jacket it is simply stunning. Don't miss this and other timely fashions in December

PHOTOPLAY

On the Newsstands November 10th



"Foundettes"
BY



Swing out
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ACTION MODE!

SWING! It's the new action mode . . . in music . . . in dancing . . . in "Foundettes" by Munsingwear! For these new two-way stretch "Foundettes" give freedom such as you never dreamed possible. Plus a firm control that gives the new, slender, unbroken youth-line. A marvelous combination of figure control and figure freedom . . . made possible by "Foundettes' stretch. They launder easily. And cost so little! You will find the new "Foundettes" at a store near you.

Girdles from \$1 to \$7.50; pantie-girdles from \$1 to \$3.50; full length foundation from \$2 to \$10. Munsingwear, Minneapolis.

CLARA OGILVIE



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TELLS WHAT TO DO WITH
SUMMER-RAVAGED TRESSES

"No matter how vigorous your hair, when it has been pawed all summer by sun, sea-breeze, and salt water, it just can't take it. It must be reconditioned, to bring back its rightful lustre and healthy vigor.

"It doesn't mean a lot of work and worry and expense, either. Here are four steps: (1) Daily Cleansing, (2) Daily Brushing, (3) Daily Massage, and (4) Fortnightly Shampooing. You can do all these *at home*, for a few cents a day.

"Be sure, however, that you cleanse with the tonic proper for your specific hair condition (dry, oily, fading, falling, or containing dandruff). Be sure that the brush is right, with long flexible bristles, giving the proper rhythm.

"Ogilvie Sisters' RECONDITIONING OIL is the most effective, luxurious hot oil shampoo I know. We made it that way.

"Follow my advice, and you'll get results. Write to me personally about your hair problem. Ask for instructive booklet at any Toilet Goods or Drug Counter, or at one of our fine salons where our treatments are given. Consultation is, of course, without charge."

Ogilvie Sisters

604 Fifth Avenue, New York
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Hollywood's Newest
Wedding

The marriage of Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow in St. Monica's Church was the culmination of one of the town's sweetest courtships. They had waited two years for a Papal dispensation. Maureen, always a delight on the screen, never looked as beautifully happy as she did in her wedding gown. The reception was held at Loretta Young's, where the bride cut the cake (middle) for Sally Blane, matron of honor, Ainsworth Morgan, Hon. Michael Tandy, British Consul, who was best man, Major Bodley, the groom, Alan Mowbray, and Anita Louise. (Top) The flower girl and ring bearer were Joan and Johnny Morgan. (Below) The groom and his ushers take a bow



Script Girls Prefer Husbands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

The next few days were like a fantastic dream to Sue. Everybody was exceptionally nice to her. A new confidence began to surge in her veins. She was beginning to believe that these happenings, seemingly out of the "Arabian Nights," were actually true.

She saw Paul Elsmere every day. He was busy, he said, on the new script. She was thrilled beyond words and excited. She frequently sat by her window, at night, dreaming over what lay in store for her; and it was then that she saw Paul Elsmere and Alma Allen.

They would meet and disappear into the night, to stroll back hours later. A faint contempt for both of them grew within her. It made her obscurely angry. She gradually convinced herself that she hated Paul Elsmere. She was grateful, of course, for the future he had opened to her; but as a man—her lips compressed fastidiously.

Nightly, in the living room below in his gold brocaded mandarin robe, with the awe-struck guests fawning around him, he held the center of the stage dramatizing himself. He had an amazing brilliance of wit, a facile tongue, a wide, arrogant learning. His sensational success had made him the oracle of the theatrical world, and his versatility was little short of genius.

LATE one night, after Sue had gone to bed, there had been some disturbance below, audible in the country quietude. She heard Paul Elsmere's voice, Alma Allen's, Kessler's, Bill Lederer's, and the angry tones of Ricardo De Soto. It sounded like violent quarreling.

Later still, there was the sound of a viciously driven motor, the whining of abused gears, then silence. She wondered what it was all about, and then fell asleep.

In the morning she asked Bill what had happened. He evaded the question.

"I heard a quarrel," she said. "You were in it, Bill—"

"Me?" he denied indignantly. "I should say not! I—well, if you must know—Elsmere and Ricardo had a little too much Scotch on board. They had a row—and I stopped it."

"I see," she nodded. Elsmere, the skilled boudoir tactician, had probably been discovered by Alma's husband; perhaps called to time. It gave her a faint nausea to contemplate. She found that Ricardo had returned to town. That, she concluded, must have been him driving away so furiously last night.

THE next day, Alma too, left for Hollywood. Subsequently, Paul Elsmere and Sol Kessler held innumerable conferences, and both of them were grave with a noticeable portent. Swift undercurrents, Sue felt, were flowing beneath the casual surface of conversation and banter; some quality of unrest filled the place. Even Bill was brusque and silent. The next afternoon he announced that he was leaving.

"Got to get Peggy started," he said. "The script is ready and I can't loaf here. Sorry I can't have you in the cast, Duchess, but I guess you were meant for better things than second parts. *Hasta la vista, kid!*"

There was a beach party that night on the

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sands; and a fire. Later the guests, in elaborate lounging pajamas, sat around the living room and talked in lazy relaxation, sipping their drinks.

Behind Sue, Kessler's peevish voice said: "You can't buy him off. It's not money he's after. And we can't afford a messy lawsuit, God knows!"

Paul Elsmere's low voice murmured something inaudible.

Quite inadvertently Sue distinctly heard Kessler's reply.

"You don't know this business like I do, Elsmere. Any bad publicity would be fatal. Do you want the Hays' office to get busy with the morality clause? Huh! It would kill the biggest box office in years! And the Purity Legion! I tell you, I gotta do something—" His voice trailed away and was lost under the laughter of those guests surrounding Sue. She dismissed Kessler's conversation from her mind, never dreaming it could have any bearing on her life.

SEVERAL nights later, unable to sleep, a thrill with the prospect of realizing her most ambitious dreams, Sue sat by her window. She watched a theatrical moon flood the world with an eerie, white veneer. The indescribable freshness and sweetness of blossoming summer was in the quiet air, the soft "hush!" of the surf.

The faint fragrance of the gardens filled the air with a tapestry of living perfume. It was late. All the guests had gone to bed. She had a sudden urge to go down into the garden and revel in its freshness.

She threw a silk robe over her pajamas and stole down the dark stairs. She passed through the foyer of the combination game and drawing room, and paused irresolutely. From the far music room came the faint notes of a piano.

On impulse, she walked to the door and looked in, wondering who would be playing so late at night. It was Paul Elsmere, intent over the keys, under the soft light of a single electric bulb in a shaded lamp near him. He looked up and saw her.

"Hello, Sue!" he said. "There's a melody that's been bothering me for days. I'm trying to find it. I always work best at night. Come in and contribute a little inspiration, will you?"

He didn't wait for an answer. He turned to the piano, his long, artistic fingers sweeping the keyboard with the sure touch of the master, the composer at a loved instrument. It responded with a soft, glad burst of melody, exotic, fascinating.

Curiously she advanced into the room and sat down. Once or twice his eyes went to hers.

A golden flood of brilliant chords poured from his fingers, like raindrops across the surface of sunlit waters. Fascinated, Sue wondered where the melody came from. Was it possible that any piano held such heavenly music? Under his skilled fingers rollicking gaiety danced into the room in a rioting flood. He played as one inspired, his head bent in an attitude of listening, as if he slightly stooped to catch some unheard, celestial prompting.

A MINOR sadness wove itself into the fabric of the music; something that clutched at her throat; something so full of tears that she caught her breath. She viewed the gaunt planes of his intensely intellectual face. It seemed to be illuminated by some ardent inner fire. Here was a man with perceptions fine as

a needle and delicate as mercury, to whom music was an emotion.

Faintly the music trailed off, like a soft carillon in a misty Flemish dawn, ineffably sweet and poignant. He turned to her as if coming out of a trance. "The central theme words," he told her, "are—'I love you.'"

"I know," said Sue. "What is it?"

"Something of my own. A theme song for my next musical."

"I—didn't know you could play like that," she said softly. "What a marvelous gift! But then, you have so many."

"Tricks," he said.

"Please," she asked, "play something else."

His eyes narrowed suddenly, watching her, then he turned again to the piano. Softly the Moonlight Sonata took form, gently, almost caressingly, and Sue sat bemused, enchanted. When he finished, her eyes, to her surprise, were brimming.

"That," she whispered, "was too lovely for words."

In the electric silence that followed, she sat as one bewitched. An eerie, green moonbeam thrust a pale finger through the window, and by melodramatic chance, fell across her as she sat there. It gave her the grave and religious loveliness of some young saint.

The still figure at the piano stirred. As he arose, she too came to her feet in clairvoyant response.

He swept her into his arms, her pliant warmth and fragrance invading him. He kissed her with a lingering passion, a checked ardor that made her tremble. Her eyes opened slowly, then slowly they closed. But the kiss continued through an eternity of experiences. With a slight, involuntary movement of her shoulders, she pushed him firmly away and looked up at him, aware of a frozen moment of crisis.

HER blood was beating in her ears. An all-illuminating moment of white logic drove home the stark, unadorned truth that she loved this tall, sardonic young man with all the ardor of her youth and strength. She had never believed herself capable of such an intensity of emotion and longing as now swept over her.

She saw his white, tense face sway toward her, and she raised slim fingers in prohibition.

"No!" she whispered. "Don't! I—"

"It's too late, Sue," he breathed. Her name, on his lips, was an infinite caress. "Neither of us—can stop now."

"No," she acknowledged faintly.

Her mouth was against his, moist, unbelievably sweet and innocent. His studied affectations deserted him. He held her desperately close, seating her on his knees as he sat down on the couch.

She clung to him with a desperate defenselessness, stampeded, her eyes brimming. Over and over again she murmured: "Darling! I love you so, darling!"

He sat for a long moment like a man in some bizarre nightmare. He was inconceivably stunned by the emotion that contracted his heart.

For the first time in his life he had fallen genuinely and terribly in love. Momentarily he tried to jeer. He knew himself for a voluptuary, addicted to caprice and self-indulgence. Could this happen to him? Had experience given him no antitoxin of immunity? He had deliberately, maliciously, provoked this, and the paradox was that he had found out something about himself which he did not suspect—or even credit.

She lay in his arms quiescent, and a slight shudder ran through him. An emotion he had never experienced before restrained him. She was so like a child, defenseless, too innocent even, to know that he had spared her.

"Paul!" she whispered.

"Yes, dear?" he said softly.

"You—love me?"

"I love you," he told her. His face was unguarded for once, relaxed.

There was a long silence. Her eyelids fluttered.

"I never knew, Paul," she said, "that such happiness—could exist. I never knew!"

SHE saw him look down at her, and his eyes were strangely soft and youthful, unbelievably tender. She shivered when he kissed her.

"Hurry!" he told her suddenly. "We're running away—tonight! Sue! You sweet, unbelievable little thing! Will you marry me tonight, Sue?"

"Tonight?" she whispered, her knees weak with an unaccustomed tremor. "But—Paul! We're mad—both of us!"

"Of course," he agreed. "Everyone is—a little I think. Tomorrow would be an anticlimax. I've got a roadster here. We'll drive down to Palm Springs. I'll find a preacher. Now, hurry—make no noise. I'll leave a note for Kessler."

That brought something else to her mind. "And—Alma Allen?" she asked suddenly.

"I won't pretend to misunderstand you," he said, "but it meant nothing." He dismissed Alma Allen with three, trenchant sentences. Alma was trivial; one of the unimportant accidents that had nearly happened to them.

"I'm asking you to marry me," he finished. "Is that an answer?" He kissed her.

"Darling!" she breathed. His tenderness fired her; everything else was inconsequential. "I'll be down in fifteen minutes!"

"Good! Meet me in front of the garage," he instructed swiftly. "Take only what you'll need immediately. We'll send for the rest later. The idea is—speed!"

She was gone in a flash, and Paul Elsmere sat, his gaunt face still illuminated by some vivid afterglow. He could still hardly credit this thunderbolt that had struck him. Love then, he thought, was not merely a vulgar myth, a mere caprice of the senses, as he had always contended.

Suddenly he arose and went to his room. Here he wrote a note to Kessler, grinning sardonically over it. "This," he finished, "will solve all your worries. The perfect answer." Then he dressed and packed a bag.

SUE dressed with flying fingers that seemed all thumbs. She packed a hasty bag, and then for a moment she stopped by the open window and looked out upon the moon-bewitched night.

Paul's last kiss was still warm on her lips, and her senses still thrilled with remembrance. Life seemed, suddenly, all silver and breathless.

She stood motionless, her eyes like rain-washed stars. This, then, was what life was for! This poignant sweetness that poured through her veins.

She saw Paul walking toward the garage. It was real! It was actual! She was eloping with Paul Elsmere—she was going to be his wife!

Suddenly she slipped to her knees beside the bed and bent her head in an incoherent prayer. Then she picked up her grip and noiselessly left the house.

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An amusing example of the theory that a girl falls the second time for a man very like her first love. Do you notice the great resemblance between George Barnes (above), Joan Blondell's first husband, and Dick Powell (right) Joan's brand new one?



Paul had the long black-and-silver roadster out. She nestled close to his rough coat and reveled in the clean odor of him—like fresh apples and good pipe tobacco. His face was grim and set as he drove. The country was visionary under a waning moon, spectral and unreal. Sue said at length:

"Why are you so quiet, darling?"

HE pressed her hand against his side. That was the night that Paul Elsmere looked into his own soul; and frowned when he saw the pure and shining look of young radiance in Sue's eyes.

"I am," he told her deliberately, "stunned by my own good fortune. I don't deserve you, Sue."

"Darling!"

"I'm hopeless," he acknowledged. "I'm cold—cynical—unreliable. Just no good at all, Sue. I'll probably break your heart. While there is time, consider. You're taking an awful chance marrying me."

She was silent.

"A charming lady told me I was unfit for marriage," he insisted savagely.

"Who?" she demanded.

"My—last wife," he answered. "She was my leading lady. You may remember Claire Collins. I've been married twice, Sue. Some people insist that it's a habit with me—marrying my leading ladies. I wish I knew!" As she did not answer, he continued:

"Claire had brains. My first wife didn't count. She belonged to an impressionable youth. I can hardly remember her. You may as well know all about it, Sue, to begin with."

SHE struggled against the disenchantment of his statements. "Is—all this—necessary?" she pleaded.

He nodded. "You should know what you're stepping into. Claire said our failure was my fault," he confessed, in his keen, mocking voice. "Maybe it was. Undergoing marriage with Claire put me in a coma. I forgot the very semblance of my pet illusions. When she divorced me, last year, I was exhausted by her secretive and resentful animosity. I had to learn to live all over again."

Silence gripped them, then a curious con-

straint. The keen rush of the night wind fanned her hot cheeks.

"If you have no real sins to confess," said Sue, bravely, "I'll—take the chance."

He drove silently, in a rapt gloom, eyes straight ahead. "You—make me feel very humble," he confessed finally. "Also an unusual emotion for me. I wish to God I had met you ten years ago. You might have kept me from so many second-rate and shabby things, Sue. I didn't believe girls like you really existed—except perhaps, in a playwright's imagination."

"You do love me, don't you?" she asked, looking up at him. "That's important."

"God knows I do!" he answered tensely. "That's the funny part of it."

"What's funny about that?"

"You wouldn't understand, sweet. You haven't known my kind of hellion. But, I do love you, if there's any satisfaction for you in that."

She answered breathlessly: "When I think of living my life with you—together—all the time—I—could cry with happiness Paul."

"Okay!" he said. "And may God help us both!"

PAUL ELSMERE woke up a sleepy Justice of the peace in a small, unidentified town and stated, distinctly, that they wanted to get married. Sue sat in the car and waited. Finally, Paul came back and seated himself beside her.

"We can't get married in California," he told her, starting the car.

"Why not?" she asked.

"It seems that there's a law in California. You have to wait three days."



Gladys Swarthout, in a smart mink cape, and her husband, Frank Chapman, come out of the Biltmore after the dinner for Johannes Poulsen

"Then—what—" she began.

He whirled the long roadster out into the highway again. A growl of speed rumbled in its metal throat.

"That J. P.," he told her, "said that you don't have to wait in Yuma. He told me that there was an airport in Glendale. That's where we're going. We're catching a plane, darling!"

THE polychrome heralds of a new day were tinting the east when they reached the airport.

The only sign of life was an all night hot dog stand on the main highway. Here, like a couple of happy kids on an outing, they ate hamburger sandwiches, and drank coffee; after which Paul went to arrange for a plane.

Thirty minutes later, they were seated in the tiny cabin of a chartered ship, and a grinning aviator was at the controls. They left California behind, heading straight into the magnificence of a brilliant sunrise.

The imperial glories of the birth of a California morning held Sue rapt, fascinated by its celestial pomp.

She told herself, secretly, that it was an augury—the dawn of a greater happiness. Her entire being seemed to be concentrated in the nerves of her hand, so acutely was she aware of the firm hand that was locked over hers.

PAUL woke up the license clerk and took him along to the court house, so there would be no delay; then the clerk took them to a Justice of the Peace. Sue was trembling like a frightened child.

Many more thrilling experiences are in store for Sue in the final installment of this vivid story of a girl's fight for happiness in Hollywood. Be sure to follow her through her most exciting adventures in next month's number.

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The Romantic Love Story of Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23 |

"Bob and Jeanette might have fallen in love at one time and been married and made all those rumor stories come true, if it hadn't been for Jeanette's career. At the time she met Bob, she had such a long way to go, so much to conquer. There was not room in her life for the kind of love that causes a girl to feel that all is well lost for it! When Bob entered the management business with Jeanette as his first client, that burning ambition of hers became the paramount concern of his life, too. They were two people absorbed, not in themselves, but in a common goal. In time, they grew used to the lack of real romantic feeling between them. Their engagement was broken two years ago."

AND as for Gene, he, too, had come a long way alone. In the years that Jeanette was struggling for a foothold as a singer, Gene was striving along those same shoals as an actor on Broadway. It was not an easy path he followed. From childhood, he had been trained with the definite goal of the theater in mind. He had obligations to meet in the support of his mother and the education of his younger brother. When he was very young, twenty-one or twenty-two, there had been a serious love in his life. Its ending had left him disillusioned and hurt. After that, girls hadn't mattered importantly along that discouraging road between Broadway and eventual stardom in Hollywood. Occasionally, after his Hollywood success, he had escorted Janet Gaynor and Mary Brian, and other "nice girls" of his profession, dining and dancing. It annoyed him that these friendships should be capitalized as Hollywood romances. For the most part, Gene lived a rather friendless, lonely life in Hollywood, wanting nothing of the frills and thrills that come along with fame. He wanted only the opportunity to better himself in his work and give his family all the things he had planned for them.

So there they were—the girl, who had been too busy for romance, and the man, who had planned his life so carefully without any complications. Two very wise, and incidentally, wealthy careerists sitting alone on the Hollywood heights pretty doggone satisfied with the way things had gone so far.

Eros must have been in a very humorous frame of mind when he brought them together one night for the first time on the doorstep of Rozika Dolly's beach house!

It was not a case of love at first sight by a long shot. Gene and Jeanette are hardly love at first sight people. Mutual embarrassment was the first emotion they shared.

They had not come to the party together. In fact, they did not know one another except by reputation. Yet here they were already an hour late to a dinner party, forced into a doorbell wait by a butler who was uncommonly long about answering the door.

There was that painful formality between them that invariably exists between celebrities who have never met. It is foolish to be too formal about it, and pretend the actor you've liked on the screen ever since "Zoo in Budapest" is an out and out stranger to you. And yet, because they are both conventional

to their finger tips, they stood and waited and pretended not to notice one another too much.

Finally, the door was opened. "Well," exclaimed their hostess as they began their duet of separate apologies, "how nice that you came together!"

It seemed foolish to start long explanations that they hadn't come together, that they had met, only because of a very tardy habit they seemed to share, right that minute on her doorstep. So they merely smiled and followed her into the drawing room, and pop, went a camera flashlight! They knew what that meant! A whole raft of next day's queries about Raymond and MacDonald being out together. Their smiles were becoming a little strained.

Of course, no one introduced them! Hadn't they come together? It secretly tickled Jeanette when another guest came up and asked Gene if he could "do" him out of the first dance with her!

All the next day she got a chuckle out of remembering how nicely his neck had reddened, because he was too gallant to say he had no social obligation to Miss MacDonald at all. It wouldn't have been polite, so he told the "rival" he couldn't possibly sacrifice the dance—and they danced!

She thought she had never danced with a man who was such a superlative dancer. He thought there never was a girl who danced like Jeanette. They danced often that evening. They were together so much that when Jeanette was ready to go home, the butler brought Gene's hat, too. He was going home whether he wanted to or not!

"I hope you wanted to go home, Mr. Raymond," she apologized meekly when he escorted her to her car.

"Of course, Miss MacDonald," he returned politely, and went to find his own car.

He's quite nice, she thought. She's awfully nice, he thought. And, well, that was that.

Contrary to the best regulated events in these matters, he did not get her telephone number and call her the next day. To Gene it would have been presumptuous to follow up their accidental meeting of the night before. Why, they weren't even properly introduced! These little things are important to people like Gene and Jeanette.

SO they forgot each other, or almost did, until two weeks later when they again met face to face on the doorstep of Jeanette's lawyer, who happens to be a friend of Gene's too. They nodded and spoke politely, during the evening, and later, neither could find a satisfactory reason for the slight flush that colored their faces.

Sometime later there was an important preview at Grauman's Chinese Theater. At just about the same time, over their respective dinner tables, they asked their respective mothers if they would like to see it, and it turned out they would.

The preview was advertised for eight-thirty. But proverbially late as they both are, it was exactly one half-hour later, after the crowds had thinned out, that they bumped into each other at the box office!

This was beginning to be slightly ridiculous!

Particularly when the cameras started popping right and left, and the sidewalk crowds began to buzz with: "Look, there's Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond together!" The camera boys begged: "Will you pose here, Miss MacDonald, Mr. Raymond?" It was absurd, that was what it was, perfectly absurd. They suddenly began to laugh until they held their sides.

They sat together at the preview, and if they'd never enjoyed a picture quite so much, they set it down to the picture's excellence. After the show they took their mothers to Brown's for sodas, and Gene asked Jeanette if she would go dancing with him the following evening.

They might have gone to the Trocadero, or to the Cocoanut Grove as planned, if next day's papers hadn't carried enormous pictures of them (the ones snapped at Rozika Dolly's and at the preview) with rumors of their engagement! "Miss MacDonald and Mr. Raymond are being seen together constantly," the article went on. "Does this mean the altar in sight?" The altar in sight—and they were still calling one another "Mr." and "Miss."

In order to avoid more of those embarrassing photographs, they dined at Jeanette's home that night! As long as they live they will probably never forget that first dinner date!

WITH that "engagement" story between them, they were suddenly self-conscious again. Even Jeanette's sociable mother couldn't quite get the dinner conversation going, and apparently Gene and Jeanette could think of nothing to say on their own. After dinner things were even worse. If they went out dancing like an average young couple, there would be more of that embarrassing talk, and it seemed silly to dance to records in her drawing room.

When he left early (it was about ten-thirty) Jeanette figured she'd probably never see him again. The dinner had been a frost (they had had eggplant and it was obvious he detested the stuff) and the evening had been unbearable, just sitting there looking at one another that way!

It would have been impossible for her to know that Gene was thinking the same thing, with reverse reaction! A fine dinner guest he'd been! Jeanette was probably insulted over the way he kept shaking his head at the eggplant. And the way he just sat and gawked at her after dinner! But looking at her did something funny to his heart. He'd never been at a loss for small talk before—yet there he sat. He wondered if she had found him too dull to spend another evening with him? The next morning he called and invited her to the Trocadero.

Jeanette was surprised that he called—after the eggplant and everything. Gene was equally surprised that she would go.

At first, he thought they were having an awfully good time. They danced every dance until the very last strain, and the dinner was delicious, and everything was going wonderfully, until around ten o'clock when Jeanette began to inquire the time every quarter-hour or so. He'd say "half-past ten" or "ten-to-eleven," then "eleven-thirty"—gosh, she must be terribly bored.

At one minute past twelve o'clock, Jeanette said: "Let's dance—this is my birthday!" It was June 18th, 1935, a date they'll never forget because it is the anniversary of the beginning of their love story!

They didn't admit that to themselves, or to each other until a long time later. They didn't admit it had happened to them, that

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Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, gave a party to celebrate her recent return from Europe. Left, Gladys Swarthout, Rhea Gable, Grace, Elizabeth Allan, Rosa Ponselle. Lower right, Kay Francis, Fritz Lang, Ruth Chatterton. Lower left, Mrs. James Melton, the lovely hostess, Herbert Marshall; standing, James Melton, Lawrence Tibbett, and the host. What a treat for all the music lovers!



same blinding emotion that makes the world go round, just as it has happened to lovers from the beginning of time and to all the people who are not wise and prudent and careful of their emotions like Gene and Jeanette!

When you have spent years constantly on guard against just such a thing as this happening to you—it isn't easy to admit the inevitable.

So they called themselves "great friends" and assured sceptical reporters they were "just having a lot of fun together." They'd laugh as they told how Jeanette sent Gene crates of eggplants while he was away on his personal appearance, and how they formally presented one another with dancing trophies, modestly engraved to "the world's finest dancers," and about that time Jeanette met him at the Pasadena station with a band and a gang of friends bearing placards WE DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAUGHT THAT FISH IN FLORIDA. And then there was that crazy game they played in the Drive-Ins with the first one to be recognized being stuck with the check!

Everyone said: "What in the world has happened to Jeanette? Did you ever see anyone blossom so, and become so radiant all at once? And the way she's come out of her shell, going places, having a lot of fun for the first time in Hollywood."

But it wasn't serious—you understand—or do you?

I believe it must have been then that it suddenly happened to Jeanette, the awakening, the truth she had tried so long to dodge! After all, before she was a great star, she was a girl, with a girl's long delayed right to happiness and gayety and, yes, love! No need to dodge the issue any longer. After all, what were all the sacrifices for if they meant shutting out everything else in life that belongs in a woman's existence?

As for Gene—perhaps he had known a great deal longer than Jeanette that they were the two people in the world for one another.

Suddenly they knew that all the careers in the world weren't worth the battle of breaking their own hearts. They were in love! What did it matter if the whole world knew it! Fate had been kind, waiting for them to achieve their goals, to bring comfort and independence to their families, to cross off all obligations to those they loved and to themselves before it brought them together. But love had waited long enough for Gene and Jeanette, and now it would no longer be shoved into the discard of their careers!

So now they are engaged, excitedly planning to move into that ranch home they've planned for themselves after they are married.

But first there will be "showers" and parties, and bridesmaids and matrons selected, and all the fuss of planning the happiest days in a girl's life.

"I want all of it," Jeanette has always said—"the squeals of girls opening linen shower gifts, and all the fuss of planning the bridesmaids' dresses, and a church wedding with a reception, and a honeymoon, and rice and old shoes, and a veil and a brand new house of our own to live in. I even want them to leave the old-fashioned words like 'honor and obey' in the ceremony and to wear 'something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue.'"

Perhaps all these things are all the sweeter to Jeanette because they come now instead of when she was eighteen!

So let the music peal, and let the flower girl strew blossoms in her path—for here will come the happiest bride in Hollywood—she who was the former Jeanette MacDonald, "career girl" of the movies!

Star Creators of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

to know what you do when you aren't blessed by Fate and you have to direct a sequence all by rote. As a matter of fact I'd like to know just *how* you do an entire picture."

With the aid of two packages of cigarettes, his voice consistently polite, his unemotional mind assortive and introspective, he told me

FRANK LLOYD creates his pictures almost entirely before the cameras ever start grinding. And lest this confuse you, I must hastily explain that to him the greatest task of movie making is in preparation, not in the actual shooting.

"A good picture," he told me, "and what's more important, a best-selling picture, must have three basic qualities for success—entertainment value, an important idea or thought, and good characters.

"I consider entertainment the most important because that's the American audience's first interest in going to the theater at all. They want to laugh, they want thrills, vicarious but exciting, and they want to cry a little. If that's all they get they're usually satisfied. But beyond that, I feel I owe it to the integrity of the theater (art rearing its head again) to have some sort of an idea there, too. An elevating one, if possible; so that after the curtain, people will go home and do a little thinking."

"'Berkeley Square,' " I interpolated. "That was very thought-making."

He nodded. "My favorite picture . . . And then the characters. I cast each one in my mind as I go along. They have to be real, with very human qualities and with a capacity for joy and sorrow. You get all three of those requisites in any book and you not only have a good story but a good picture."

He made even his smoke rings with methodical precision. "When I'd finished reading 'Mutiny on the Bounty,' " he said, "I felt a definite excitement running through me. I knew I'd followed the simple history of a little ship—a character in itself—on a long journey. That aboard it was a small group of men, courageous, sometimes sullen, always genuine. That the ship and the men reached Paradise and saw its beauty, were forced to leave that Paradise, and mutinied. I knew that there was thrilling adventure, a great and simple theme, the qualities of laughter and grief, and superb characters. And I knew I could sell a combination like that to any audience."

The greatest thrill he knows—or asks—is the surging that fills him when at last he stamps his official okay on any particular story and says to his bankers, "Give these people a million or so and let them start their work. We will make this good book into a better picture."

He must, first, translate the printed story he has read and liked into terms of shots and scenes and sequences. At the same time characters must be cast, sets designed and built, costumes made—so that on the first day of actual production everything will be ready simultaneously.

Lloyd superintends it all.

He locks himself into a room with script men and adaptors, orders food and beer and cartons of cigarettes, rolls up his sleeves and sets to work. When the door opens a few days later he emerges dishevelled and triumphant in a



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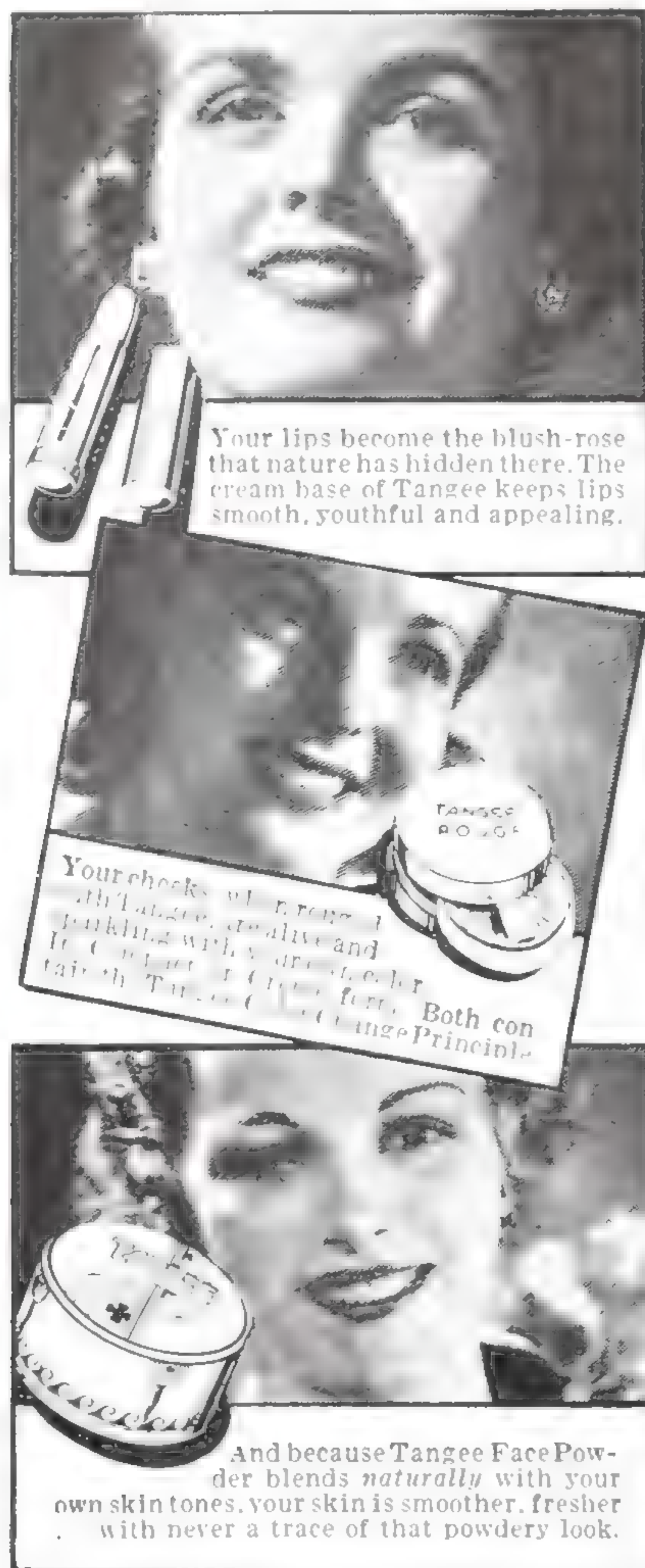
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cloud of stale smoke, clutching a battered script complete with dialogue and scenes. A good third of them, in most cases, he has written himself.

By that time, the set and wardrobe departments are ready, awaiting nervously the inevitable appearance of this polite onlooker; and invariably he appears, and looks. And says, "Those Puritan dresses for 'The Maid' are entirely wrong, I think. Oh, I admit they're in the tradition—that's just the trouble. The Pilgrims may have worn their prim little Mother Hubbards and their buckles and shawls at meeting time, but can you imagine them crashing through underbrush or fighting Indians or pumping at the well dressed like that? Suppose we make them a little more practical?"

Later, over the telephone: "Very nice except for the parlor of this New England house. It's too comfortable and the things in it are too valuable. Those people used their stuffy little reception rooms only on great occasions, and very few of them were wealthy enough to afford Adam tables." Or, "The sketch for the beach at Tahiti has enough palms on it, but they're the wrong kind. Make them coconut, please."

YOU see he knows. He's been there. Before he starts any picture he makes a great pilgrimage in person, distrusting the perception of scouts for detail. And besides it gives him the feel of the place and its people and its tradition. When he made "Berkeley Square," he went to London and browsed through Berkeley Square. He sailed for Tahiti as soon as he knew he would make "Mutiny." He has just returned from Salem.

When he turns to casting, finally, his shrewd businessman's mind reviews thoughtfully the very tangible (to him) balance between investment in too high salaries for somebody's name's sake and probable box-office returns. He chooses stars by precedence, by the result of previous performances. "I usually make very big, very important and exceptionally expensive productions," Lloyd explained, "and I can't afford to take any chances. It isn't so much the question of an actor's ability, because that's taken for granted if we even consider him, but of his rating with the public. If we put box-office names into a picture, we automatically assure ourselves a good box-office receipt. Naturally, once I've settled the worth of a player from that standpoint, I try to get the best work out of him. On the other hand I don't cast people just because their names are good; I have to consider the personal aura they've built around themselves.

"What about bit people, extras?" I said. "Some directors think they're just as important as the leads."

"Not that important," Lloyd said hastily. "They've got to be well cast, though. I usually try to think of all the people in Hollywood who would fit the part, and then I call them in and dress them and test them in an actual scene from the picture."

Then, while sets are still in model form and costumes are still only brush strokes on paper, he dives into the most important part of his entire program—the cut-and-dried, ubiquitous budget. To that smug little collection of numerals and decimal points there can be no recourse, no quarter. It puts ink stained fingers to its paper nose and snorts disdainfully at every department on the studio lot.

It's ally is Lloyd.

"When you've got your cast and have agreed on what you'll pay them, then you know what you're in for," he told me. "Given the prob-

able cost of sets, make-up, costuming, and having estimated the amount of extras, you hold a budget meeting. You figure all the things that are absolutely necessary, and add it all up, and then you find that many of the necessities are too expensive so they aren't necessary any more. There are always other, and less costly, ways of doing things.

"'Maid of Salem,' for instance, opened at \$1,000,000, but after a week of thought we got it down to \$900,000 without losing any quality at all. Of course you have to allow for weather, when a location is concerned. 'Mutiny' had an allowance of \$1,200,000 at the budget meeting and cost \$1,800,000. But it's already out of the red and in the biggest grosses of motion picture history." He grimaced. "And I turned over my interest in it to the studio. Well, you can't always foresee that sort of thing."

"Have much trouble writing out that \$100,000 for the 'Maid'?" I wanted to know.

"Not much. We saved on little things, not big ones. About this location here at Santa Cruz. We found out it would cost just a thousand dollars more to put up in a deluxe camp than in hotels, but I'd rather be near the set and we can always save that money some other way. Shoot ahead of schedule or something."

"And after you've won your little game with Mr. Budget?"

"Then you just start in and make the picture."

I SPENT the next hour remembering, with nostalgia because it had been a good afternoon, the way he had "just started and made a picture" over at Catalina the day I was there.

The scene was one of casual comedy between Clark Gable and Franchot Tone and two other people in an officer's cabin. Lloyd, in his white ducks and his none-too-clean tennis shoes, and with a sweat shirt on, sat in the cabin with the men, laughing and discussing the situation. "I don't know why somebody getting seasick is funny, but it is," he told Franchot. "Let's see you get sick now."

"Like this," Franchot said, and his face turned pale and his eyes shone with the terror of someone who is about to be actively nauseated and his mouth wore illness like a garment.

"Can you do that burping act Barrymore does?" Lloyd asked.

Franchot tried. "That's pretty good," said the director. He made a little motion to cameramen, lightmen, soundmen. "We'll try it," he said.

Overhead, in the little room, a lamp swung back and forth. One after another the men got up and excused themselves suddenly. Finally Franchot had watched the lamp too long.

"Sounded like a hiccup," Lloyd murmured. "Listen." Very sweetly, with clearly enunciated syllables, he began describing what happens to a rabbit when it's dead and has been left in the hot sun for a day or two. Tone's head began to turn vaguely.

"We'll do it again," the director snapped. Cameras turned, the boom moved overhead. And Franchot was too good to be true. But when the scene was finished he left the stage and didn't come back for a long time.

"I try to inspire my players to better performances," Lloyd said to me, lighting a new cigarette.

"You inspired poor Franchot," I said laughing. "But I suppose that's why you're good. You've made plenty of Academy winners anyway."

"That's only partly my fault. An actor is just as good as the part he plays, and naturally if he's got a swell rôle, and is a good player at the same time, an exceptional performance is the result. You remember Laughton won the award for 'Mutiny'? Well, he came to me on his first day of shooting and said, 'I've just seen the rushes of that little ship sailing along through the water. My God, I can't equal that. I can't do anything nearly as good as that.'"

"'Mimic the *Bounty*, then,' I told him. . . ."

Watching him, listening to his exact, precise voice, I was more than ever aware that here was one of the most astute men in Hollywood, with a will unelastic as wood and a determination that was almost ruthless. I remembered one or two examples of that determination, which are now history among the studio extra groups. Lloyd will tell you the anecdotes himself, if you ask him.

DURING the filming of "The Sea Hawk" there was one scene in which two ships were lashed together at the height of a battle, while furious warfare raged above decks. Any other director would have staged the whole thing in a safe Hollywood back lot. Lloyd took two boats and sailed out to sea for the shot.

It was getting dark, and the sky muttered solemnly of approaching storms. In the lean bowels of the galleys, several hundred prop slaves moved restlessly at the oars. Perfectly aware that at the moment of impact they might go into a panic and ruin his scene, Lloyd—with characteristic shrewdness—chained them all to their seats. And locked the chains.

With the camera whirring from every angle, the two ships moved swiftly toward each other through the murk. They struck, swerved, came to rest. Somehow the oars had caught together, tangled inextricably.

Lloyd, speechless with forebodings, came tumbling down the companion way. In the dimness hundreds of naked bodies lay writhing in one tortuous mass—each one still inextricably chained to its respective seat.

"Fortunately," remarks Lloyd calmly, "I had a camera turning in the hold at the time."

In "Divine Lady," he went far out from shore and lashed two ships together for a particular sequence. They were big ships and he had almost a thousand extras aboard the two of them, including a large number of women and children. They'd been shooting all morning, when the skipper of Lloyd's boat came to him and drew him aside. "How much longer do we have to stay out?" the captain wanted to know.

"Hours yet," Lloyd told him. "Why?"

The man was apologetic but firm. "Only that for the last twenty minutes I've had everyone below decks at the pumps. We've developed a leak and—I'm very sorry but I'm afraid—that we're going to sink any minute."

"Oh nuts," Lloyd said. Then, "Don't be too obvious about it but get the women and all those kids off. Hurry."

The children and the unexcited women went overboard in boats. "Nothing," the director answered those of the curious. "Nothing at all. We'll do that scene over," he instructed the cameramen.

They stayed two hours, until every scheduled shot was finished.

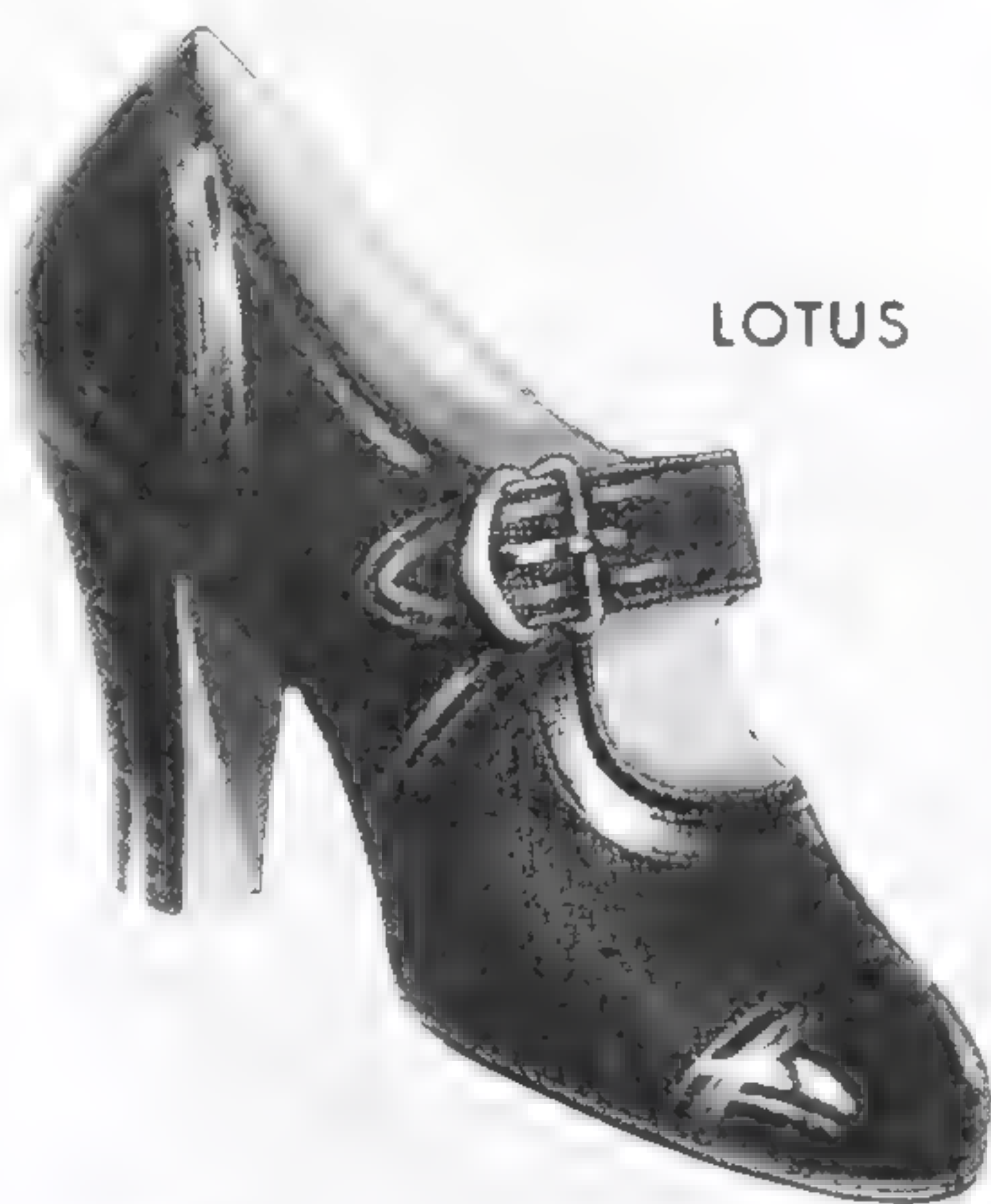
"I looked then," Lloyd told me. "And the water was exactly three feet from the railing. I ordered everybody into the remaining boats—called in a waiting tug and had the wallowing ship towed to some mudflats.

"We would have sunk in another five minutes."



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by Jane Heath

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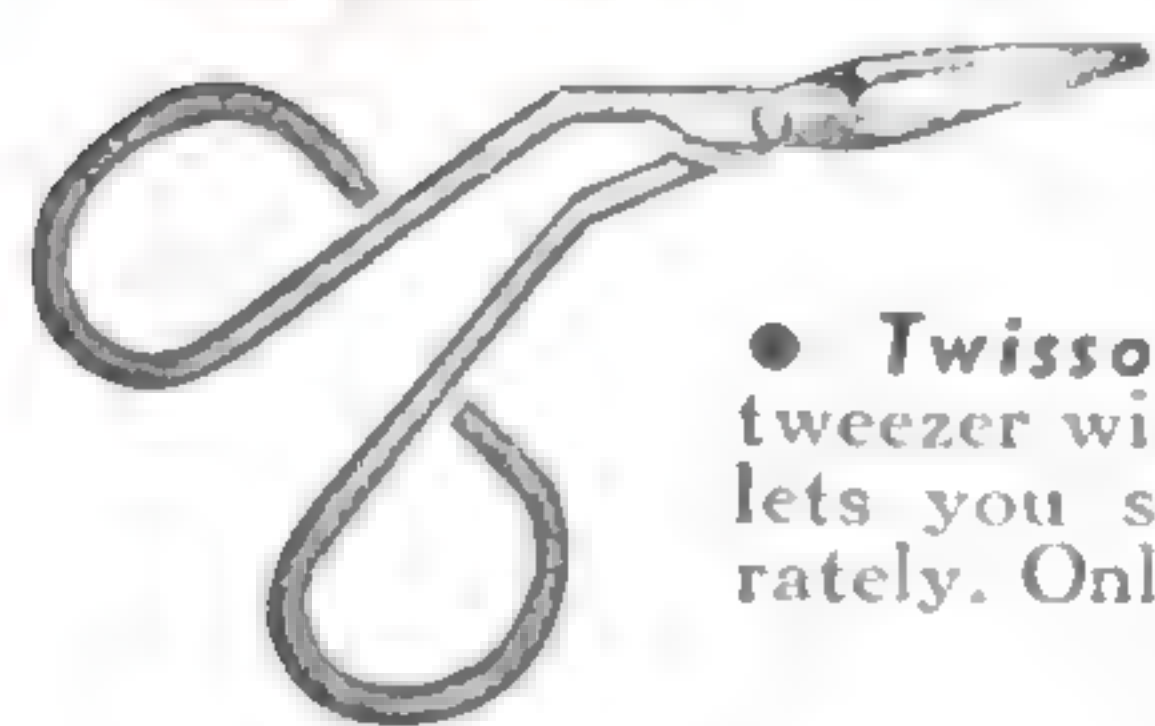
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You get that sort of thing when you work with this director. Paradoxically almost every actor in Hollywood schemes and wrangles to be in his pictures.

"It's dangerous, being authentic," he admitted. "But the public will pay for it. And I have never lost a man."

By the Grace of God, I thought, as he crossed his fingers in silent propitiation of The Deity.

WHEN his work on the set is finished, finally, and everyone has gone home with his neck intact, Lloyd's last job is in the cutting rooms. Sleepless, incredibly tired, voice still polite and eyes still grinning, he works side by side with the scissors girls; snipping film, pasting scenes together, dubbing in sound.

"Sound!" I said suddenly. "That reminds me. Not all of you veteran directors survived the Great Change from silence to noise—that must have been a worrying time."

"It was pretty bad—but then I was happy about it. You see we'd done just about all we could do with silent pictures. There weren't any more new paths to trod and it was getting just a little boring. Then when sound came in, I realized at once we couldn't handle it as they do on the stage. It had to be a merger between the old technique and the new."

"So I dug up the two best sound engineers in Hollywood, and for weeks I sat with them night and day, looking into the future, planning what courses to take. But only theoretically. I didn't want to learn too much about it."

"What?" I tossed him a puzzled look.

"Well, I wanted the road I set for myself to be fairly wide, fairly clear. And anyway my job is directing—if I learn too much about how to record, and so forth, then I'll go sticking my nose into the soundman's affairs, which would be a hindrance to him and a waste of time for me."

"This business is a specialist's Paradise."

"I never studied camera, either. Oh, I know the rudiments of photography. But that's a big job in itself and I don't want to confuse it

with my interference. I get the best cameramen, the best soundmen, and allow them full expression under certain control, of course. I tell the photographer what mood I want and let him find it; I tell the mixers what quality is needed and warn them about the spaces to leave for dubbing later. That's all. They do the rest, and I criticize when everything is finished. Usually the shots are perfect, the range for background music (I work with that department too) is just exactly right. And everybody is happier."

We sat silent for a moment, watching the sun slide along the edge of the sky. "It's a pretty good game, altogether," he said finally. "New things are happening all the time—television is an entity we can't ignore, and then there's color. Color! I hold no brief for it, you know."

"Life itself is in black and white—shades and hues are a detriment to a good portrayal. The public wants color with a mood, not a visual illusion done by a mechanical contrivance. The audience colors a scene for itself—the way it wants it. Of course, if the trend turns that way irrevocably then I'll have to follow along. But when I come to a scene where color would intrude, then I'll do it in dull gray shades."

"Anyway we haven't even started to do the things we can do in this business. So long as America will support big productions we'll turn them out and spend the money for them."

"The perfect picture will never be made, probably. But we're going to try to make it, notwithstanding."

A HINT of idealism after all, maybe? But it doesn't matter. Embodied in this particular tanned, dark-haired, good-looking gentleman is such strength as is written about but seldom seen. His is the tremendous power of detached intelligence, unemotional observation, unbreakable determination.

Frank Lloyd, and the work he does, are both on a grand scale. Than which sentence I can offer no greater evidence of my personal admiration.



Is Mary Pickford really going to marry Buddy Rogers at last? She looked so happy (at the right) about something the night she attended the premiere of "Everyman" at the Hollywood Bowl with Buddy and those love birds, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald

Ray Milland's Forgotten Year

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

says, and when he looks at you, you are conscious of intense blue eyes set in a lean, tanned, athletic face, "it is all quite true. Until Hollywood hit me that first time, I think I had been too lucky for my own good!"

All about us, the Paramount commissary seethed with its usual background of million dollar personalities consuming fifty cents worth of lunch in thirty minutes. Right now Ray is an important part of that picture. Wide eyed tourists gawked at him, and twice during our luncheon he was approached by the autograph hounds that seem to seep into studios in spite of the strictest regulations. But soon the place began to clear, and we were left to ourselves over at a quiet table by the windows.

HE said: "All my life things have happened pretty much the way I wanted them. The bare outline of the facts doesn't half begin to convey the ease with which I delved into first one career and then the other, and then managed to untangle myself when something ceased to be adventurous and became bore-some. Even the beginning of my film career in England had been so absurdly simple I could hardly appreciate that I was launched on a profession that demands a great deal of work, and application and study. And in the beginning I was thoroughly prepared to take Hollywood in stride as well!"

"The one thing I had not counted on, was finding here the 'one girl in the world' for me, meeting her and marrying her before my M-G-M contract was six months old." In 1931 Ray married Muriel Weber, daughter of a well-known Hollywood agent, a beautiful and charming girl whose eventual "Yes" was the luckiest event in an entire lifetime of lucky ones for Ray. They had a charming home. They were vastly in love. Ray had a contract with the leading "glamor studio" of Hollywood. What more could young love ask of life?

There was only one thing they did not take into consideration, the only thing Ray had never been forced to consider, and that was the possibility of *failure!*

"Gradually," he continued, "it began to dawn on me that I was not making very much headway in my Hollywood career. The rôles opposite the big stars like Shearer, Crawford, Harlow and Loy were being filled by others, and I was being relegated more and more to the background. In fact, the last six months of my contract, I was doing little more than bit work. Even when the most surprising blow of all came about, and my contract was not renewed after that first year, I did not take it too seriously. Muriel and I went to England for a visit, and when we returned I fully expected to take up where I had left off. Luck was still with me for one film. I went to Warner Brothers for the lead opposite Constance Bennett in 'Bought.' And then a very amazing thing happened. Or rather, nothing happened. I merely did not get any more work!"

IN Hollywood, his name was known to every important producer in town and his face was known to thousands of fans. Yet for one year Ray Milland could not obtain work in pictures! He was the victim of one of those strange fates that sometimes overtake successful actors, for

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no reason at all. At first, it had seemed such a temporary thing. Though his salary had never been large, compared to our best starring figures, he still maintained his home, his cars and what is called in Hollywood, a successful "front." But as time went on, and still no job in sight, his savings dwindled alarmingly.

He said: "It seemed to come out of a clear sky—but there it was and it had to be faced—I was broke! I literally didn't have a dime to my name. I was in a strange country, far from my friends and my family. And if I had ever imagined I had achieved any degree of fame in Hollywood, that idea was dispelled quickly in the six months when I could actually pass players I had worked with in pictures and realize they did not recognize me!

"Even now I can't believe Hollywood was cold-blooded. It was just that I was no longer in the swim! The people who bothered to think about me at all probably imagined I had returned to England for films, or that I might be working in independents.

"And I wasn't prepared for failure. Nothing that had ever happened in my life had prepared me for it. I suppose I lost my sense of values for a little while. To me, it seemed that my whole world had crashed, not only about me but about my wife. It didn't matter so much about myself. But I hated the idea of her sharing the poverty and privations and the humiliations I knew I had to face. I suppose I became impossible to live with. I wanted to be. I wanted Muriel to go back to the safety and comfort of her own home—at least until I could get on my feet again in some other business. By that time I was no longer worrying about picture work. I wanted a job—any kind of a job and I wanted it badly! Finally, I forced my wife to leave me!"

That wasn't easy. It wasn't easy for the man whose pride was so severely torn, or for the fine courageous girl who would have stayed by his side through thick and thin, if he had permitted it. It wasn't easy to make that girl believe he didn't love her any more, that he no longer needed her. It wasn't easy to look into the eyes of someone who loved you very much and pretend, for her own good, that she had become a greater burden and responsibility than love can bear. But that is the rôle Ray was forced to play—and divorce was the step his wife was eventually forced to take!

It was the beginning of the strangest, most humiliating lost year ever faced by a man who had once been on top of the Hollywood heap! After that divorce—there was nothing—an entire year of nothing for Ray Milland.

Night after night he walked the boulevards of a town that had forgotten him. Every day he spent searching for a job. But in the year 1932, a "forgotten actor" had no greater chance at one of those rareties in America, a *job* than the proverbial "Forgotten Man." One night he stood outside a drugstore, at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Crescent Heights, and ruefully scanned the banners that proclaimed "Fifty Cent Dinners Inside!" He didn't have fifty cents. He didn't have ten cents. But he had a dizzy terrifying hunger that made everything else in the world but a meal unimportant! Five minutes later he walked into that drugstore and consumed a meal that for sheer "excellence" topped any caviar and champagne supper he'd ever eaten! When he finished, when he was quite through with the world's most gorgeous cup of coffee he asked for the manager of the store.

Ray said: "I've just eaten fifty cents' worth of your excellent food. I can't pay for it. I don't know when I'll be able to pay for it. But

I want to work it out here in the store if you'll let me."

The man looked at him a moment. Suddenly, he grinned: "You're an actor, aren't you? Haven't I seen you in the movies?"

Ray grinned: "Possibly—if you haven't seen a movie for a long time."

"Well," drawled the manager, "I don't know what's happened, but you look as if you could handle several fifty-cent meals. Suppose you just decide to take your meals here for awhile, and we'll put it on the cuff!"

FOR thirty days Ray ate "on the cuff" at the corner drugstore, the guest of the world's grandest movie fan, as far as he was concerned. In fact, it was the manager of the drugstore who eventually put him on to applying for that job in the gasoline service station down the street. "There's an opening there," he told him. "You might as well try for it as not!"

Try for it! He was willing to break his neck for it! If it was ironic that he might be filling the gasoline tanks of the stars he had formerly worked with in pictures, it was a fact entirely wasted on Ray.

The only hitch was there were about one hundred other men with the same idea about that job! The smiling young lady at the big office, where they hired station attendants down in Los Angeles, thanked him very much for coming, but there just weren't any openings, and "they would let him know if anything came up!"

"If anything came up" . . . "if anything came up" . . . the great slogan of the Depression! Well, something had to come up for him. He wouldn't take "No" for an answer.

Every morning he took the bus, on borrowed money, and rode fifteen miles for the privilege of sitting from nine o'clock in the morning until five-thirty in the evening in the personnel office of a great oil company. Always he received the same reply: "We'll let you know

" but he kept on coming, and sitting there all day. One morning, after the second week of this vigil, an executive called Ray into his office. He was laughing. He said: "I think you've sat us out, young man. Anyway, I admire your persistence and courage. I'll get in touch with you in a day or two *with a job!*"

Not even the movie contracts he had signed for hundreds of dollars weekly ever sounded sweeter to Ray's ears than that promise of \$17.50 and a gas station job. It made him believe he wasn't thoroughly licked after all! Somehow the movies weren't so important in his day dreams, either. If only Muriel would wait . . . and perhaps understand in spite of everything!

Two days later, two telephone calls came for Ray at the Sunset Boulevard drugstore, "his telephone address." One was from the oil company manager. Ray was to report the following morning for work at the La Brea station. The other was from the Paramount Studio! If Mr. Milland was not working on another engagement, and if it was convenient would he please call at the casting office at Paramount to see about an important rôle with George Raft in "Bolero?"

As casually as that, it happened! As casually as though Ray had never for a minute been out of the picture. The studio didn't even know he wasn't working elsewhere. It was funny to Ray, bitterly funny! It was even funnier when he signed a contract late that afternoon, for the second lead in Raft's picture, at a salary of \$750 weekly! The picture was to start in two days—and briefly, that was the ending of Ray Milland's incredible lost year in Hollywood, for he has gone on since

GLADYS SWARTHOUT'S HUSBAND TALKS

At last—a man who's proud to bask in his wife's reflected glory! Who, in fact, does his unselfish best to enhance that glory—in spite of the fact that he's a talented artist in his own right.

In December PHOTOPLAY, Frank Chapman, Gladys Swarthout's singer husband, told in his own words how he feels about sacrificing his own career for the sake of his wife's. Don't miss this heroically human tale, "I Love Being a Movie Star's Husband," in next month's number—

On the Newsstands November 10th

then to "We're Not Dressing," "Many Happy Returns," "The Gilded Lily," "Four Hours To Kill," and eventually to a long-term Paramount contract. But it is not the ending of his story:

THE day after that magical telephone call found Ray once again in the oil manager's office. He didn't know this one picture would be the start of a new career for him. He didn't trust Hollywood. He might need that gas station job again some day. So he told his benefactor he was "called back East because of illness in his family." They shook hands.

But far more important than anything else, than any new chance on the screen could ever be, was winning back his wife! After all, nothing else mattered if Muriel was not there to share it with him. And in spite of the divorce between them, their second courtship bloomed all over again. Never was a suitor more persistent. Flowers every day . . . theaters and cafes and long rides along the beach every night. And because they had never really fallen out of love for one minute, Muriel came to understand so many things that had hurt and puzzled her, and eventually, to forgive. Early in 1934, the Ray Millands were remarried!

A fantastic Hollywood experience? It is certainly the most amazing I have ever heard. Today Ray is regarded as the most promising young actor headed for stardom on the Paramount lot. He has his home, his cars, his future, and his wife back again. Autograph hounds follow him wherever he goes along the same boulevards he walked, discouraged and hungry, less than two years ago. But to Ray, the truly important thing is the finer and happier marriage he has built on the rocks of that disaster and the two great friendships that were born from it.

"It was one of the happiest days of my life when I could walk into that drugstore at Crescent and Sunset and settle the cash debt for the meals I'd eaten. I'll never be able to settle the spirit of that debt. And I'll never receive any fan letter that could possibly mean as much to me as the one that came from the manager of the oil company, the man who offered me that gas station job! It came right after I'd made 'The Gilded Lily' with Claudette. He wrote he had seen the picture with his wife and family the night before. He recognized me. He wanted to congratulate me and wish me success. But far more important than the rest, he added that *he was keeping that job open for me if I ever needed it again!*"

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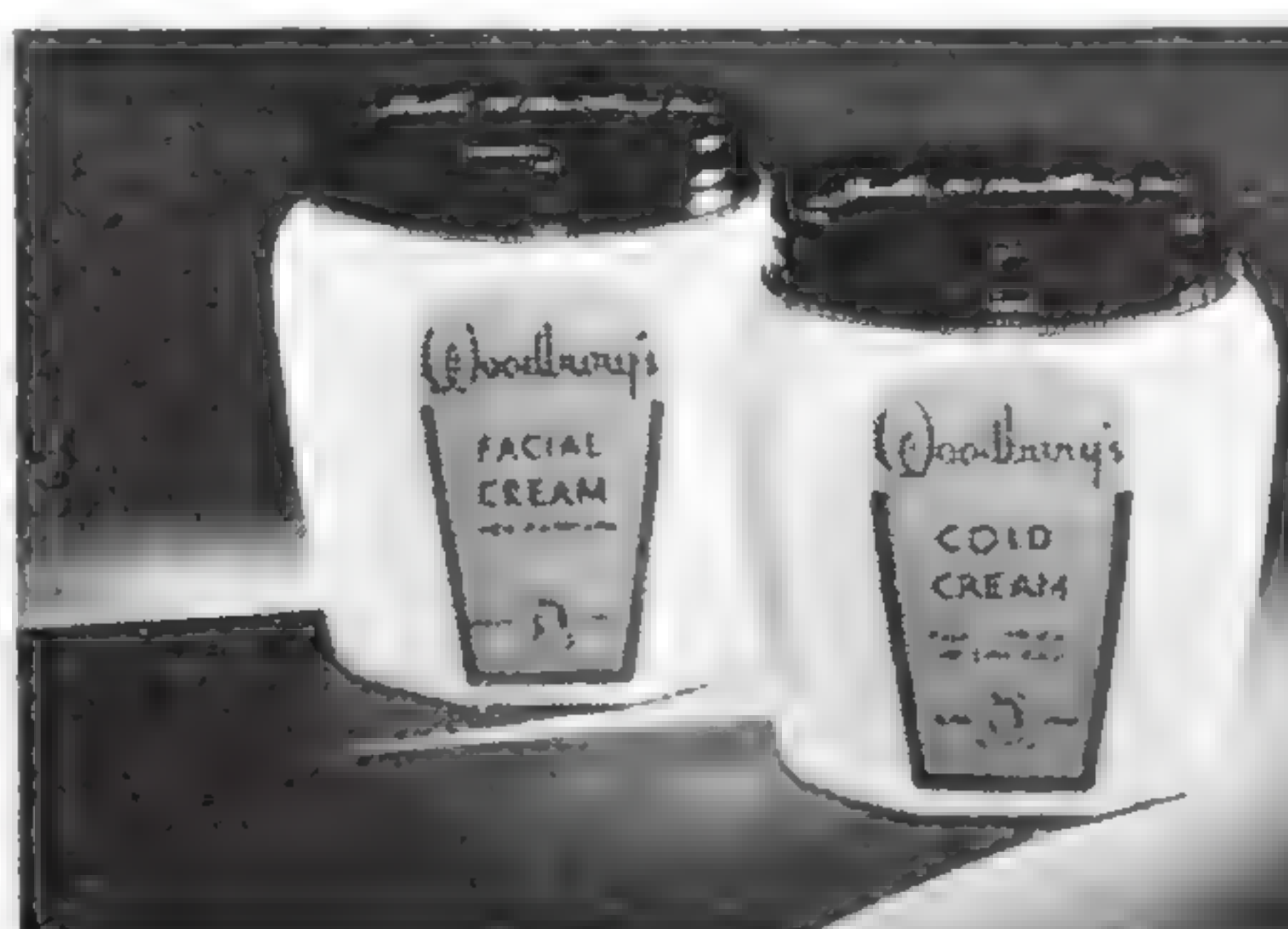
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The STONES GIVE A NEW KIND of PARTY

A "nickelodeon" party was given by Fred and Paula Stone, in their garden. Top, the Pat O'Briens are greeted by the host and hostess as they drove up in a hansom-cab. The guests enjoyed old-time movies

Left, Drew Ebersson and Glenda Farrell discovered peanuts were included in the refreshments. Right, Chic Sale and daughter, Cherry. Above, Craig Reynolds, Pat Ellis, Paula, Dennis Moore and Tom Brown

Open for Inspection

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

good many women lose sight of when choosing their shadow is that, not only must the color of the eye be taken into consideration; the natural color of the lid, as well, should be carefully studied. In a blue-eyed woman, for instance, some lids will take more kindly to a blue that is almost violet, while others have a natural affinity for a grayed shade, and still others respond to a light true blue.

The lovely new cream mascaras, in a variety of shades, eliminate any chance of "that beady look" and do wonders for you in the way of deepening the color of your eyes and enlarging their size. If you don't use mascara, a fine line drawn with a brow pencil, just at the root of the lashes, will give results. If you repeat this line at the edge of the lower lashes, starting it at the center and carrying it out to the edge (always blending it, of course), it will make your eyes appear larger.

For helpful hints on eye beauty and the names of new products—including a new cream, a new color make-up and a complete new facial treatment—contained in our latest leaflet "An Eye to Beauty," send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

BUT do remember that the sparkle of health, the twinkle of humor and a shining interest in your companions and surroundings will do more to make your eyes beautiful than all the tricks in the world. Don't let them become disfigured by dark, unlovely circles or pouches that look as though they were trying to hold your eyes off your cheeks. Keep your body fit and your mood light and gay. Let your eyes speak for you as well as for themselves.



Marc Connelly, author of "Green Pastures," and Julie Haydon at the Ambassador. Julie is making a comeback. She will appear soon in "Maytime"

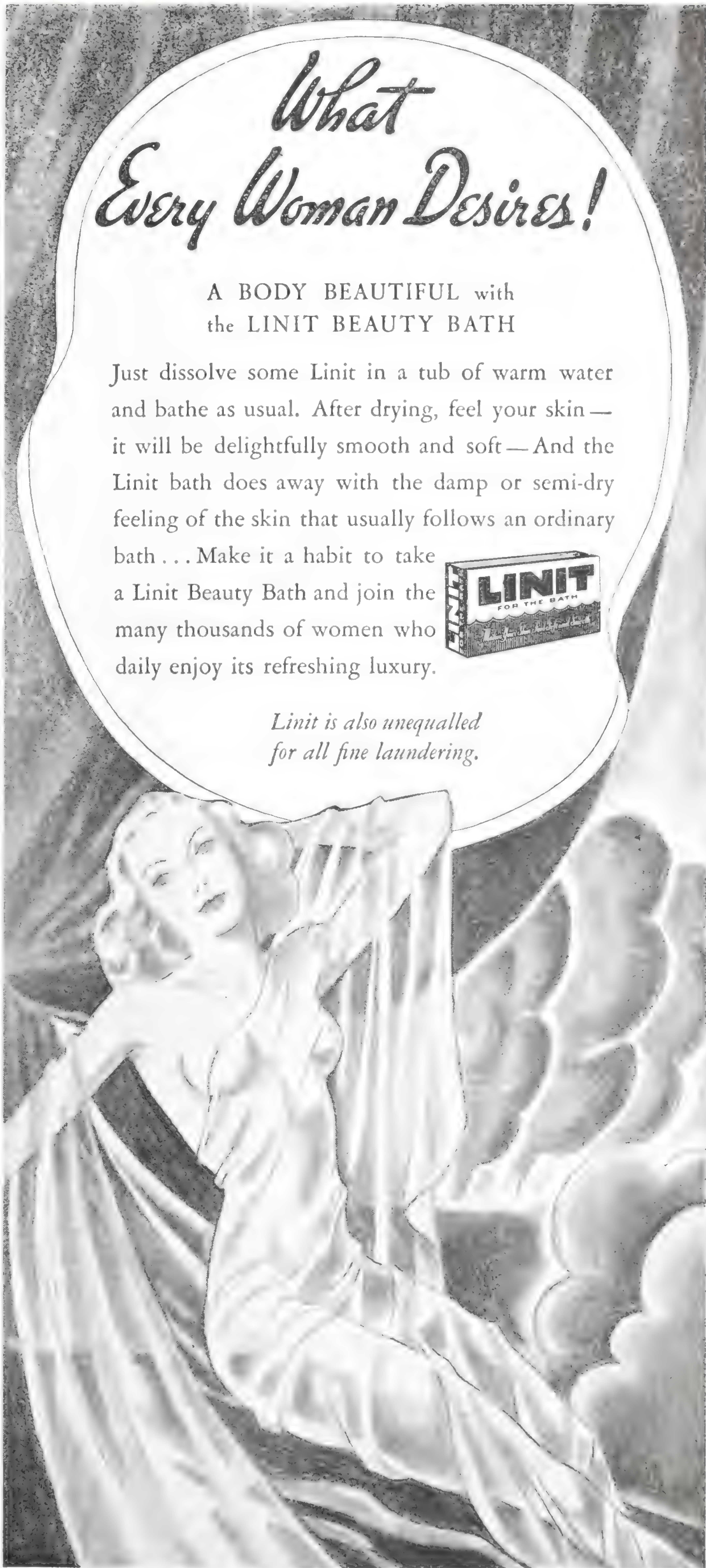
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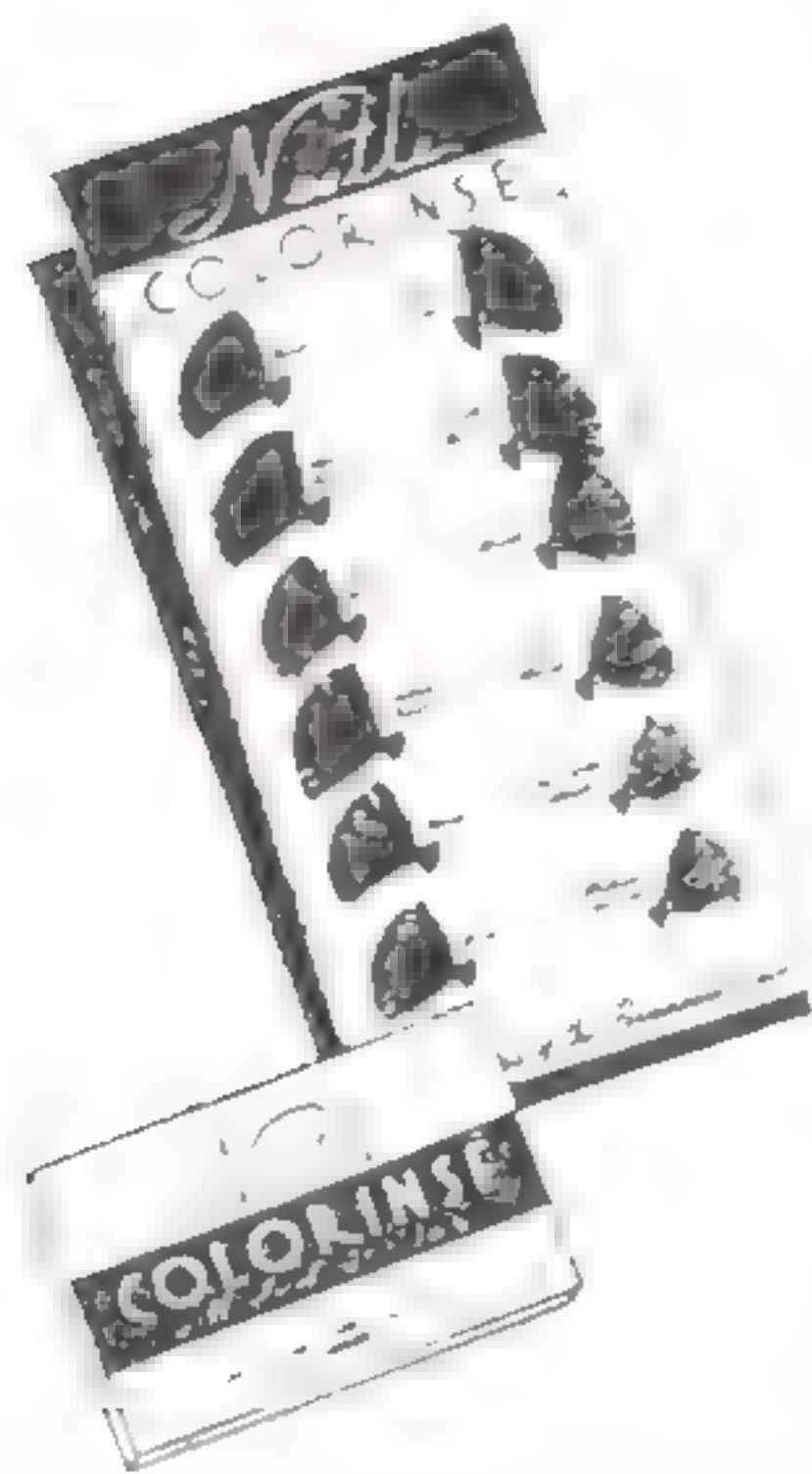


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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

THANK YOU, JEEVES!—20th Century-Fox

THIS screen version of P. G. Wodehouse's charming story of an English gentleman's gentleman who unwittingly becomes involved in high adventure is pretty weak entertainment. Droll Arthur Treacher is wasted in a rôle made ridiculous by poor dialogue, meaningless slap-stick and very bad direction. David Nivens, Virginia Field, Douglas Walton and others troup valiantly.

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER—GB

ADDING to an already swollen list of war stories, the trumped up situations and ridiculous dialogue in this one are such a tax on credulity that the spirited performance of Constance Bennett as the lady-of-the-evening who helps an English soldier escape from a German prison camp, is utterly lost. Douglass Montgomery is wooden, and Oscar Homolka, expert in his characterization of the martinet police official, deserves much better. A disappointment.

THE CAPTAIN'S KID—Warners

UTTERLY unimportant and fairly amusing, this is another in the Shirley Temple tradition with little Sybil Jason holding the spot. It's an innocuous and improbable comedy about treasure in a summer resort, with Guy Kibbee as an old salt and May Robson a cantankerous grandmother. Tunes are good and so is newcomer Fred Lawrence's voice.

WIVES NEVER KNOW—Paramount

HERE is rollicking laugh-stuff with the Charley Ruggles-Mary Boland combine enhanced considerably by Adolph Menjou's

sophisticated humor. Charley's a botanist who is happy with his wife until author Menjou comes along; he sows the seed of discontent and gets embroiled in the amusing results. Vivienne Osborne plays the temptress.

BULLDOG EDITION—Republic

WHAT might have been the exciting story of rival city newspapers fighting a circulation war turns out to be confusing melodrama of just average entertainment. The action centers around Ray Walker, a newspaper circulation manager, Evalyn Knapp, sob-sister, and Regis Toomey, a managing editor. The shooting starts when Cy Kendall, racketeer, is hired by the rival paper to "make trouble."

THE GIRL ON THE FRONT PAGE—Universal

CLEVER dialogue resulting in plenty of laughs and the satisfying performance of Edmund Lowe raise this little picture into good entertainment. It's about a society girl inheriting a newspaper and the trouble she has with a hard-boiled managing editor, until love comes along.

Beautiful Gloria Stuart is the abused but determined owner. Spring Byington and Reginald Owen are fine in supporting rôles.

THE ACCUSING FINGER—Paramount

WITH the abolishment of capital punishment as its theme, this stirring story of a prosecuting attorney who is accused and convicted of murder only to be reprieved at the last minute, plants many seeds for thought and offers fine entertainment at the same time. Paul Kelly, as the prosecuting attorney, is splendid. Marsha Hunt, Kent Taylor, Robert Cummings are excellent.



Sixteen years ago Mary MacLaren and Elizabeth Risdon were members of the Marshall stock company in Baltimore, Maryland. This week they were reunited for the first time on the set of "Theodore Goes Wild" at Columbia

Hugh Herbert Isn't All He Wise-Cracks to Be

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

the barber thought was screwy was in reality the birth of a funny idea. The scaring-himself scene turned out to be an hilarity high-spot in the picture.

AS for his taking French leave in the middle of a conversation, that is quite plausibly explained by the fact that he is a nervous, restless, energetic little man and that no chair or no conversationalist can hold him for long. Also by the fact that he is essentially a homebody and a putterer, that too much sun on his flowers will always worry him more than what anyone might think of his odd behavior. Again, if the odor of unbottled pickles in the kitchen assails him he is one of those delightful creatures who will follow his nose rather than Emily Post's etiquette book. But never let it be said that he doesn't bring a pickle for you back with him! I had three the other day, and what pickles they were—put up by Mrs. Herbert's mother!

As for the fruit salad tree in the yard, this is no foolish fancy. The tree does have three different kinds of fruit on it, and the tree was created by the wizardry of no less a personage than the great Luther Burbank. It was on the same ground, which is now occupied by the Herbert ranch, that this man made many of his early experiments.

The fish pool in the living room, strangely enough, was also there long before the living room was. They just built around it. And the totem pole, too, was another fixture on the place before Hughie took it over. For sentiment's sake, not for foolishness, Hughie decided to let them remain.

SO you can see that even in superficial things comedians aren't always what they wise-crack to be.

I have never met one yet who wasn't essentially serious, sentimental, and who didn't spring from a bitter, tragedy-laden childhood. It is the dreariness of the early life, I suppose, which usually makes them that way. And all the great ones did start life in gloom, let there be no doubt about that.

There's Chaplin to head the list, and there's Cantor, Jolson, Jessel, Holtz, Benny, Burns, Healy, Fay and dozens of others to lengthen it.

Hugh Herbert is no exception.

How a laugh career could be the blossom of such early bitterness is hard to imagine, but facts tell the tale. As he says himself, in typical humor, "I was born many years ago, at an early age, of poor but Scotch parents. They considered drowning me, but Pop said, 'Ah, we might as well keep it. It might be good for laughing purposes.'" But in spite of the laugh that Hughie injects into this statement, there is, behind it, a sad truth. It's quite likely that the Herberts *would* have considered drowning Hughie that night he was born, if there hadn't been a law against it.

It is one of the most poignant stories I have ever heard.

In that tiny flat on New York's east side, a father paced the floor. But he was not pacing the floor because of the baby that was about to be born in the inner room. In fact he wasn't exactly pacing. He was hastening from kitchen to living room and back again and he was carrying, of all things, hot pancakes. Nor was he eating them. On the day bed there in the living room a boy was lying. His name was

Jim and he was only about five years old, but on his face was the pale mask of death. He could scarcely breathe. His body was bathed with cold sweat.

Gently the father would open the covers, remove one cold pancake from his chest, and replace it with a hot one. With each application, he made a little prayer. Back in the kitchen again he would drop more batter on the griddle, and the warm rich fumes of it would almost make him ill.

He hadn't eaten for two days. Neither had his wife. There wasn't much to eat, and even if there had been, there was the worry which had crowded out their hunger.

Jim was their first-born, their beloved. From the kitchen the father could hear the boy calling for his mother, who lay in the next room in the awful agony of childbirth. Because of the coming of this second child Jim might die.

THEN there was that faint cry from the inner room—an early version of the "Woo-woo-oo!" which has since made that baby famous—and the father sighed with relief. A few minutes later the doctor emerged and turned his attention to Jim.

"My wife?" asked the husband.

"She's all right," the doctor told him.

Three days passed before it occurred to the father to ask about the baby.

Jim was ill all that year and the next. There were spells when he got better, then relapsed. Finally, at the end of three years, he got better for good, and Hughie might have come in for a little attention at this point, except for the arrival of a third boy, Tom.

"So you see, I just sort of slipped in between," Hugh now explains. "Nobody ever paid any attention to me. That's why I guess, as I grew older, I thought I'd like to be an actor. It sort of meant going out into the world and showing them how important I could be to other people at least. A lot of fellows become actors just to *show* somebody. Then, too, we lived in so many different houses and on so many streets that I found we had a following even when I was very young, mostly landlords and bill collectors, but nevertheless, a following, and I suppose that got into my blood.

"I was on a Thanksgiving day that things came to a showdown. I was only about thirteen at the time. Jim had a job at Proctor's Theater on 125th Street, as an usher. Tom was selling papers after school. I was the only one who didn't work at something and that was because the groceryman I used to work for had fired me, for reading about actors, when I should have been working. Pop was having a tough time then—he was in the building business and the only way things were building in those days was up to an awful letdown (apologies to Mr. Astaire)—so I can't blame him for being sore at me, but anyway he said something that day which got my goat. We were just sitting down to the table and I said something, very reverently, about thanking God for the food, and Pop said, 'Well, He's the one you'd *better* thank for it. You certainly aren't bringing any of it in.'

"So I said, 'Thank you, and I won't take any of it out either,' and right there is where I got up and left. Left the food right on my plate—and I was hungry too. That was really

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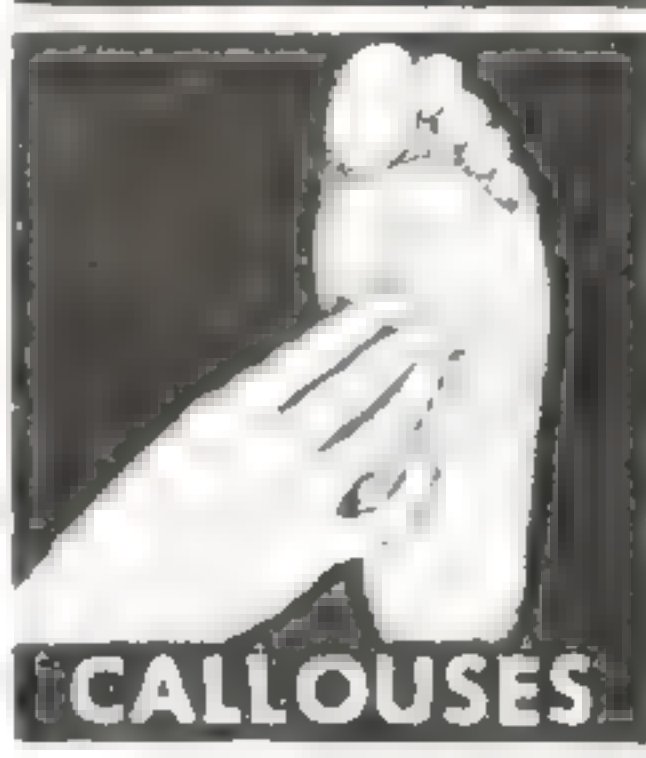
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Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on *How to Use Your Hands Correctly*. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it *without charge* to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30th, 1937.

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the beginning of my career—a melodramatic exit speech!

"I never lived at home again. I never went back to school, never finished grammar school even, but I guess education doesn't matter much in this business, anyway. The only thing that's important is knowing which fork to use, and I know that all right—when somebody nudges me."

THUS, at thirteen, Hugh Herbert, with tears in his eyes, set out to make people laugh.

"My brother helped me get an usher's job in the same theater with him. They had a very good stock company there at the time, and while I got a thrill being in and around the theater, my mind was really on the other side of the footlights. I had had a faint taste of the stage before, because when I was eleven, during summer vacation, I had appeared on the stage with a Barrymore. Not John or Lionel, but their father, the great Maurice Barrymore. I only got 50 cents a week for it, and I was only one of the village children who welcomed home the Squire, but anyway it was acting.

"Finally, however, at Proctor's, I got my chance. They were going to do that old play, 'Blue Jeans,' and what a play!

"There is one scene in that second act that, for real dramatic punch, is without comparison in modern shows. A traveling table carries logs to a great circular saw. As the noon whistle blows (don't ask me why, except that it's noon), the villain enters and after a terrific struggle subdues the hero and places his body on the traveling table.

"Well, I was chosen to play one of the mill hands, and I wore a fierce black mustache to give my boyish countenance an appearance of age. Ahem! And did I have a part! All goes well in the scene until the heroine, watching through the window, sees the evil purpose of the villain. He is about to split the hero like a herring. Then I make my entrance and assist the beautiful heroine to snatch the unconscious (really unconscious) form of the hero from a terrible death. I tell her to *have no fear*. And did I tell her. I told her so well that, believe it or not, I took bows with the two principals!

"A LITTLE while after that I got another part, this time in 'The Bells of Hazelmere,' and by that time I really thought I deserved a dressing room, so I asked for one. And I got it! True, I had to share it with a calf who had quite a good part in the show, but anyway I was convinced that I was on my way to theatrical stardom and a little bit of cowflesh wasn't going to stop me.

"There was a fellow, Red—I've forgotten his other name—who was an assistant property man and who also wanted to be an actor, and one day he said to me, 'Hughie, I think we'd be a great team!' He had written an act. He was to play a Dutch comic and I was to play a Jew.

"We rehearsed and finally got a date. The Metropolitan Laundry Employees gave a ball and we were supposed to be part of the entertainment. Red and I started our act and everything might have gone all right except that Red forgot to ask the right questions. We were terrible and the audience knew it. They started showering us with bottles, glasses and hot dogs. The bottles and glasses we could have stood but the mustard on the hot dogs was too much.

"That experience made me think that maybe the building business might be best after all.

"So, for a couple of years, I tried to cultivate

a liking for stone, brick and cement. I was concrete inspector for a while on the Pennsylvania Terminal job. But my heart just wasn't in it.

My muscles were strengthening, but my spirit was weak.

"It was about that time that Marcus Loew formed a talking picture circuit which operated in about thirty houses.

"They weren't really talking pictures as we know them today; they were silents, but a man and woman stood behind the screen and talked the parts. Frank McCoy, a friend of mine, was one of those talkers. We used to meet at Jacobi's saloon on Tenth Avenue and he used to tell me about it, so it was through him that I finally got a job as a talker, too.

"I made fifteen dollars a week and did as many as eighteen or twenty shows a day. That's why you never hear me complaining about this 'difficult' picture business today.

EVENTUALLY, a number of years later, I got into an act which was a lifesaver. Not only did I make good money out of it, but it began to establish my name. It was called 'The Son of Solomon' and in it I played the part of a nice old Jew father.

"It's funny; although I'm Scotch and a Christian, for years in vaudeville I played Hebrew characters, and many of my closest friends today can't be convinced that I'm anything but Jewish. It's a good religion and were I born a Jew I certainly wouldn't deny being one.

"As a matter of fact my wife, Rose, is Jewish. We've been married twenty years. I guess that shows you what I think of them."

Ten of those years, incidentally, have been lived in marriage-jinxed Hollywood. They came to the coast when Hughie was offered a round-trip ticket, a bonus of \$500 and a good salary to appear in a show at the Hollywood Music Box.

At the time he was more interested in writing than in acting, and had written a number of shows and vaudeville sketches which were playing all over the country.

It never occurred to him to enter pictures as an actor, but he did let it be known that he could be hired as a writer, and he was. At Warner Brothers he wrote the first all-talking picture "Lights of New York." A copy of this picture is now entombed in the Hall of Fame at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C.

Hughie says, "Now aren't you proud to know me!"

FROM then on you know the rest. Talking pictures began to grow in popularity and Hughie grew with them. He finally gave up writing altogether and went back to his first urge, acting.

"People seem to enjoy me on the screen," he explains, "because I always act the part of a dullard, a very stupid fellow . . . and that makes them feel superior. And who doesn't like feeling superior!"

But knowing his story now we can't feel superior to the off-screen Hugh Herbert. He started with nothing and has wound up with everything he ever wanted, including a chicken ranch.

"Didn't you know?" he asked. "Every actor is a potential chicken farmer! Living in hotels and being bounced around so much is, I suppose, what does it."

On his chicken ranch Hugh Herbert also raises turkeys. He has a hundred and seventy-five of them at present . . . in memory of—you've guessed it, that one Thanksgiving dinner which he never tasted!

The Americanization of Freddie Bartholomew

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

kick you hard, Freddie?" we asked him.

"I thought," said Freddie, his eyes rolling upward; "he had lifted me to heaven."

His contacts with American children have been few. He's learned from his stand-in and from Jackie Searle and a few others. And then came his first contact with that blasé man of the world, sixteen year old Mickey Rooney, a typical American tough-nut who doesn't care who knows it. Also Jackie Cooper, fourteen. Now came his chance to prove himself.

He sat between them on the set, ignored. They talked through him, over him, around him, but never to him.

"Well, I think—" Freddie would begin and that was as far as he got. Squelched. That's what he was, squelched.

They plotted against him. A seat in a chair was cut loose for Freddie to sit in. He did. And there he was for all to see, doubled up like a jack knife, the rear of him resting on the floor. They went even farther. While Jackie was extricating him, Mickey saw to it that the seat of his pants remained behind.

Whatever went on inside him no one knows, but on the surface, at least, Freddie was delighted. Here, at last, was attention. They actually knew he existed.

He voiced his approval in long words in English purity that left Cooper and Rooney only a second best after all.

"To talk like that without any seat in your pants at the same time, boy, is somepin'."

He sits between them today, one of them—no longer ignored. They look at him as he races about the set with a respectful look in their eyes.

"A sort of a woman's man," Mickey explains him, "but a good guy and a game kid. A gentleman," he says, "but the kid can't help it. So don't get him wrong."

THE three recently sat on the edge of director Van Dyke's swimming pool eating watermelon. Mickey deliberately spit every seed in Freddie's direction. The boy smiled tolerantly and went on eating. The seed shower continued. Finally Freddie's Mid-Victorian meekness gave way to the tempo of America, 1936. He arose and very deliberately squashed his watermelon in Rooney's face.

"Smack in his puss," Little Lord Fauntleroy Freddie explains.

Raised solely by a maiden aunt and his grandparents, he had every chance of being spoiled beyond any use. He isn't. Again his good sense and good judgment stand him well.

Child psychologists should be interested, nay dumbfounded, at the explanation given for his lack of ego.

"He was feted, exploited, fussed over, after his success in 'David Copperfield,'" his aunt Cissie explains, "but it failed to spoil him in the least because it in no way topped the praise, the love, the adulation, the applause I have always given him—both his grandparents and I.

"Ours he knew to be real, lasting, sincere. The world's praise could never surpass ours for genuine love and faith."

Always on and up Aunt Cissie keeps his eyes raised, never permitting them to rest a moment on the work he has already achieved. "Oh, there's so much ahead to be done, to be accomplished, isn't there, Freddie? So much to be learned before you can be a good actor?"

"So much yet to be learned," is her constant pronouncement.

"Yes," he replies, his mind fastened on some distant horizon, "so much to be learned."

He had the strange, uncanny experience of having to prove himself *after* his great success in "David Copperfield." The studio was a-tremble over his ability to play another rôle. They weren't even sure he was an actor, for so perfectly did he suit the rôle of *David*, so consistently was he *David*, they claimed it wasn't even acting. It was just living a part.

They needn't have twittered. He proved himself every inch an artist in "Anna Karenina" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." He's going right on proving it.

Despite this belief of Aunt Cissie (and undoubtedly a sincere one) that her love and applause for Freddie can never be topped by the fan world, it was Freddie's own good sense, his ability to stand off and look at life objectively, and the stinging cold shower of America's demands that he measure up, that kept his little feet firmly on the ground. His intuitive sense guided him on the right way.

An illustration that proves him unmoved by mob hysteria is told by a close friend of the family. After a particularly gooey day of pawing, cheering, crowding about him while he was making personal appearances in New York, (enough to turn the heads of most adults) he turned to Cissie and whispered, "Let's get away from here and get a ham sandwich and you a new hat, Cis. You're a sight in that hat and I want a sandwich. Ham, too."

His stomach, boy like, came before the cheers.

THE strange combination of boy and man is illustrated in these two episodes.

We sat at lunch with Freddie in the M-G-M commissary. He ordered his hamburgers and pop, twisted his lasso and told of his adventures with Mickey and Jackie. We smiled at his little boy tales of fun and play. All about us sat groups of men, some of them weary, some deep in business discussions and some merely intent on their lunch. Not one of them gave more than a passing "hello" to Freddie.

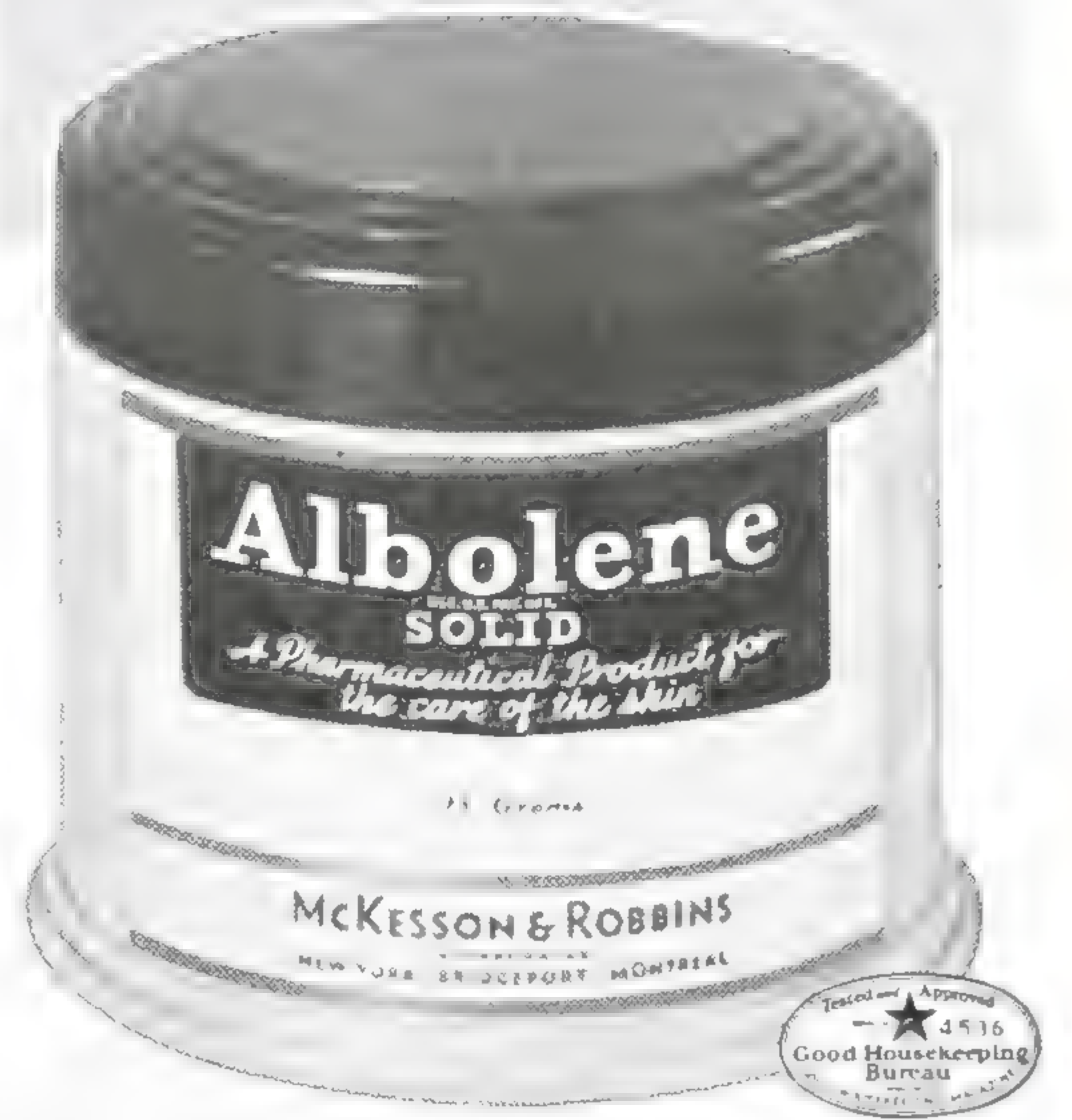
And then, somehow, the conversation drifted to other things and suddenly Freddie was exploiting his opinion of some weighty question of importance and we became conscious, over and above our interests, that something was happening about us. Men were holding forks in mid-air, too enrapt to eat. Napkins were laid down. Chairs turned sideways.

A man was speaking. Uncannily the little boy had gone, disappeared, and in his place, a man. Expressing adult views in an adult manner. In five minutes more he was back with Mickey and Jackie and himself on a stage set having fun.

Again it happened in a lawyer's office during that heartbreaking ordeal when his parents fought to take him from his beloved Aunt Cissie. He was on the floor playing with a toy while Cissie and the lawyer talked. Suddenly he arose and faced the lawyer. "Tell me," he said, "why is it such a law can be enforced? Doesn't the law in this case contradict itself?"

And on and on he went. A man with a man's mind, probing, questioning, reasoning while the lawyer sat stupefied. When he had finished he was back on the floor again with his toy.

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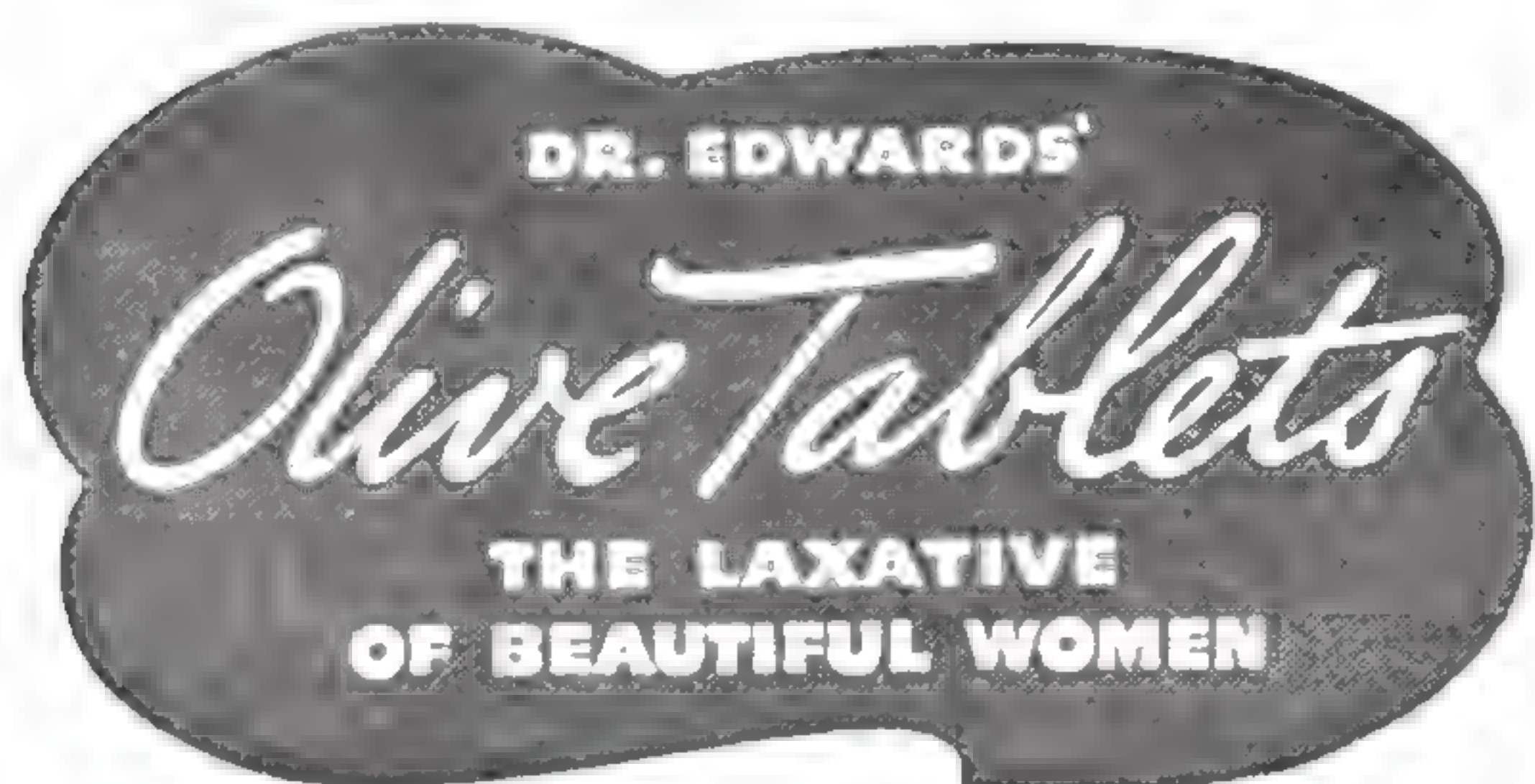


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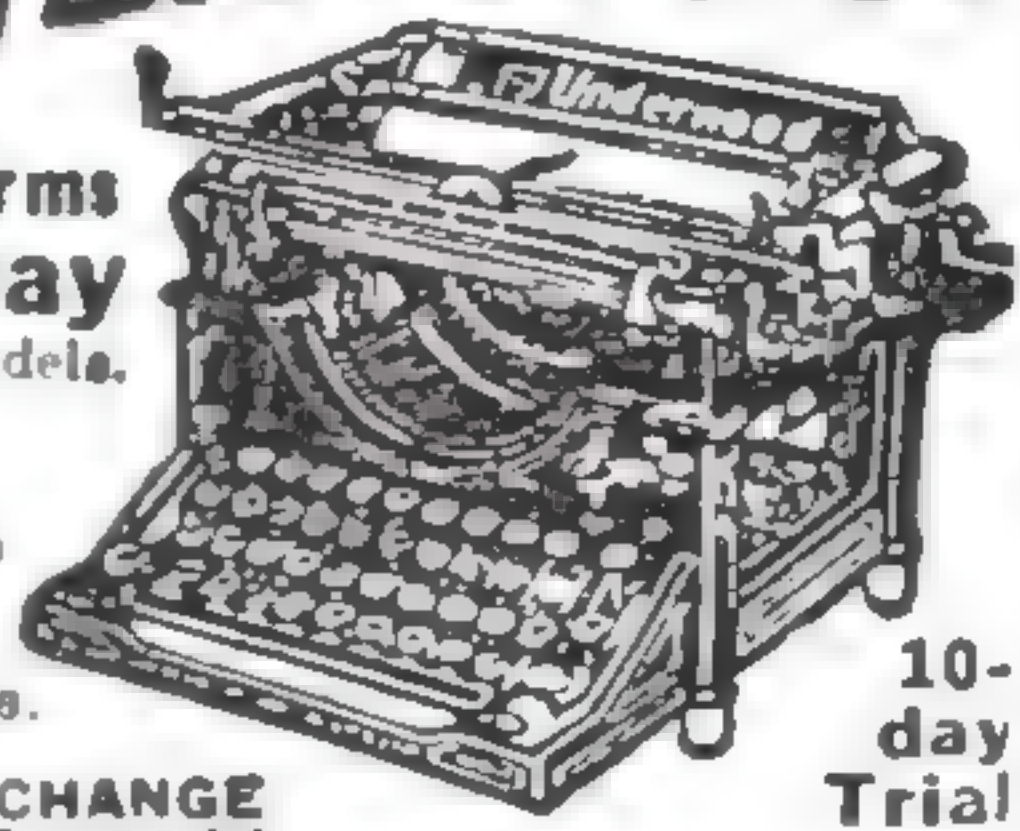
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Fortunately his extreme sensitiveness had had the edges worn off before he ever embarked for America. It saved him from being crushed under. He was too used to brusque refusals of London theatrical agents and managers, too used to sharp "No's," to be downed.

"I've seen the seamy side," he confided to me at luncheon and, of course, practically put me under the table, soup and all.

Again, I say, much goes on in his head. He's been just as busy sizing up America, for instance, as America has been in taking stock of Freddie.

After the court trial was over, Cissie went to him with a sad tale. "All your money, Freddie, is gone. Remember how we traveled in busses and skimmed and saved for you to save a certain sum? Well, dear, our lawyers and your parents' lawyers have taken nearly all of it. Court battles cost money, you know, and then you must pay your parents so much from now on." She broke down and wept while he comforted her.

That night he came into her room to say his prayers, a twinkle in his eye.

"And dear God," he prayed, "please let me make a lot of money. Cis, the funny old thing, seems to think a lot of money so necessary. I think it's America got hold of her."

Even Aunt Cissie had to laugh.

Two years after! It isn't always a pretty picture after sudden, quick fame. And yet, only a short time ago, he attended the Hollywood premiere of "Anthony Adverse." The crowds cheered as he passed. "Wave to them," Cissie whispered. "Do something to show your appreciation."

"Quiet! They're not cheering me," he hissed back. "They are," she insisted. "Wave to them instantly."

Still doubtful, he waved his hand to them and a rousing cheer answered him. His face shone. "I love Americans," he said later. "Can you imagine them cheering me when I'm not even in the picture?"

Yes, it's two long years after.

"Will America ever break the spirit or destroy the sensitive genius of the boy?" We asked a brilliant director.

He smiled. "It's the finest thing that ever happened to him. It's my opinion that it has been a saving grace to that spiritual and super-sensitive lad. He can use what he has learned here as a balancing lever. His Americanism will now act as a balance, never permitting one side to completely outweigh the other."

His absorption of America has been slow but steady and very definitely has proceeded from the outside in.

UNDER his coat are no longer braces but suspenders. Hamburgers, hot dogs and ham sandwiches have replaced suet pudding and cabbage delights. A wad of gum rests contentedly in his right cheek. His five cents allowance a day is spent in a riot of gum and candy buying. Aunt Cissie has become just plain Cis. Her stories of his little quirks and tricks are to be tolerantly smiled at. He's that big. Elevators, not lifts, hoist him upward. Cops and robbers have replaced cricket. An accent is something to get rid of. A toy pistol, a cowboy lasso, a speeding motorbike, with colored Edward clinging behind for dear life, are new things to love and enjoy.

Dickens and Sir Walter Scott have given way to Zane Grey and Mark Twain. A boy named *Tom Sawyer* has taken the place in the heart once occupied by a boy named *Copperfield*.

English ballads have completely surrendered to "St. Louis Blues." "Ya woo hoo hoo" he moans it. "It's Cab Callaway," he explains. "It's hot music. Why, they think I'm so good at it I'm going to do it in my new picture. I'm a crooner."

"Wa wa hoo hoo."

He has wrapped all these things about him like a cloak. They are America. He must wear them and learn their value.

He has. They have slowly but surely seeped through the surface of the little boy who came to us as *David Copperfield*. How well and how deeply they have penetrated was understood one night at the Hollywood bowl. Thousands of people were gathered to pay their respects to the memory of Will Rogers and suddenly, out of a clear sky, they called on Freddie to speak.

Undaunted by the vast audience, he took his place on the huge platform and gazed out over the many upturned faces. A fluttering banner caught and held his attention.

"You know," he said, and that entire audience thrilled to something so sincere in his childish voice. "You know, I'm very happy to be standing under the Stars and Stripes tonight."

America had finally reached the heart and core of Freddie Bartholomew.

And I think our director friend is right. America will be good for him.

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

Both are poorly dressed, but both have more glamor than a dozen more famous stars. They have intenseness; they put everything they have into their magnificent lines. This picture should make both of them stars overnight.

The surprise of the month is "Lloyd's of London" at 20th Century-Fox. We expect a modern melodrama about unusual insurance risks and find, instead, a dramatic history of the beginning of one of the world's most amazing enterprises. A companion piece, as it were, to "The House of Rothschild." That, alone, is a tip-off that here is a picture which will be worth seeing.

The set is the interior of Lloyd's Coffee House, London, in the year 1780. Old stained wood walls, massive and stately old furniture

beamed ceilings. The room is crowded with men—men wearing knee breeches, colorful frock coats, tricorne hats. Among them are Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Johnson and Boswell. The principal players in the scene are Sir Guy Standing and Freddie Bartholomew. It is Freddie's big scene.

He doesn't prepare for it by rehearsing. Rather, he is riding his motor scooter through the vast inner labyrinths of the soundstage at a rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour. Completely agile in his costume of long, torn coat, ragged pants held up by twine, and broken shoes.

We don't find Sir Guy at first glance. He is minus his mustache. And doesn't mind admitting, by jove, that he misses it. "A friend

of mine told me, 'Now I know why you've had a mustache all these years. When you wore a mustache, your face was amiable. Now, anyone can see you've got a mouth like a steel trap.' Hang it all, I deny that. But the bristles are going back on as soon as possible." It is the first time since "The Witching Hour" that he has been without them. It is the first time since 1901 that he has played a costume part.

In the scene, Freddie in his rags is to burst into the coffee house; an angry waiter is to try to eject him; and Sir Guy is to stop the fracas. The first rehearsal of the scuffle is tame. Director Henry King illustrates the action he wants. (Will Rogers once said that all directors are disappointed actors.) The boy and the waiter go to it again. They are realistic this time. The waiter emerges with a well-pummeled tum-tum and the boy has a red and irritated ear. Which becomes redder after being seized in two more "takes."

ON the sidelines we meet Tyrone Power, Jr., who will play Freddie's character next week, after the character grows up. A great break for young Mr. Power. For the character is the one who expands Lloyd's into a syndicate that will insure anything on earth. This handsome chap is the son of the late silent star. He couldn't make the movies notice him a couple of years ago; so he went off to Broadway and played with Katharine Cornell; then he was swamped with offers. The romance of the picture is between Loretta Young and Power. Loretta is nowhere in sight. She still is at work on "Ladies in Love," with Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor and Simone Simon—a set that is as closed as a bank on Sunday. You're supposed to guess, not know, which girl is winning the four-way feud.

Warner Baxter is christening one of the new soundstages at 20th Century Fox with "The White Hunter." If she comes through "Ladies in Love" intact, Simone Simon is to be with him.

The set is part of the African jungle. The trees are real trees, and movable, being set on standards like Christmas trees. (They make them look alive by spraying paint on them.) The brush is real brush. The walking surface is real dirt. The camera is located in a jungle hut, in which Warner, yawning, is in the mood to play a siesta scene.

Some of the experiences he encounters in the script are dramatizations of experiences of his boss, Darryl Zanuck, on an African safari.

We have to do some safari-ing ourselves to see Lawrence Tibbett making "Under Your Spell." He is filming an operatic scene in a downtown Los Angeles theater.

This is a light musical, with a little different twist. Tibbett is an operatic singer, trying to get away from opera—not an ambitious tyro trying to get into it. This brings on battles with his manager, Gregory Ratoff, and with Wendy Barrie. Wendy is in the audience this afternoon, listening to the concert, which is to be one of the longest in history. Starting on Friday afternoon, the scene will be in the making until late Saturday night. It must be completed then. The theater is rented out Sunday for church services. Yes, church services.

The operatic number is from "Faust" and it's one that Tibbett has never sung in public before. For the first time, he is *Mephistopheles*—not the baritone hero. He looks convincingly fiendish in his make-up of bizarre eyebrows, up-angled mustache and pointed beard. He is wearing red tights, long red stockings and black spear pointed shoes.

Above the waistline is an expanse of undershirt. This is the way male opera stars rehearse. *Endeshabille*.

Tibbett feels at home in this theater. He sang here long before he was famous, and is scheduled to sing here again before he returns East. Another interesting note is that his twin sons, by his first marriage, play extras in this picture. Also, that he is one star who considers his autograph worthless. An urchin wangles an autograph from him, then persuades another urchin to trade a pair of skates for it. Tibbett hears about it, and advertises for the second youngster, so that he can buy him another pair of skates. "No autograph of mine is worth a pair of skates," he says.

We see Bing Crosby also record a song—for "Pennies from Heaven." Within easy reach, available after each "take," is one of the largest cigars mortal man ever held. Between "takes," Bing puffs it. He guards his voice like a train announcer. And between "takes" isn't worrying about his recording. He'll let the sound experts do that. He's busy concocting new knock-knocks.

Everything, including movie making, is a game to Bing. In a scene with Edith Fellows in an orphanage yard, he says, "If you're lying to me, I'll leave you here till you're 106." Next time, he says "108." Then "111." There is betting on the side lines about what the final figure will be. The script girl wins a dinner by wagering on 117.

The publicity department is on his trail, after "stills." Bing says to the publicity girl, "Let's play a game where you hide and nobody looks for you." Posing just isn't in Bing's line. He turns producer with this lighthearted comedy about "the last of the troubadours." He put up a third of the money.

Surprisingly enough, Irene Dunne is also making a comedy this month—"Theodora Goes Wild." All about a prim young thing in a small town who is secretly the author of a torrid sex novel, which takes the country by storm and inspires her to try to emulate her heroine, with Melvyn Douglas as her victim.

WE go on location to witness Irene's return to the small town after her adventures in Manhattan. The setting is the Santa Fe at Arcadia, twenty miles East of Los Angeles. Made of wood, painted red, and built in the 1880's, it is typical of old-fashioned small town stations anywhere east of the Rockies. (It was also the station from which Mr. Deeds went to town.) A five-car Pullman train is to deposit Irene there, to be greeted wildly by the natives, with the exception of the town gossips.

At 7:45, we arrive at Arcadia. The company has been there fifteen minutes. Already the palm trees are disguised as big flower bushes, the station is draped with bunting and a sign, "Lynnfield," while three hundred extras are milling about the station platform. Down the track, on a siding, stands the train, with steam up. (The train rents for \$500 a day, and the station is "thrown in.") It looks as if action is about to start. A few small incidental scenes are shot. But the mob scenes don't begin until 11 o'clock.

Irene appears in a studio limousine, with an entourage of hairdresser, maid and wardrobe woman, at ten. She is wearing pajama slacks of green silk. When she boards the train at eleven, for the mile ride down the track, preparatory to the huffing-puffing arrival scene, she is smartly dressed in the latest thing from Paris. In the interim, she has been

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in her dressing room, relaxing very privately. We get an impression that she is aloof.

Spring Byington, playing her first gossip rôle in this picture ("and loving it") disputes the impression. So does Elizabeth Risdon, playing Irene's mean aunt. ("I'm just waiting for a chance to strike a baby!") And Irene seems to be on good terms with Director Richard Boleslawski, who tortures the English language in his exhortations to the extras. "When she gets off the train with a baby in her arms, all of you fall back five paces. This is something you did not expect," he tells them.

Warner Brothers, specialists in dramatizing the headlines, are rushing through a picture called "The Black Legion"—explaining, and exposing, that horror band.

The chief character of the screen story—one of the idle and bitter poor, who is made a tool of radicals—is played by Humphrey Bogart. We find him in a dining room in a cheap frame house, looking like *Duke Mantee* in "The Petrified Forest." He has about the same amount of beard. He is singing a groggy duet with Helen Flint, the crimson woman

in Eric Linden's life in "Ah, Wilderness."

Into the room bursts Dick Foran, dressed like a laborer (not a cowboy), who picks up Helen bodily and carries her out, kicking and screaming. Her struggles are realistic enough to make only one "take" necessary. The "still" man calls them back for a picture. Dick picks up Helen again, and she gives him a kiss, before going into a struggling pose.

Movies aren't a business; they're a game. Or are they?

On the "East Side Street" on the back lot, Pat O'Brien is making a scene for "The Making of O'Malley." Rain is coming out of pipes overhead. He is wearing a policeman's uniform, and is to chase some young truants around a corner, slipping and falling on the wet pavement. He goes through the scene, and the fall, six times. The sixth time, he can't rise. He has injured his leg.

He is rushed to the studio hospital, and his leg is X-rayed. No bones are broken, but his bruises and a pulled tendon will keep him on crutches for a few days.

"The luck of the Irish," says Pat. "I get a vacation, not a hospital bill."

Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

\$1.00 PRIZE

PEKES IS PEAKS!

Producers may upset the entire industry; may make blondes into brunettes; dethrone Garbo; tell Gable he's not handsome, and dress Raft decently or bust! I won't care.

But when they cast Pekingese dogs in pictures, to get a laugh from the customers, they're apt to get a good sock in the jaw from me.

I have a snub-nosed, black-masked Peke, and to me he is beautiful. The Pekingese is a dignified, excellently bred, proud little creature, and he certainly deserves better treatment than being carted around by some silly woman who ties him up in ribbons and calls him "Fifi" or "Mitzi."

Producers should remember that a lop-eared hound is apt to look lovely to his owner. The love we have for our pets makes it impossible for us to enjoy a picture in which they are ridiculed.

ANN SUE BRAMLETTE, Belton, S. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

TO BALLYHOO

I always thought my first letter to your Department would have to be about some exceptional film or film player and it is . . . I have just seen "Green Pastures." Often when pictures are made from a Broadway success, they are ballyhooed until the production itself is a disappointment. Not so with "Green Pastures." All the publicity in the world could not rate its beauty and simplicity. I advise all to forget racial prejudice and see it, for a more glorious example of faith, love and understanding has not come to the screen for a great many years. It gets my vote for "The Best Picture of 1936" right now.

HELEN E. ROBERTS, Cincinnati, Ohio

\$1.00 PRIZE

LOVELINESS RE-BORN

Fifteen years ago I heard "Faust" in the old Opera House in Paris, and I knew that never

again would I be privileged to hear such true loveliness. I was mistaken, for tonight, in a little Southern town I saw Jeanette MacDonald in "San Francisco." As she, in the rôle of the exquisite *Marguerite*, sang the "Jewel Song," I closed my eyes and felt myself once more back in the Opera House. To me loveliness had been reborn. Not only did Jeanette sing divinely, but her charm of manner and supple grace made the picture one which shall live with me always. Why is it, when we can be carried to such heights, we are so often dragged through the mire and the slush?

KATHERINE B. MCCALLEN, Knoxville, Tennessee

\$1.00 PRIZE

YOU MAY

May I voice a protest on behalf of Robert Taylor?

I like this boy—he has youth, good looks and talent, and is a real find. But in my opinion, he is getting too much publicity and too many pictures all at once. Much of the publicity is in poor taste, and while most of his films have been very good, we are seeing too much of him. If this continues, we will be satiated with him too soon. Robert is young, he has many years of screen fame before him if, and it is a very big IF, the producers will wake up and realize that much as we like him, we would prefer a little lull between his films, so that we may not confuse his characters—they are coming upon us so fast.

JOSEPHINE GRIMWOOD, Pawtucket, R. I.

\$1.00 PRIZE

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

I have followed moving pictures consistently ever since the early days of the old Vitagraph and Biograph companies. Now, with a son of seventeen, himself an ardent follower of the movies, I still find the cinema my chief recreation.

As a means of drawing mother and son closer together and establishing a fine comradeship, I

consider the movies excellent. My son and I may argue hotly over the respective charms of Ann Harding and Betty Grable, but the friendliest feelings prevail. The Four Marx Brothers may amuse seventeen more than—my age—but they are a grand topic of conversation. I may be teased about my middle-aged but authentic heart throbs over certain handsome heroes, but the laugh is on my side when the raves come from seventeen over some feminine favorite. Nor do I fail to point out that a gangster slouch is not necessary in the privacy of our home. My young man straightens up, especially since the advent of the upstanding G-men.

And so we revel together in such excellent pictures as "The Informer," "Naughty Marietta," "The Petrified Forest" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

MRS. MARY T. PYLE, Evanston, Illinois

A THOUSAND PARDONS

I admit I was wrong, take it all back and wish I had said more to take back! I just knew that with your breath-taking rise to stardom, sudden fame and adoring females going mad over you, Mr. Robert Taylor, off the screen you would be a conceited young oaf, (and small wonder, said I).

Here comes my apology! It seems you and I both chose the same day to see the Texas Centennial. I saw you mobbed, fawned over, fought over; girls came to blows over your discarded cigarette butts; grown women who should have known better tore at you (I wasn't in it as I had my husband on one side and my son on the other). You took it like a man—mildly surprised and chagrined at times, I'm sure, but you passed with flying colors and here is your O.O.L.H.T.F. (Order of Level Head Though Famous) pin.

MRS. HAROLD SCOTT, Wink, Texas

A MODERN COLUMBUS

About two and a half years ago I was fortunate enough to see Eleanor Powell in person at a local theater. Sitting in the first row I was able to observe her closely. Though she had not "arrived" then, her sparkle and youthful charm completely captivated me. She had an outdoor cleanliness about her, foreign to most stage performers, and I remarked to my husband, "It's a shame that girl isn't in pictures. I can't understand it."

Her legs were marvelous and she knew how to use them, too. I felt that sooner or later this girl would be "discovered" and the sooner the better.

When I saw her in "The Broadway Melody" I threw out my chest and said, "I told you so." I felt like a Christopher Columbus, and I am now convinced they know what they're doing in Hollywood.

MRS. HAROLD THOMPSON, Detroit, Michigan

WE ARE FLATTERED—

To give you an idea of how popular PHOTOPLAY is among "the girls" I mention this little incident.

One day recently, I motored to Allegheny Camp through the roads in the Catteraugus Indian Reservations. In front of one of the hovels, the Indians call a home, I noticed a patch of gorgeous purple iris, and stopped to purchase a bouquet. When I got up to the shack, there on a nail keg sat a two hundred pound, slovenly squaw—barefooted and arrayed in a Mother Hubbard (her entire wardrobe). In her hand she had a copy of PHOTOPLAY which she was earnestly perusing.

DANIEL P. CATON, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANT TO TRADE?

HOORAY! and three cheers! I've just read where Fredric March is now free-lancing and is planning to do some comedy parts, and am I glad?

I've liked Freddie ever since the first time I saw him back in 1929, in "The Royal Family," but I've gotten terribly bored and it has strained my loyalty to the breaking point to go to the pictures he has been making the past three years.

Maybe I'm a low-brow, but I see enough of tragedy and frustration all around me without spending time and money looking at more of the same. Therefore, remembering the grand performances Mr. March gave on the few occasions he was permitted to do comedy parts, I'll gladly trade any six of his recent pictures for one high class sophisticated comedy such as the gifted William Powell seems to have a monopoly on at present. So this letter is by way of bolstering up Mr. March's determination to get out of costume and into modern comedy rôles.

MRS. LEONORA MCMURTY, Pampa, Texas

NO GUZZLING ALLOWED

"The Great Ziegfeld!" Magnificent! So true to life, it was just like going back home. At the time of the World's Fair, I was taking piano lessons from Dr. Ziegfeld at the old Chicago Musical College on State Street and dancing with Flo at Martine's Academy on the North Side.

The picture brought memories of Youth and Hope and Promise; my heart throbbed with joy and sadness.

Good work, Bill Powell, I didn't know you had it in you. Such a far cry from the swill-guzzling performance in "The Thin Man."

HELEN VAN HUSE, Seattle, Washington

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!

A queen plays a Queen! I saw Katharine Hepburn as *Mary, Queen of Scots* in the screen version of Maxwell Anderson's interesting play, and this unique and eccentric star definitely established herself in my heart, outshining her sensational past performances in "Sylvia Scarlet," "The Little Minister," "Alice Adams."

Each performance finds her better; she brightens and embellishes any film and makes likable and definite any rôle. She is exquisite and thrilling in the rôle of the queen whose destiny was written before she was born, and whose tragedy establishes her as one of the most glamorous women of all time.

WALT REIN, New Orleans, La.

CHAPLIN'S CHOICE

Will someone tell me why there are people who do not like Peter Lorre? I think they do not appreciate fine art like his. He used to be hated in Europe. Do you know why? Because of his acting in "M" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much." He played the rôles so well, that people thought he was really like the arch-fiends he portrayed. Which is, of course, entirely wrong for he really has a great sense of humor, but it goes to prove how great he is. Charlie Chaplin said he is "the greatest actor living" and Chaplin has never been known to speak in praise of any other actor. Lorre likes this country so well that he has taken out his naturalization papers and plans to make his permanent home here. His acting warrants applause from millions, and will grow louder and louder as he makes more pictures.

SHIRLEY HOLMES, Grand Rapids, Michigan

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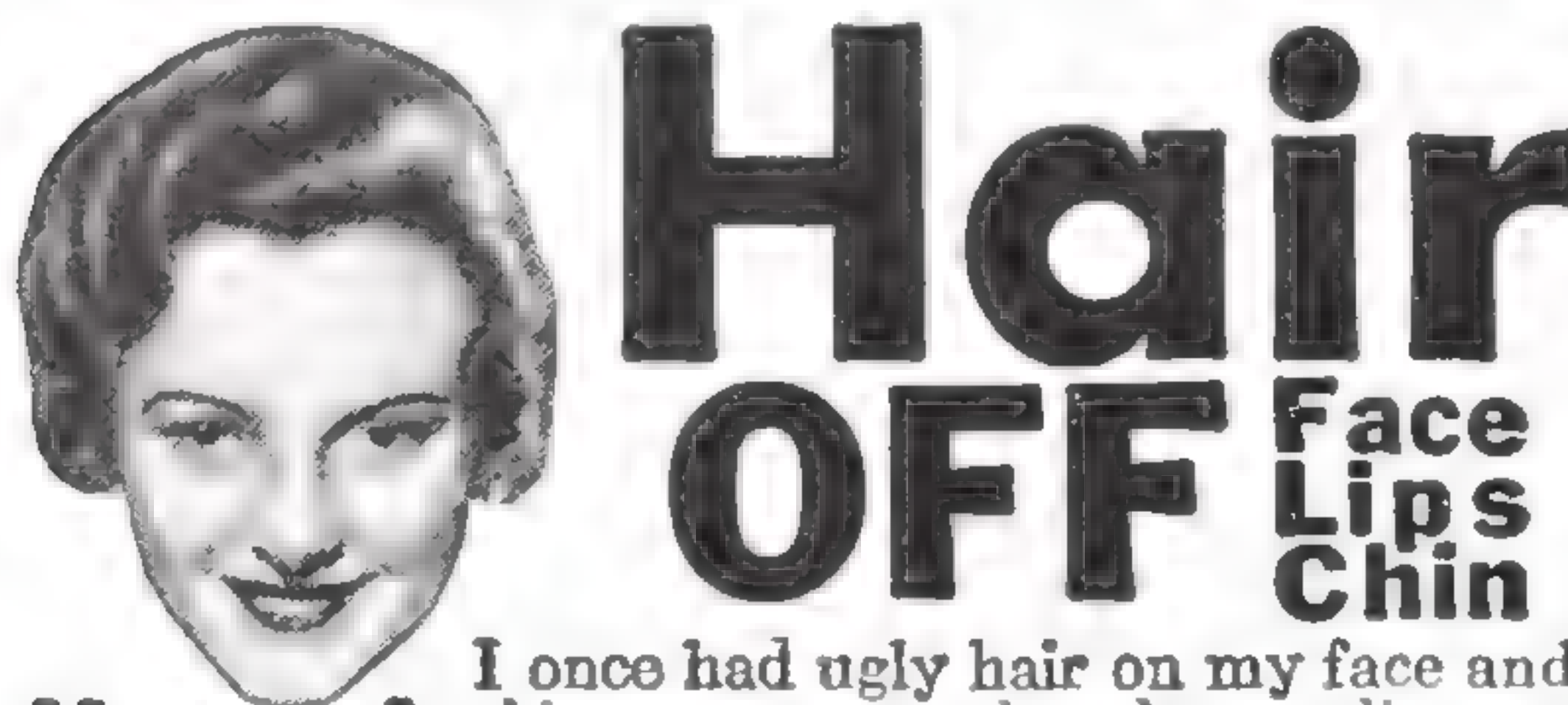
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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

"I am very sorry," said Dick, "but I will pay you for this."

"Why, you are Dick Powell!" exclaimed the girl. She was very excited.

"Indeed you will not pay for this," she said. "That dent is your autograph, and I will always keep it. I wouldn't have it repaired for the world!"

So they went their ways.

Four days later, Dick got a letter. "Upon second thought (she had written) I don't think the dent is so pretty after all. I would still like to have your autograph, but—please—would you just write it at the bottom of a check for \$9.75? That's what the garage man said it would cost."

WHAT with most of the Hollywood boys going in strong for racing stables and new racing tracks, the sports life seems on the upgrade. But now Hollywood is entering a new phase of the game—boxing. Al Jolson paid ten thousand dollars recently for the contract of the featherweight champion, Henry Armstrong, and the very next day, George Raft bought himself a fighter, too.

AT the auction being held to dispose of the effects of the late John Gilbert, at least a thousand frenzied fans were there.

When the bidding finally began, such items as a ring made of platinum set with a square-cut diamond went at such ridiculously small figures that everyone was gasping. But the big gasp came later. "Thirty pieces of plain, linen bed sheets," called the auctioneer. And before the crowd knew what had happened, a man, said to represent Marlene Dietrich, offered \$300.00. He got them.

However, Jack's silk hat went for \$4.00; his cane (gold headed, at that) sold for the small sum of \$15.00. Many of the Gilbert treasures were bid for by Leatrice Joy and Virginia Bruce. Neither went as high as Marlene, though, and many of the things they wanted were sold to strangers.

If anyone would like a good cook and handy man around Hollywood on short notice, just summon Warren Hull. He's been voted the town's best.

At a party the other night, Warren arrived to find his host, Lawrence Riley, in a fine mess. His houseboy had failed to show up and there were the guests and no dinner.

In thirty minutes Hull had set the table, broiled the steaks, made a green salad and plenty of hot coffee.

The dinner was a success. But it didn't stop there. When the host mentioned a broken typewriter, Hull repaired that, fixed the kitchen clock and promised to come back next day and look at his stubborn refrigerator.

Now there, folks, is what we call a guest.

THERE was quite some mystery about the flowers that continued to arrive on the set each day for Margo. Most of the gang on the RKO lot were speculating; none of the hunches seemed logical. Then, to top the list, came a gorgeous floral piece in the shape of a "bee hive." The hive was made of daisies and,

pinned to the front of the creation, was a bejeweled clip set with precious stones in the shape of daisies.

At the radio presentation of "The Camel Caravan," Margo starred with Francis Lederer.

He wore a daisy in his lapel and a jeweled clip was at Margo's shoulder!

KAY FRANCIS is now thoroughly convinced that kindness to animals is a pretty swell thing. She has scores of pets, you see, and only recently she acquired ten very special white rabbits—imported or something.

But somehow they didn't seem to get along so well together, Kay and the bunnies. They would stare resentfully at her from their hutches, and then turn away more in sorrow than in wrath.

So finally she decided to give them the run of the place. She didn't care if they dug little holes in her flower beds or anything, just so long as they were happy.

That was only three weeks ago. Now all she has to do is go to the mouth of the warrens and whistle, just once, and they come scampering up to eat out of her hand.

IT'S very amusing watching Joan Crawford walking around her house and gardens, because everywhere she goes her dachshunds follow her in lock-step. Pupchen always leads, with Baby second, and now she has a new one to bring up the rear. Its name is Schmaltz.

It looks just as if she were pulling three overgrown link sausages after her on a string.

FOR a scene in "The Devil Is a Sissy," Freddie Bartholomew had to sport a black eye and one was duly painted on. That very afternoon Freddie's grandmother chose to visit the set and was horrified at Freddie's black-and-blue orb. Nothing must do but she should apply beefsteak and, to Freddie's horror, she threatened to go to the studio commissary and get one to put on—then and there.

Frantically Freddie summoned his co-players Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper, to bear out his story of the painted eye. But the boys, in the meantime, had ganged up on him and refused to substantiate his story. That settled it. Grandma was on her way for the steak.

Just then director Van Dyke happened along and, seeing Freddie's plight, assured his grandmother all was well. Even then she eyed him suspiciously all afternoon. In fact, Freddie never drew a free breath until he could finally erase the false black eye.

MARGO, the feminine lead in "Winterset," goes about the RKO lot bragging about her extensive wardrobe for the picture. "I have eight dresses, seventeen pairs of stockings, a dozen pair of shoes and two coats," she grins. But the catch is, the dresses, shoes, coats, etc., are all duplicates of the one and only outfit Margo wears throughout the picture, since it rains from the beginning to the end of the story. Margo needs the duplicates to keep from getting too wet. And what a pitiful outfit it is in the first place.

"And I do like to look pretty," she wails.

Drawing a Million Dollars Worth of Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

have been static compared with the fair Jeanette!

All these girls seemed tiny to me—except the long-legged Eleanor Powell, my next sitter. She is a normal, healthy American girl and the best blooming tap dancer in the world—of *any* sex. I told her and her jolly mother that I hoped she wouldn't dance herself into a collapse again. She does nothing but dance. I'd rather watch her dance than even Fred Astaire, Bill Robinson or Hal Leroy! She's incredible.

ANOTHER incredible is Carole Lombard—I almost said "Bombard"—in blue slacks and blue sneakers. My portrait of her adorns the cover of this number of PHOTOPLAY.

The air in Southern California is mostly blue but at the "Farm," as the beautiful Carole laughingly calls her lovely country house, the air takes on a deep grape purple—with an overtone of sulphur. She is fiendishly explosive, cynically gay, looks at you entirely out of her pretty, wicked left eye. The right eye is quite covered with a gold lock of hair. I'm sure there is nothing the matter with it. Maybe she sees more than she cares to with both eyes. And is she handsome!

Then there was La Dietrich. She only *answered*. She appeared to have only a polite interest in sitting for me. What a splendid witness she would make in a courtroom. With an amplifier. She only answered "yes." And "no." What more could one ask? She sat in her dressing room with her "Garden of Allah" grey cape and hood—serene, charming, exotic, beautiful—and as aloof as a lioness. I think I indicated this in my drawing, which, like others mentioned here, you will see on covers soon to come. She is to blame for that fad among hordes of her less glamorous sisters—those surprised grasshopper eyebrows. They have all adopted it as a face uniform.

If it is an act it is an intriguing one—that wide-eyed bewilderment with a shadow of distant humor subtly moving a corner of her pretty mouth, and her gentle, ghostly whisper which is unlike any other voice. These German girls of today! I told her as I began to draw that I knew I could count on her, at least, *not* to be vivacious. I like serene, poised women. Vivacious gals irritate my nerves. These muscle-bound, gleaming toothed, spark sputtering, hail-Molly-well-met, boyish gals are a crick in the thyroid. Real men are so much better than imitations in brassieres.

CAME (as we say) Joan Crawford—intelligent, dynamic, handsome—but not beautiful. She's a big game huntress, the big game being herself. She's stalking herself over the hills of her career with all the single-mindedness of purpose with which Amundsen sought the North Pole. She's too much the ego-huntress for conventional beauty to be hers—I mean facial beauty only.

Crawford is her own North Pole. It takes nerve to win out the way she has. She had what it took. It's made her face too strained with effort. It's handsome with purpose. At least that's what I saw in her. A grand gal. More power to her.

And Ginger Rogers—what a dear! You will have to forgive these superlatives. After all, these girls are the pick of the world and I'm

only an artist. The concentrated essence of Beauty and Charm which is squeezed from that giant orange, the world, into the tall glass, Hollywood, is a big drink to take calmly. And I don't intend to. What have I got to lose?

There are three cities—New York, Atlanta and Hollywood—in which an artist cannot be calm.

I was particularly keen to draw Madeleine Carroll (who, by the way, is not English as she seems, but half Irish and half French) and I think she is one of the most beautiful women in the world. As I have said in print she is lovelier than Romney's portrait of Lady Hamilton—and the same type, mind you. You know the portrait I mean—the one in the red and white costume—looking back over her shoulder with a medieval sort of hobby-horse dog leaping at her side. To me she is breathtaking. Some stupid women I met thought she was only mildly pretty. They would. It's their nature to. I happen to be a better judge. Women as a rule are bad judges of their kind, every Jane being the subconscious foe of every other Jane.

Miss Carroll is as sweet and unaffected as she is good to gaze upon—like a Princess out of a fairy tale. I expected to wake up any minute and find I wasn't drawing her, but walking around in the clouds or something.

Then came Jean Arthur—another favorite of mine—beautifully balanced skull—intensely aware—possibly a bit too tense. She has nothing really to worry about. She is there. Relax, Jean, and continue to delight us with your talent and charm and that little eight-year-old girl voice!

AS for Jean Harlow, I felt that, more than any other, she was interested in my drawing, and that possibly she liked me a little as a person. She didn't take her appointment with me as she would one with her chiropractor or dressmaker. She made me feel that she was a bit excited and pleased that I was drawing her. I certainly found her the most charming of all that I drew—I felt like a big old Saint Bernard dog artist being patted on the head! On the screen she had given me the impression of being a big girl—in actuality she is dainty and exquisite. I should think nobody could withstand her charm—except possibly some women.

Photographer Hyman Fink said to me as we drove to her house that afternoon—"The way I'm in love with that girl is pathetic!" But being an honest reporter I must add that he said exactly the same words about Dietrich and Lombard! So you can't take him too seriously.

Before I came out here I drew a few other stars in New York at my own studio. Claudette Colbert, the very first of this series, was one of them. She was on the July cover. A charming personality, Claudette's. There is a word that sticks in my mind—a word entirely out of fashion and used nowadays only in a jocular sense—but possibly some of PHOTOPLAY's readers are not too young to have heard it when it meant the last word of praise. The word is "lady." Claudette is a lady in every sense of the word.

Miss Colbert was powdering her nose. She laughed and agreed with me when I said that although I was aware a movie star had to be

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eternally thinking about and dabbing at and looking at the front side of her head, it must be a boring occupation for an intelligent woman!

Bette Davis was another delightful person. I think she has a sort of detached charm—if you know what I mean. We all know she is one of the few real actresses on the silver sheet—and very successful. Which does not prevent her being a bit bored. Unsuccessful mortals never can understand such a phenomenon. They fatuously say, "Why, you have everything. How can you possibly be bored?" Look up your August number for her portrait.

I did the seductive Ann Sothorn. Pretty as Pierrette, with a double portion of animal magnetism. A lot of people who are majoring in dumbness think this quality of animal magnetism is something the owner consciously controls—turns on and off. It's no more controllable than the odor of a peach.

KATHARINE HEPBURN sat for me. And how! I tried to explain to her that if I drew her the way she looked that moment, none of her devoted fans would recognize her. Her

eyelashes were invisible. Her mouth was made up—in a way. I don't blame these stars for taking a holiday from make-up when they can, but certainly not when they are going to pose for a portrait.

After all, her fame is fairly recent, so it couldn't have been that which impelled her to jump up with her feet in the seat of a chair and perch cutely on the arm! What was the name of that movie she was in—"Little Brats" or something? No, Miss Hepburn. As I told you, making a portrait of you was only a job to me. You'll find her likeness on your September cover.

Now comes the real anticlimax. The one star in the world whom I would joyfully have gone to the Coast solely to make a portrait of, whose extreme charm and beauty I have extolled for at least ten years, who sat for me for a charcoal head seven years ago at Jack Gilbert's, when I presented her with the original—Greta Garbo—refused to even answer my written request for a sitting. It's obvious that this is of no importance whatever, but nevertheless she has lost a fan.

This Month's Hollywood Broadcast

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

who chased Nelson from concert hall to hotel and from Ohio to California?

Well, Mr. Eddy, who takes his music seriously as rightly he should, insists he got just as sick of hearing about these gushing females falling at his feet as you and I. And that by gosh, by gum, this year, there were going to be no repetitions.

Nelson, incidentally, is doing his radio broadcasts this year on sort of a globe trotting basis. Starting in Hollywood where he was working with Jeanette MacDonald in "Maytime," he broadcasts respectively from Portland, Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New York—all cities in which he gives concerts.

SPEAKING of being chased, but not by a woman, Francis Lederer had an embarrassing and surprising experience the evening he did a broadcast for George Fisher over Hollywood KFVB.

Just as the serious Mr. Lederer came out of the radio station a jovial little man ran up to him, as if intent upon congratulations. "Mr. Lederer?" he inquired. "Yes," said Francis, smiling. "How do you do?" "I'm doing fine," the man replied, "you're sure you're Francis Lederer?" "Yes, most certainly," replied the actor, "didn't you just hear me?"

"Okeh, buddy," rejoined the man, "here's a summons for you," and pulling a legal looking document out of his pocket he thrust it at the bewildered actor.

Lederer is excellent on the air. His fine training as a stage actor have stood him in good stead and he is one of the romantic screen heroes in constant demand for radio appearances.

The most arduous and taxing spot of any radio show for a movie star to fill is the master-of-ceremonies job. It takes not only great personality and popularity to be good on the air, week in and week out, and at the same time keep up your picture work, but it takes more physical reserve and energy than most stars have on tap. Both Dick Powell and Bing Crosby have done the longest stretches of anybody at the m. c. spot—and Dick, you may remember, found himself in the hospital last

winter as a result of overwork. Lionel Barrymore, Wally Beery, and others prefer to do short stretches at a time and then rest. It will be interesting to see how Fred Astaire stands up under his new 26-week contract this year, as the energetic Mr. Astaire puts so much of himself into everything he does. Bing, of course, does take vacations, but not long ones. However, nothing seems to phase him. He just keeps on being a No. 1 radio man and getting fatter and happier year by year.

Incidentally, the generally high calibre of the Crosby programs, which Bing arranges himself, has won praise not only from the radio columnists but from the highbrow musical critics whom you wouldn't think would pay attention to a radio crooner. Isabel Morse Jones, who is one of the most critical critics of the West, tells me:

"Bing has a nice way of tying up good music with his jazz and making his programs interesting to exponents of both fields. He has courage to do the things he does, for which I admire him greatly. For instance, he isn't a bit afraid to put Harold Bauer, the pianist, or Josef Iturbi on one of his popular programs, and the artists who appear for him tell me they thoroughly enjoy themselves. They are jolted into an appreciation of what Bing stands for and at the time the Bing followers quite painlessly get a dose of classical music."

THE top Hollywood radio laugh to date is the way George (Romeo) Kaufman unceremoniously fled a Camel show and skipped a big check during the flushed and hectic days when process servers, reporters and photographers were chasing him because of his connection with the Mary Astor diary.

Kaufman had not only sold his humorous playlet, "If Men Played Bridge Like Women," to the cigarette concern, but had sold himself to play in a four-handed game on the program with Irvin Cobb, Rupert Hughes and Georgie Jessel. Came the final rehearsal on the day of the broadcast and no Kaufman. Nor was there any word from him. The show producer was frantic. He hastily impressed Benny Goodman into service, but Benny, who didn't know a bid from an honor (his previous card



COLORS:
Black
Green
Navy
Terra Cotta



Jean Harlow looks so delightfully confident in front of the microphone that you'd never guess how very nervous she was when Elsa Schallert interviewed her recently. The interview is described in the text below

playing having been confined to poker and hearts), was simply lousy!

"Never mind," soothed the Kaufman agent, "George will be here for the show."

Came show time and no George. Mr. and Mrs. Camel and all the little Camels were having nervous jitters when someone spied Leo Carrillo in the audience. Did Mr. Carrillo play bridge? Yes? Would Mr. Carrillo please come backstage immediately? He was needed to step into George Kaufman's shoes. A most astonished Carrillo complied. The Camel honor, at least, was saved at the last minute!

One of those swell human interest moments

occurred recently when Jean Harlow was being interviewed by Elsa Schallert. Jean got through the interview perfectly, but the moment she was off the air, she turned to the audience and said, "Forgive me, but I've got to cry." She did, too, from sheer nervousness, but the audience loved her for it.

Meanwhile, Kate Smith is on her way Westward to make a picture with Shirley Temple, as Shirley's ma. Does this mean that our No. 1 darling of the movies will turn about and make a radio appearance with Kate? Well, I wouldn't know the answer to that, but if she does, that just leaves us Garbo.

Facts of Hollywood Life

I DO

Lois Richardson and Gene Meritt, both studio workers, at Interior Church in Los Angeles.

Edna Callaghan, actress, to Max Schall, secretary to Buddy Rogers, at Olathe, Kansas.

Louise Latimer and Erwin Gelsey, screen writer, disclose secret wedding in Denver, Colorado, last June.

Mrs. George Brokaw, New York society matron, and Henry Fonda in the Christ Episcopal Church in New York City.

LOVE OPTIONS

Jeanette MacDonald on Gene Raymond.

Corrine Bekins, actress, on Lieut. Carlton B. Jones, U. S. N.

Kay Hughes, actress, on Bud Graybill, Metro portrait cameraman.

Mae Clark on Dr. Frank Nolan.

SPARKING

Ann Sheridan admits it's love for actor Ed Norris.

Marie Wilson and director Nick Grinde.

Katherine DeMille and Erik Rhodes. Again!

Glenda Farrell and Drew Ebersson.

Rosalind Russell and W. C. Durant, Jr., of the automobile Durants.

GOOD MORNING JUDGE

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Fellows, maternal grandmother, awarded custody of Edith Fellows in suit brought by 13 year old actress' mother.

Greta Garbo sued for \$10,500 by H. Fitzpatrick, assigned for D. Schratter, one-time German film producer who claims to have loaned that amount to the Swedish actress in Stockholm in 1924.

Mary Pickford is defendant in a million dollar suit for slander and libel brought against her in Boston by J. Raymond Cornell, retired organ manufacturer.

William Wallace Reid, nineteen-year-old son of the late Wallace Reid, was sentenced to thirty days in the county jail, fifteen days suspended, for reckless driving.

HITHER AND YON

June Lang, accompanied by her mother, off for a series of personal appearances.

Errol Flynn and his wife, Lili Damita, on a sea-fishing trip around Northern California.

George Gershwin, famous composer and lyricist, and wife in Hollywood until December.

Richard Cromwell left Hollywood for New York to appear in the stage production, "So Proudly We Hail."



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Casts of Current Pictures

"ALL AMERICAN CHUMP"—M-G-M.—Original screen play by Lawrence Kimble. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Elmer*, Stuart Erwin; *Hogan*, Robert Armstrong; *Kitty*, Betty Furness; *Jeffrey Crane*, Edmund Gwenn; *Crawford*, Harvey Stephens; *Murphy*, Edward Brophy; *Branley*, E. E. Clive; *Al*, Dewey Robinson; *Bulch*, Eddie Shubert; *Abiah Smith*, Spencer Charters.

"BULLDOG EDITION"—REPUBLIC.—Original story by Richard English. Screen play by Richard English and Karen DeWolf. Directed by Charles Lamont. The cast: *Ken Dwyer*, Ray Walker; *Randy*, Evalyn Knapp; *Hardy*, Regis Toomey; *Enright*, Cy Kendall; *Charlie Hunter*, Billy Newell; *Taggart*, Oscar Apfel; *Billie*, Betty Compson; *Evans*, Robert Warwick; *Johnson*, Ivan Miller; *Maxie*, Matty Fain; *Manilla*, George Lloyd; *Tony*, Frank Puglia; *Gertie*, Ruth Gillette; *Judge*, Ed Le Saint.

"CAPTAIN'S KID, THE"—WARNERS.—Original story by Earl Felton. Screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Nick Grinde. The cast: *Asa Plunkett*, Guy Kibbee; *Abigail Prentiss*, Sybil Jason; *Marcia Prentiss*, May Robson; *Betsy Ann Prentiss*, Jane Bryan; *Tom Squires*, Fred Lawrence; *George Chester*, Dick Purcell; *Mabel*, Maude Allen; *Sheriff Pengast*, Granville Bates; *John Scores*, Gus Shy; *Libby*, Mary Treen; *Jake Hutchinson*, Vic Potel; *Bill Brown*, Tom Wilson; *Mayor Bert Cabot*, Gordon Hart; *Bridges*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Weymouth*, Jack Wise; *Steve*, George E. Stone.

"CRAIG'S WIFE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by George Kelly. Screen play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Harriet Craig*, Rosalind Russell; *Walton Craig*, John Boles; *Mrs. Frazier*, Billie Burke; *Mrs. Harold*, Jane Darwell; *Ethel Landreth*, Dorothy Wilson; *Miss Austen*, Alma Kruger; *Fergus Passmore*, Thomas Mitchell; *Billy Birkmire*, Raymond Walburn; *Gene Fredericks*, Robert Allen; *Mrs. Landreth*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Mazie*, Nydia Westman; *Adelaide Passmore*, Kathleen Burke.

"DEVIL IS A SISSY, THE"—M-G-M.—Original story by Roland Brown. Screen play by John Lee Mahin and Richard Schayer. Directed by W. S. Van

Dyke. The cast: *Claude*, Freddie Bartholomew; *"Buck" Murphy*, Jackie Cooper; *"Gig" Stevens*, Mickey Rooney; *Jay Pierce*, Ian Hunter; *Rose*, Peggy Conklin; *Hilda Pierce*, Katharine Alexander; *Mr. Murphy*, Gene Lockhart; *Mrs. Murphy*, Kathleen Lockhart; *Judge Holmes*, Jonathan Hale; *Principal*, Etienne Girardot; *Bugs*, Sherwood Bailey; *"Six-Toes"*, Buster Slavin; *Papa Krumpp*, Grant Mitchell; *Willie*, Harold Huber; *Jon*, Stanley Fields; *"Grandma"*, Frank Puglia; *Molly*, Etta McDaniels.

"DODSWORTH"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From novel by Sinclair Lewis. Screen play by Sidney Howard. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *Sam Dodsworth*, Walter Huston; *Fran Dodsworth*, Ruth Chatterton; *Arnold Iselin*, Paul Lukas; *Edith Cortright*, Mary Astor; *Major Clyde Lockert*, David Niven; *Kurt Von Obersdorf*, Gregory Gaye; *Baroness Von Obersdorf*, Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya; *Mme. de Penable*, Odette Myrtil; *Emily*, Kathryn Marlowe; *Harry*, John Payne; *Maley Pearson*, Spring Byington; *Tubby Pearson*, Harlan Briggs; *Hazzard*, Charles Halton; *Mary (Maid)*, Beatrice Maud.

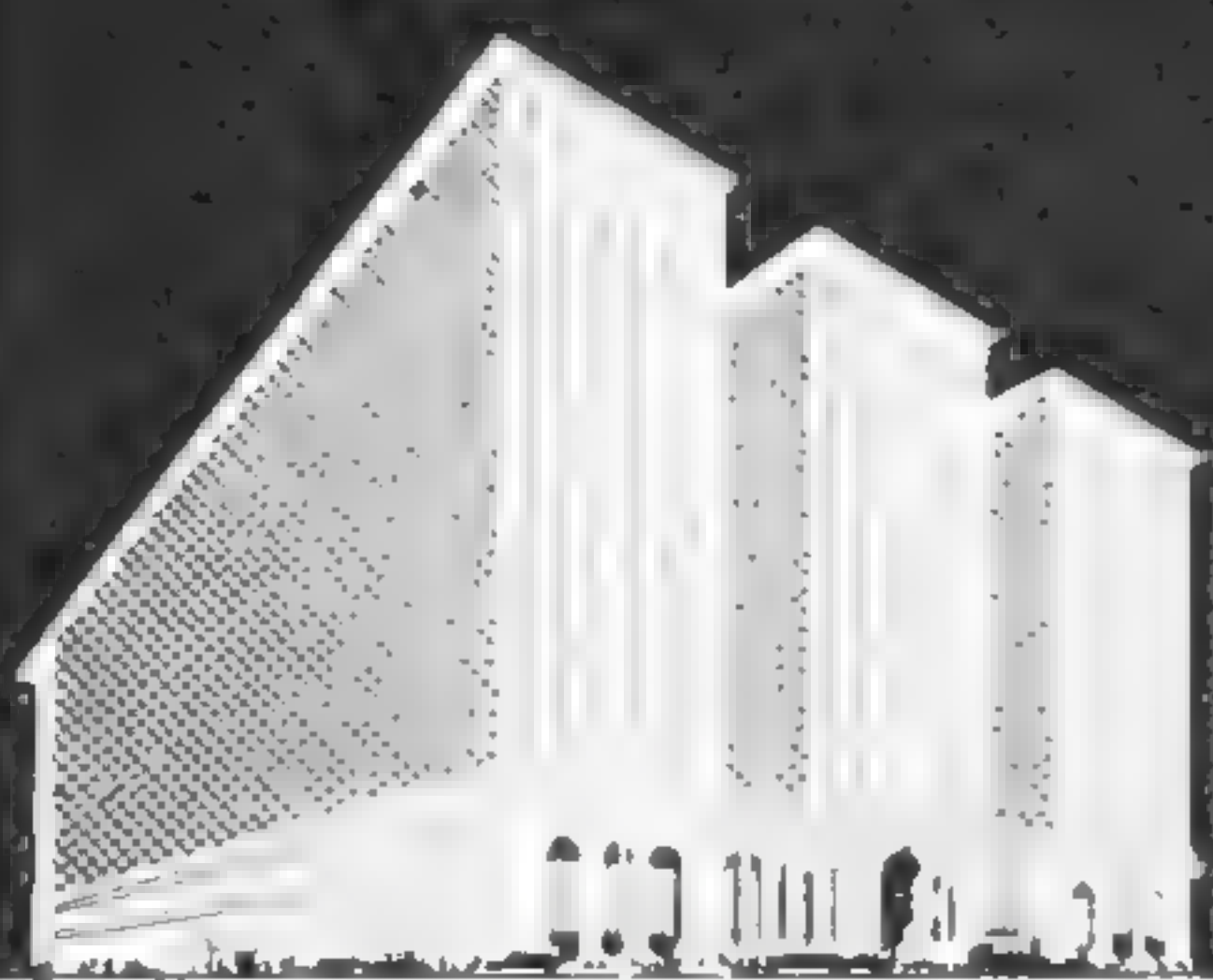
"DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE"—RKO-RADIO.—Adaption of unpublished original story by Ferdinand Reyher. Screen play by Harry Segall. Directed by Ben Stollhoff. The cast: *John Webster*, Lewis Stone; *Daniels*, James Gleason; *Mildred*, Betty Grable; *Robert (alias Bat Williams)*, Bruce Cabot; *Letty*, Louise Latimer; *Pierce*, Frank M. Thomas; *Helen Webster*, Nella Walker; *Grace*, Grace Bradley; *Vic*, Harry Jans; *Pete*, Frank Jenks; *Al*, Addison Randall; *Joe*, Gordon Jones; *Mary*, Maxine Jennings; *Walter Clifford*, John Arledge; *Hattie*, Fern Emmett; *Judge Bass*, Arthur Hoyt; *Governor Stanley*, Charles Richmond.

"DRAEGERMAN COURAGE"—WARNERS.—Original story and screen play by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Andre Beaupre*, Barton MacLane; *Ellen Haslett*, Jean Muir; *Dr. Haslett*, Henry O'Neill; *Mary Haslett*, Helen MacKellar; *John McNally*, Addison Richards; *Martin Crane*, Robert Barrat; *Suzanne*, Priscilla Lyon; *Maxwell*, Walter Miller; *Dr. Hunter*, Joseph Crehan; *Pete*, Herbert Heywood.



Peggy Ryan, 11-year old Los Angeles prodigy, had Gene Snyder, Radio City dance director, dancing all over the stage during rehearsals for Universal's "Top of the Town." They finally land on the piano

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"EVERYTHING IS THUNDER" — G.B. — Adapted from the novel by Jocelyn Lee Hardy. Screen play by Marion Dix and John Orton. Directed by Milton Rosmer. The cast: Anna, Constance Bennett; Hugh McGrath, Douglass Montgomery; Detective Goertz, Oscar Homolka; Koslner, Roy Emerson; Muller, Frederick Lloyd; Webber, George Merritt.

"GENERAL DIED AT DAWN, THE" — PARAMOUNT. — From a novel by Charles G. Booth. Screen play by Clifford Odets. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: O'Hara, Gary Cooper; Judy, Madeleine Carroll; Mr. Wu, Dudley Digges; Yang, Akim Tamiroff; Mr. Leach, J. M. Kerrigan; Mr. Brydon, William Frawley; Peter Perrie, Porter Hall; Oxford, Philip Ahn; Mr. Chen, Lee Tung-Foo; Wong, Loo Loy; Bartender, Willie Fung; Chinese Guard, Val Duran; Chinese Houseboy, Harold Tong; Chinese Houseboy, Kam Tong; Passenger, Irene Bennett; Englishman, Barnett Parker; Reporter, John O'Hara; Mandarin, Hans Morehart; Citizen, Del Henderson; Prussian Officer, Hans Frieberg; Engineer, Spencer Charter.

"ISLE OF FURY" — WARNERS. — Screen play by Robert Andrews and William Jacobs, based on a novel by Somerset Maugham. Directed by Frank McDonald. The cast: Val Stevens, Humphrey Bogart; Lucille Gordon, Margaret Lindsay; Eric Blake, Donald Woods; Captain Deever, Paul Graetz; Andersen, Gordon Hart; Dr. Hardy, E. E. Clive; Otar, George Regas; Sam, Sidney Bracy; Kim Lee, Tetsu Komai; Oh Kay, Miki Morita; The Rector, Houseley Stevenson, Sr.; Old Native, Frank Lackteen.

"IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED" — INVINCIBLE. — Story and screen play by Arthur T. Horman. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Greg, Reginald Denny; Beverly, Evelyn Brent; Smiley, Jack La Rue; Linda, Inez Courtney; Forrest, John Marlowe; Holden, Claude King; Carter, Bryant Washburn; O'Neill, Robert Homans; Bennett, Crauford Kent; Schaefer, Robert Frazer; Hashi, Miki Morita; Sherwood, Henry Herbert; Lansdale, Lynton Brent; Johnson, Broderick O'Farrell; Louise, Dian Manners; Ingenue, Emily La Rue.

"KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — Story by Zane Grey. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: King, Robert Kent; Helen Lawton, Rosalind Keith; Becker, Alan Dinehart; Dundas, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; Sneed, Arthur Loft; Slim Blandon, Grady Sutton; Smith, Jack Luden; Indian Joe, Artie Ortego.

"MURDER WITH PICTURES" — PARAMOUNT. — Screen play by John C. Moffitt and Sidney Salkow, based on story by George Harmon Coxe. Directed by Charles Barton. The cast: Kent, Murdock, Lew Ayres; Meg Archer, Gail Patrick; I. B. McGoogin, Paul Kelly; Phil Doane, Benny Baker; Stanley Redfield, Ernest Cossart; Nale Girard, Onslow Stevens; Hester Boone, Joyce Compton; Sam Cusick, Anthony Nace; Inspector Bacon, Joseph Sawyer; Siki, Don Rowan; Police Chief, Frank Sheridan; Kough, Irving Bacon; Editor, Purnell Pratt; Olaf, Christian Rub.

"OLD HUTCH" — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER. — Screen play by George Kelly from a story by Garret Smith. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: Hutch, Wallace Beery; Dave, Eric Linden; Irene, Cecilia Parker; Mrs. Hutchins, Elizabeth Patterson; Jolly, Robert McWade; Sally, Caroline Perkins; Florrie, Julia Perkins; Allie, Delmar Watson; Freddie, Harry Watson; Teller, James Burke; Girl, Virginia Grey; Gunnison, Donald Meek.

"RAMONA" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson. Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Ramona, Loretta Young; Alessandro, Don Ameche; Felipe Moreno, Kent Taylor; Senora Moreno, Pauline Frederick; Aunt Ri Hyar, Jane Darwell; Margarita, Katherine de Mille; Father Gaspara, Victor Kilian; Jim Farrar, John Carradine; Juan Can, J. Carrol Naish; Father Salvierderra, Pedro de Cordoba; Dr. Weaver, Charles Waldron; Marda, Claire Du Brey; Scroggs, Russell Simpson; Joseph Hyar, William Benedict; Paquito, Robert Spindola; Pablo, Chief Thunder Cloud.

"SITTING ON THE MOON" — REPUBLIC. — Screen play by Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Ralph Staub. The cast: Danny West, Roger Pryor; Polly Blair, Grace Bradley; Mike, William Newell; Mattie, Pert Kelton; Worthington, Henry Kolker; Charlie Lane, Henry Wadsworth; Blossom, Joyce Compton; Tucker, Pierre Watkin; Young Husband, William Janney; Young Wife, June Martel; Dance Team, The Theodores; Feature Dancer, Jimmy Ray; Hotel Manager, Harvey Clark; Taxi Driver, George Cooper.

"SWING TIME" — RKO-RADIO. — Screen play adapted by Howard Lindsay and Allen Scott from a story by Erwin Gelsey. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: Lucky, Fred Astaire; Penny, Ginger Rogers; Pop, Victor Moore; Mabel, Helen Broderick; Gordon, Eric Blore; Margaret, Betty Furness; Ricardo Romero, Georges Metaxa; Judge Watson, Landers Stevens; Raymond, John Harrington; Simpson, Pierre Watkin; Schmidt, Abe Reynolds; Eric, Gerald Hamer; Policeman, Edgar Deering; First Stage Hand, Harry Bowen; Second Stage Hand, Harry Bernard; Dancers: Frank Jenks, Jack Good, Donald Kerr, Ted O'Shea, Frank Edmunds and Bill Brand; Hotel Clerk, Ralph Byrd; Taxi Driver, Charles Hall; Roulette Dealer, Jean Perry; Muggsy, Olin Francis; Romero's Butler, Floyd Schackelford.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—Republic.—Marion Talley, Michael Bartlett and the Hall Johnson Choir in a gorgeous song festival. The story concerns a family of show people whose daughter longs for a normal life. Lots of hit tunes mixed with operatic airs. Worthwhile. (Oct.)

★ **FURY**—M-G-M.—Vengeance, uncontrollable hate and tender love combined in the most sensationally powerful picture this year. Under Fritz Lang's superb direction it relates the tragedy of an innocent man in the hands of a seed-brained mob seething with passion. Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sydney exceptionally good. A masterpiece (Aug.)

★ **GIRL'S DORMITORY**—20th Century-Fox.—A beautiful picture which introduces the sensational newcomer, Simone Simon, in a strong appealing story of a school girl's love for her teacher, Herbert Marshall. Ruth Chatterton is superlative. Fine cast and able direction. (Oct.)

★ **GIVE ME YOUR HEART**—Warners.—An intelligent and moving problem play aimed at sophisticated audiences. Kay Francis tries to forget her child and her youthful mésalliance in her new love for George Brent. The picture is lightened by Roland Young's delightful comedy. (Sept.)

★ **GRAND JURY**—RKO-Radio.—Not very interesting small town drama with Fred Stone as the neurotic old citizen determined to clean up the town. Romance blooms between Louise Latimer and Owen Davis, Jr., with the latter taking all the honors. (Oct.)

★ **GREEN PASTURES, THE**—Warners.—Marc Connelly's famous play portraying Biblical happenings as visualized in the minds of simple hearted negroes, produced with sincerity and appealing charm. Rex Ingram superb as *De Lawd*. A radical departure from anything heretofore attempted. This is a "must see" picture. (Aug.)

★ **GUNS AND GUITARS**—Republic.—More guns than guitars in this tedious Western. Gene Autrey and Smiley Burnette help the sheriff chase cattle racketeers. Dorothy Dix a pretty romance. Dull. (Sept.)

★ **HEARTS DIVIDED**—Warners.—A lavishly produced tale of *Jerome Bonaparte's* love for a Baltimore belle. Dick Powell and Marion Davies carry the romance; Edward Everett Horton, Arthur Treacher and Charles Ruggles supply the comedy. Claude Rains is the high spot as *Napoleon*. (Aug.)

★ **HEARTS IN BONDAGE**—Republic.—Lew Ayres first directed picture astonishingly well done. Starring James Dunn, it is a sweeping drama of the Civil War interwoven with idealistic romance. It's an education. (Aug.)

★ **HIS BROTHER'S WIFE**—M-G-M.—Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor in an unreal and unhappy story, concerning a playboy scientist torn between his duty to fever-stricken natives and his love for a neurotic woman. (Oct.)

★ **HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD**—Paramount.—All the Hollywood spots you've yearned to glimpse. The Brown Derby, Sardi's, The Trocadero, are featured in this frail yarn of an old actor who writes his memoirs, meets tragedy. Many oldtimers add to the novelty. (Oct.)

★ **I'D GIVE MY LIFE**—Paramount.—A strong story full of action and drama about a boy (Tom Brown) who kills his criminal father and braves the noose rather than reveal why he did it. Sir Guy Standing, Frances Drake and Janet Beecher head a good cast. (Oct.)

★ **LADY BE CAREFUL**—Paramount.—You'll enjoy this simple tale of a shy sailor who gets the reputation of being a Lothario and has to live up to it. Lew Ayres regains his place in the sun with an excellent performance. Nice photography too. (Oct.)

★ **LOVE BEGINS AT TWENTY**—First National.—A domestic comedy cut on old-fashioned lines. Hugh Herbert very funny as the henpecked husband who turns on his boss and his wife to help daughter Patricia Ellis marry her choice. Good cast. (Aug.)

★ **MARY OF SCOTLAND**—RKO-Radio.—The love story of the tragic Queen magnificently produced under the direction of John Ford. Katharine Hepburn dramatic, and Fredric March exceptional as the burly *Earl of Bothwell*. Gripping, but solemn. (Oct.)

★ **MISTER CINDERELLA**—M-G-M.—Silly but amusing farce about an ambitious barber, Jack Haley, who palms himself off as a rich playboy. Betty Furness is his debutante sweetie. Arthur Treacher is fun. (Sept.)

★ **M'LISS**—RKO-Radio.—Anne Shirley gives a strong performance in this Bret Harte classic. As the spunky daughter of an old miner, Guy Kibbee, she fights her way to happiness with schoolteacher John Beal. Sweet and sentimental. (Sept.)

★ **MY AMERICAN WIFE**—Paramount.—A breezy comedy about the Americanization of Francis Lederer, a European count who marries an Arizona heiress (Ann Sothern). Fred Stone excellent as the old grandfather. Billie Burke and Ernest Cossart are good. (Oct.)

★ **MY MAN GODFREY**—Universal.—A mad and gay picture sparkling with humor depicting the rehabilitation of a "forgotten man" by a dizzy rich girl. Bill Powell and Carole Lombard

divide honors in the title rôles ably assisted by Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette and Gail Patrick. See this by all means. (Aug.)

★ **NINE DAYS A QUEEN**—GB.—The tragic story of *Lady Jane Grey* in line for succession to the English throne after the death of Henry VIII. Cedric Hardwicke splendid as the *Earl of Warwick*, Nova Pilbeam lovely as *Lady Jane*. To Desmond Tester go top honors as the little King. Superb cast. adroit direction. See this by all means. (Sept.)

★ **OUR RELATIONS**—M-G-M.—Those crazy comics, Laurel and Hardy pile up laughs by getting into mixups with an identical pair of twins. Sidney Toler and Alan Hale help the frenzy of fun. Swell. (Sept.)

★ **PAROLE**—Universal.—A vigorous and timely exposé of the parole system. Newcomers Harry Hunter and Ann Preston should catch your interest. (Aug.)

★ **PEPPER**—20th Century-Fox.—A Jane Withers laugh riot. She vamps Irvin S. Cobb into helping a poor widow, pays him back by persuading his daughter not to marry a bogus count, Ivan Lebedeff. Slim Summerville aids in the comedy. For the whole family. (Sept.)

★ **PICCADILLY JIM**—M-G-M.—Good dialogue and amusing situations abound in this slick tale of a cartoonist, who falls in love with the daughter of a family he has caricatured to fame. Bob Montgomery at his best. Madge Evans, Billie Burke, Frank Morgan, Eric Blore are all excellent. Swell entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **POSTAL INSPECTOR**—Universal.—A shallow story, with Ricardo Cortez as the Government man, wandering around from floods to mail robberies. Patricia Ellis complicates matters by revealing secrets, but reforms. Dull. (Oct.)

★ **POPPY**—Paramount.—W. C. Fields as a carnival barker, skips drolly through an ordinary story leaving a trail of chuckles. Rochelle Hudson scores as his daughter, and Richard Cromwell is an ideal small town beau. Be sure and see it. (Aug.)

★ **PRIVATE NUMBER**—20th Century-Fox.—Just about the nicest romantic sequences ever help this wilted story ("Common Clay" in modern clothes). Robert Taylor and Loretta Young marry secretly as she is a maid in his rich household. Basil Rathbone causes trouble. You'll like it. (Aug.)

★ **PUBLIC ENEMY'S WIFE**—Warners.—Cesar Romero as Public Enemy No. 1 who doesn't want his former wife, Margaret Lindsay, to marry G-man Pat O'Brien. Romero too sinister, O'Brien too uninterested. Better skip. (Sept.)

★ **RHYTHM ON THE RANGE**—Paramount.—See this for Bing Crosby's singing and the introduction of Martha Raye, a new comedienne, whose antics all but steal the show. It's about an heiress who gets into mixups with a cowboy. Swing music too. (Oct.)

★ **ROAD TO GLORY, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—A magnificent war story of tragic fighting, loving, dying, existing on the French front. Fredric March and Warner Baxter have a war within a war for love of June Lang. Lionel Barrymore and Gregory Ratoff give superb performances. Beautifully directed and produced, this is unforgettable. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **ROMEO AND JULET**—M-G-M.—Shakespeare's classic love story produced with accuracy and lavishness. Norma Shearer's *Juliet* is lyrically beautiful. Leslie Howard superb as *Romeo*. Basil Rathbone, John Barrymore, Ralph Forbes, Edna May Oliver all add to the excellence of the outstanding picture of the year. No version has ever surpassed this one for sheer physical beauty. Not to be missed under any circumstances. (Sept.)

★ **SAN FRANCISCO**—M-G-M.—Out of a story of a tough Barbary Coast cafe owner, a beautiful singer and a priest, W. S. Van Dyke has constructed an epic. Clark Gable superb; Jeanette MacDonald's lovely voice allowed full range, and the earthquake sequence will knock you out of your seat. You must see it. (Sept.)

★ **SECRET AGENT**—GB.—A fast moving and dramatic tale of love and espionage in war torn Europe directed with sophistication and finesse by Alfred Hitchcock (of "39 Steps"). John Gielgud, Madeleine Carroll, Peter Lorre and Robert Young are splendid. Adult entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **SEVEN SINNERS**—GB.—A compact and high-tensioned murder melodrama with Eddie Lowe and Constance Cummings. Eddie hits the trail of a murderer in Europe and uncovers a munitions racket. Sensational railroad scenes. You'll like it. (Sept.)

★ **SING, BABY, SING**—20th Century-Fox.—Adolphe Menjou, The Ritz Brothers, Alice Faye, Ted Healy, Gregory Ratoff and Patsy Kelly in as hilarious a farce as you will see. Adolphe is a famous actor on a spree. Lunacy and laughter. Don't miss this. (Oct.)

★ **SPENDTHRIFT**—Wanger-Paramount.—Grand fun with Henry Fonda as a penniless millionaire sportsman who marries conniving Mary Brian, discovers his mistake and Pat Paterson simultaneously. A swell evening for everybody. (Aug.)



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★ **STAGE STRUCK**—Warners.—Dick Powell is a young dance director struggling with the conceits of a temperamental star, Joan Blondell. Frank McHugh, Warren William, and Craig Reynolds all help make this good entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **STAR FOR A NIGHT**—20th Century-Fox.—A tenderly appealing and musical back stage comedy of errors. Jane Darwell grand as the sightless mother. Claire Trevor sings; Arline Judge sparkles as a chorus girl. Take the whole family. (Oct.)

★ **STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER**—Paramount.—Uninteresting and uninspired except for the children. It involves the heartaches and courage of a little boy, David Holt, who loses his father, Ralph Bellamy, first to a woman, then to thugs. (Oct.)

★ **SUZY**—M-G-M.—Three fine stars absolutely wasted on a muddled war story. Jean Harlow marries Franchot Tone, then marries Cary Grant believing Franchot murdered. She finds Grant involved with Benita Hume; Franchot comes back to life. (Sept.)

★ **SWORN ENEMY**—M-G-M.—A convincing story of a young attorney who swears vengeance on the racketeers who killed his brother. Acting honors go to Robert Young, Florence Rice and Joseph Calleia. Worthwhile. (Sept.)

★ **THE ARIZONA RAIDERS**—Paramount.—A bang up Western with Larry Crabbe and partner Raymond Hatton aiding an elopement and rescuing Marsha Hunt from a crooked lawyer, Grant Withers. Nice riding. (Sept.)

★ **THE BRIDE WALKS OUT**—RKO-Radio.—Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Raymond in an entertaining bit of froth about the troubles of the young married. Robert Young steals her romantic interest and yours too. Gags are good. (Sept.)

★ **THE GORGEOUS HUSSY**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford in costume, gives an exciting and sincere performance as the tavern keeper's daughter who influenced the political destiny of America in Jackson's time. Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Melvyn Douglas, Jimmie Stewart, Franchot Tone all are superb. See this. (Oct.)

★ **THE GREAT ZIEGFELD**—M-G-M.—Completely enthralling picturization of the life of Ziegfeld combining delicious music, lavish spectacle, drama and humor. Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Luise Rainer are only a few of the superb cast. Don't let anything keep you away. (June)

★ **THE KING STEPS OUT**—Columbia.—Grace Moore's unforgettable voice in a charming and witty picture. She plays a country princess who tracks down Emperor Franchot Tone. Walter Connelly is excellent. You'll recapture your illusions. (Aug.)

★ **THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG**—Paramount.—The famous blonde thief (Gertrude Michael) whom everyone thought dead, returns to life, reformed. Sir Guy Standing is a suave bandit; Ray Milland an enterprising reporter who fixes things, gets Gertrude. Entertaining. (Sept.)

★ **THE WHITE ANGEL**—First National.—The beautiful and stirring story of *Florence Nightingale*. Kay Francis warm and human as the English nurse whose humanitarian ideals brought hope and comfort to the war-tortured hospitals of the Crimea and changed the nursing standards of the world. The whole cast is splendid. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE**—Paramount.—An amateurish production built around the hackneyed school amateur show idea. Eleanor Whitney's dancing and Gordon and Revel's music is good, the rest is juvenile. (Sept.)

★ **TO MARY—WITH LOVE**—20th-Century-Fox.—Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and Ian Hunter depicting the emotional shoals of married life highlighted through the years by prohibition, the Lindbergh Flight, the 1929 crash, et al. Hunter, as the family friend, steals the picture. (Oct.)

★ **TROUBLE FOR TWO**—M-G-M.—Despite the fine cast this film based on Stevenson's "Suicide Club" gets nowhere with preposterous situations. Bob Montgomery is a prince who refuses to marry his family's choice (Rosalind Russell); changes his mind. (Aug.)

★ **TWO IN A CROWD**—Universal.—An amusing but weak horse story, not too well done. Joel McCrea is the stable owner who enters his last nag in the handicap; of course he wins the race, and marries Joan Bennett. No realism. (Oct.)

★ **WALKING ON AIR**—RKO-Radio.—A nice romantic comedy, short on plot but long on laughs. Headstrong Ann Sothorn hires an unknown (Gene Raymond) to pose as a count and woo her to spite her father; gets caught in her own net. (Oct.)

★ **WE WENT TO COLLEGE**—M-G-M.—Don't waste your time on this old-home-week festival. Una Merkel is the only bright spot as she attempts to recapture a lost love and another woman's husband. (Sept.)

★ **WHITE FANG**—20th Century-Fox.—Jack London's mellerdrummer of love, adventure and treachery in the Alaskan gold fields. The dog, Lightning, gets tangled in the affairs of Michael Whalen and Jean Muir. Send the children. (Sept.)

★ **WOMEN ARE TROUBLE**—M-G-M.—Stuart Erwin, Paul Kelly and Errol Taggart's direction pulls a neat comedy out of a grey haired story. Kitty McHugh convincing as a gunman's moll; Florence Rice authentically a cub reporter. You'll like it. (Aug.)

★ **YOURS FOR THE ASKING**—Paramount.—Dolores Costello Barrymore, George Raft and Ida Lupino in an amusing tale of a gambler whose "mug" friends try to fix his Romeo troubles. It's "Cheating Cheaters" in a novel form you'll like. (Oct.)



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Smith Balley
George Barbier
Paul Barrett
Bennie Bartlett
Irene Bennett
Louise Bennett
Mary Boland
Veda Ann Borg
Grace Bradley
Olympe Bradna
Tom Brown
Burns and Allen
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ernest Cossart
Larry Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Louis DaPron
Jill Deen
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
Glenn Erikson
Ann Evers
Frances Farmer
W. C. Fields
Robert Fiske
Frank Forest
Wilma Francis
William Frawley
Cary Grant
Porter Hall
John Halliday
Julie Haydon
Betty Holt
David Holt

Wolfe Hopper
Ra Hould
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Rosalind Keith
Marten Lamont
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Nick Lukats
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Sally Martin
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
John Morley
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
Jeanne Perkins
Charles Quigley
George Raft
Jane Rhodes
Charlie Ruggles
Elizabeth Russell
Randolph Scott
Gail Sheridan
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Mildred Stone
Louise Stuart
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Terry Walker
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Eleanore Whitney

20th-Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
Lynn Bari
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
Mary Blackwood
John Boles
Esther Brodoleit
J. Edward Bronberg
Spring Byington
Delma Byron
Julie Cabanne
June Carlson
John Carradine
Julie Carter
Irvin S. Cobb
Ronald Colman
Jane Darwell
Shirley Deane
Dorothy Dearing
Frances Dee
Alan Dinehart
Brian Donlevy
Dixie Dunbar
George Ernest
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Virginia Field
Francis Ford
Pauline Frederick
Janet Gaynor
Sara Haden
Jack Haley
Phillipa Hilber
Kenneth Howell
Rochelle Hudson
Arlene Judge
Keye Luke
June Lang

Wilfred Lawson
William Mahan
Fredric March
John J. McGuire
Victor McLaglen
Paul McVey
Sonya Mitchell
Gavin Muir
Warner Oland
Maxine Reiner
Muriel Robert
Florence Roberts
Gilbert Roland
Geneva Sawyer
Charles A. Sellen
Simone Simon
Paxton Sisters
Paul Stanton
William Stelling
June Storey
Gloria Stuart
Slim Summerville
Fred Sylva
Charles Tannen
Julius Tannen
Shirley Temple
Anita Thompson
Lawrence Tibbett
Arthur Treacher
Edward Trevor
Claire Trevor
Fred Wallace
Marion Weldon
Michael Whalen
Charles Winninger
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
Mary Astor
Lew Ayres
George Bancroft
Michael Bartlett
Ralph Bellamy
Wyrley Birch
Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Andy Clyde
Monty Collins
Walter Connolly
Jean Dixon
Melvyn Douglas
Douglass Dumbrille
Bill Gargan
Edith Fellows
Thurston Hall
Victor Kilian

Beth Marion
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
George McKay
Thomas Mitchell
Henry Mollison
Grace Moore
Gene Morgan
Lloyd Nolan
Cecilia Parker
Joan Perry
Arthur Rankin
Florence Rice
Elizabeth Risdon
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Three Stooges
Martha Tilletts
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Walter Wanger Productions, General Service Studio, 1040 North Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood

Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeline Carroll
Peggy Conklin

Henry Fonda
Frances Langford
Walter Pidgeon
Sylvia Sydney

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street

Walter Abel
Heather Angel
John Arledge
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
John Carroll
Anita Colby
Alan Curtis
Owen Davis, Jr.
Joan Davis
Maureen Delany
Richard Dix
Robert Donat
Doris Dudley
Preston Foster
Helen Gahagan
James Gleason
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Jane Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn

Harriet Hilliard
Harriet Hoctor
Harry Jans
Maxine Jennings
Molly Lamont
Louise Latimer
Herbert Marshall
Tony Martin
Ray Mayer
Burgess Meredith
Victor Moore
Moroni Olsen
Helen Parrish
Joe Penner
Lily Pons
Jessie Ralph
Gene Raymond
Erik Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Francis Sage
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothorn
Barbara Stanwyck
Fred Stone
Helen Westley
Wheeler and Woolsey
Patricia Wilder

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Billie Burke
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ruth Chatterton
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Paulette Goddard
Miriam Hopkins
Walter Huston

Elissa Landi
Francis Lederer
Tilly Losch
Nino Martini
Joel McCrea
David Niven
Merle Oberon
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields
Douglas Walton

Pioneer Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Charles Collins

Steffi Duna

Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave.

Gene Autry
Lew Ayres
Smiley Burnette
Mae Clarke
Donald Cook
Charlotte Henry

Barbara Pepper
Roger Pryor
Phil Regan
Ann Rutherford
Evelyn Venable
John Wayne

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
James Finlayson
Oliver Hardy
Darla Hood
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Rosina Lawrence
Eugene (Porky) Lee

Patty Doris May
George McFarland
(Spanky)
Our Gang
Carl Switzer (Alfalfa)
William Thomas
(Buckwheat)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Lorraine Bridges
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleia
Mary Carlisle
Jean Chatburn
Mamo Clark
Jackie Cooper
Melville Cooper
Joan Crawford
Henry Daniell
Dudley Digges
Buddy Ebsen
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Judy Garland
Igor Gorin

Robert Greig
Edmund Gwenn
Jean Harlow
Louis Hayward
Ted Healy
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
June Knight
Frances Langford
Francine Larrimore
Charles Laughton
Eric Linden
Robert Livingston
Ann Loring
Myrna Loy
Marx Brothers
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Stanley Morner
Chester Morris
George Murphy
Edward Norris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen

Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
William Powell
Eleanor Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Duncan Renaldo
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Ernestine Schumann-Heink

Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
Harvey Stephens
James Stewart
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Charles Trowbridge
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Henry Armetta
Edward Arnold
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Billy Burrud
Jeanne Dante
Andy Devine
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Diana Gibson
Edgar A. Guest
Gloria Holden
Jack Holt
Edward Everett Horton

Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
Shaindel Kalish
John King
Priscilla Lawson
Edmund Lowe
Doris Nolan
Sunny O'Dea
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Marla Shelton
Margaret Sullivan
John Wayne
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Marguerite Churchill
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Gordon Elliott
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Dick Foran
Kay Francis
Jane Froman
Paul Graetz
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Olin Howland
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Boris Karloff
Ruby Keeler

Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Margaret Lindsay
Alma Lloyd
Anita Louise
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Rosalind Marquis
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Linda Perry
Dick Powell
Richard Purcell
Claude Rains
Craig Reynolds
Addison Richards
Beverly Roberts
Edward G. Robinson
Jean Sennett
Winifred Shaw
Eddie Shubert
Gale Sondergaard
George E. Stone
Paula Stone
Lyle Talbot
June Travis
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Warren William
Marie Wilson
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.
Neil Hamilton, P. O. Box 711, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.
Onslow Stevens, c-o Small Laudau Co., 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

STUDIOS IN ENGLAND

London Film Productions Ltd. 22 Grosvenor St., London, England

Robert Donat
Penelope Dudley-Ward
Joan Gardner
Patricia Hilliard
Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Charles Laughton
Raymond Massey
Merle Oberon
Ralph Richardson
Margaretta Scott

Gaumont British Pictures Lime Grove Studios, Shepherds Bush London, W12, England

George Arliss
Peggy Ashcroft
Constance Bennett
Frank Cellier
Mary Clare
Cicely Courtneidge
Peter Croft
Constance Cummings
John Gielgud
Constance Godridge
Sonnie Hale
Jimmy Hanley
Will Hay
Helen Haye
Oscar Homolka
Jack Hulbert
Anne Lee
Glennis Lorimer
Barry Mackay
Jessie Mathews
John Mills
Lilli Palmer
Nova Pilbeam
Rene Ray
Peggy Simpson
Basil Sydney
Tom Walls

II
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Personality is a combination of brains, character, charm, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet, it keeps husbands in love with you. You can develop it. You were born with brains, use them. Exert the character. Work for what you want. You must have will power, courage and determination. In this book I am going to show you how to go about it, give you hints and help you get around the biggest obstacles that are now in your way. Read it all. Let it sink in. Then read it again. Take whatever you need into your own life.

I have already written a book called "No More Alibis." It shows you how to make yourself over physically. Now you have another job ahead of you. You can take off fifteen pounds of fat with comparative ease. Can you get rid of fifteen pounds of over-sensitiveness, or a bump of self-consciousness? Can you build up charm as you'd build up a thin body? Sure you can, if you'll remember; no more alibis, read what mama is going to tell you and get busy.

Don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are, if you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your social pulling power. Don't shrivel up into a knot of self-consciousness when you meet new people. I'm going to tell you some things which will give you poise and assurance. *Mme. Sylvia.*

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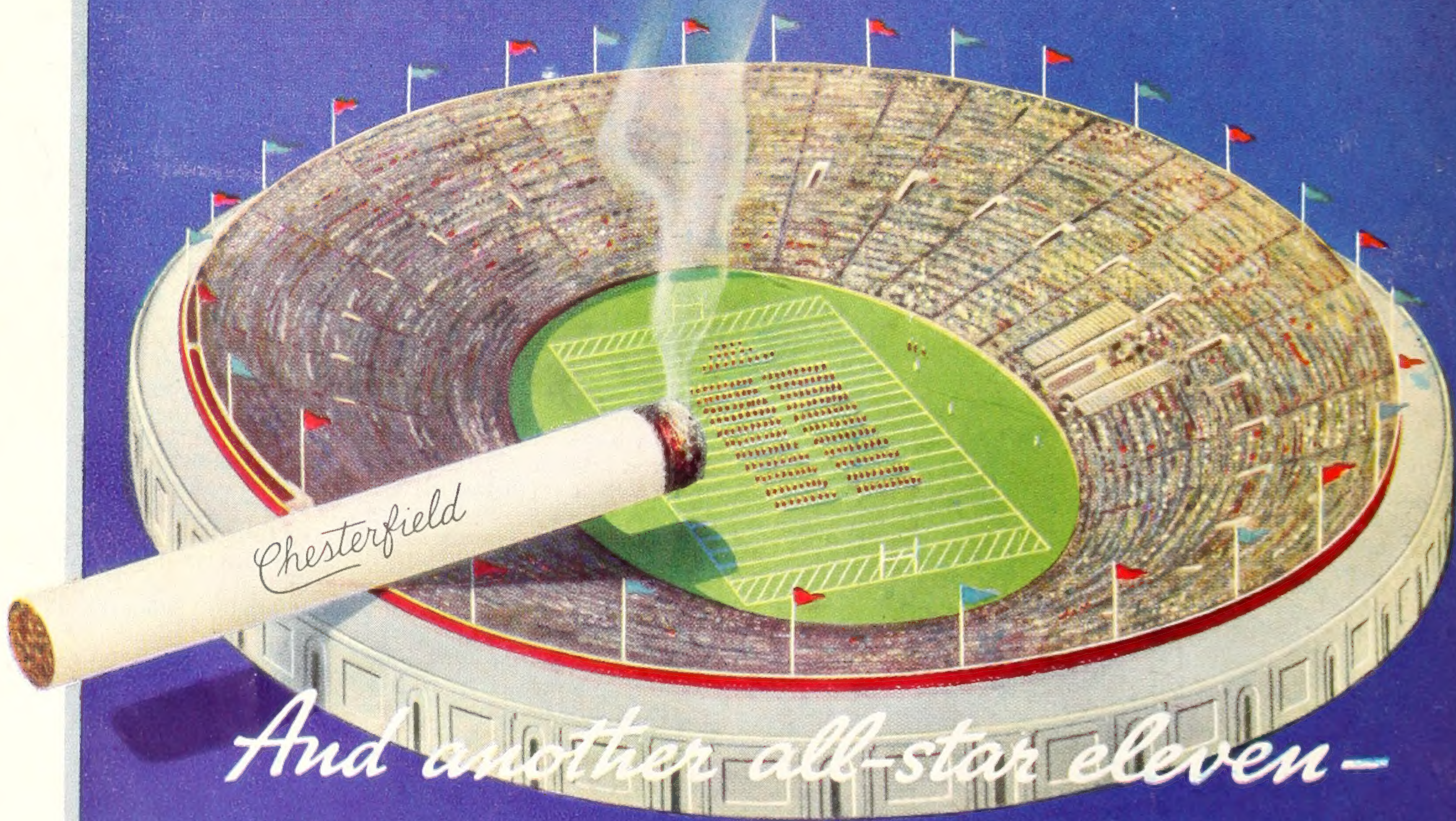
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A Tribute to Football

by Grantland Rice

Blocking backs and interference -
Fifty thousand wild adherents -
Tackle thrusts and headlong clashes,
Two yard bucks and dizzy dashes,
Head and shoulder, heart and soul,
Till you fall across the goal.



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